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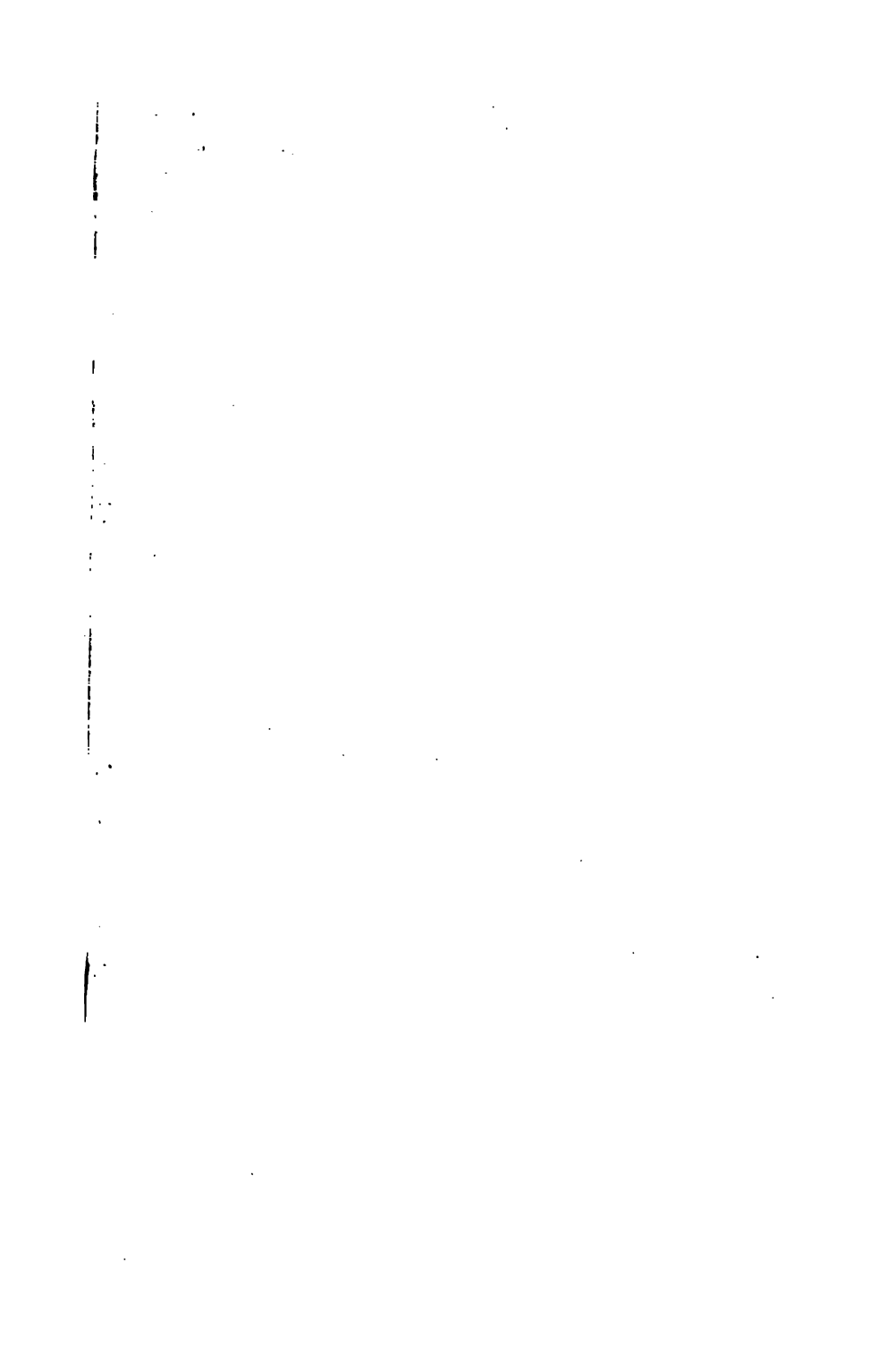
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RELIGION: ITS CHANGING FORMS AND ITS ETERNAL ESSENCE

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RELIGION: ITS CHANGING FORMS AND
142.05 ITS ETERNAL ESSENCE.*
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I WILL ask your attention this morning to the theme which I will thus put into words,—Religion: Its Changing Forms and its Eternal Essence.

As a text, I have chosen the last clause of the twentieth verse of the fifth chapter of St. Paul's second letter to the Corinthians: "Be ye reconciled to God."

It is not so many years ago, as the epochs of history are measured, that the creed of Christendom was supposed to be in all its grand essentials substantially fixed and settled for all time. The Rev. Doctor Richard S. Storrs, of Brooklyn, now a part of the greater city of New York, once said that progress in theology was absurd. From his point of view and granting his assumption, there would be no questioning the statement. Theology, as he regarded it, was only the rational interpretation of the manifestation of the divine and infallible revelation of truth which God had made to man. In such a revelation, of course, there could be no progress. I suppose that it could hardly have entered into the mind of the great man who used to stand in this place, and rule from here as from a throne, that the essential teaching of his creed could ever be in any definite way changed or outgrown. John Milton, when he made this theological scheme the framework of his great epic, could not for one moment have imagined that he was constructing it of such stuff as dreams are made of. And yet we are

*A sermon preached in the cathedral of St. Peter, Geneva, on Thursday morning, August 31, to the members of the International Council of Unitarian and Other Liberal Religious Thinkers and Workers.

to-day face to face with the fact that not one single item of the supposedly fixed creeds of Christendom remains unchallenged. And it is not the bad people who are asking questions: it is not those who wish to destroy the faith and the hopes of the world. Neither is it the ignorant people; those who do not know any better. As a matter of fact, it is the very wisest and best people of the age who believe the least in nearly all of these once so firmly established dogmas.

Something has happened during the last hundred and fifty years that has already changed the face of the world. The earth has been explored, nations have come into communication with each other; and in this way the great religions have been brought face to face. We have studied these religions, their growth, their decay; and to-day we know that the pathway of humanity has always advanced, from the jungle towards the angel that we believe to be its goal, that it is strewn all the way with decaying and dead religions, as the highways are strewn in the fall with the outworn leaves of the trees.

Another thing has happened. We have developed the great science of criticism. We have studied the origin and growth of traditions, we have studied the origin and growth of sacred writings, we have found out, in some degree at least, the process by which human compositions come at last to be looked upon as divine.

Another thing has happened. There has been a great advance in scientific research and discovery, until to-day the theories once held in regard to the world, in regard to man, his origin, his nature, his destiny, are held among intelligent people no longer. In the old days men knew what God was thinking in the eternal ages before the world was created. They knew to a day when and how the earth was created. They knew when and why the race fell, and how it has lain under the wrath and curse of God since the very beginning. They knew, I say, or

thought they knew, these things. To-day we know that none of them are true. We live in another world: other thoughts are ours, other dreams engage us, other hopes lead us on.

Now, as a result of these great changes that have taken place, I wish to note the attitude of two classes of people towards religion. Were there time or were this the place, I might enlarge this discussion; but for the present purpose I confine myself to these two.

Many of the best people in the world believe that religion is dying, and are glad to believe it. One of the finest men I ever knew, a personal friend, used to say frequently, and say it with an exultant tone, "Religion is dying, and humanity is taking its place." He believed as do many others, that religion belongs to the childhood period of the race, that it is one of the things to be outgrown and left behind.

There is another class of people, those noble, sweet, true, faithful ones in the churches who are afraid that religion is dying, that it is going to pass away; and under the impulse of this fear they attack and abuse science, criticism, investigation of every kind. They are alarmed, troubled, sometimes angry, when people raise these questions which appear to them to destroy the very existence of the Bible. They were indignant and angry with Charles Darwin and his compeers because they dared to question the Mosaic statement as to the creation of the world and man. These men, I say, are afraid that religion is going to pass away. I wonder if it ever occurred to them that this fear is not an indication of faith, but that it is downright infidelity. He who is afraid that God may be dethroned, that God's truth may be discredited, certainly is not entitled to the name of believer. If I find a man with his back firmly placed against a door, and with his feet braced, I feel perfectly certain that there is something behind that door that he

does not wish discovered. If I find people afraid to have any of their beliefs investigated, I feel sure that there is a deep-down doubt in their minds as to whether they will bear investigation. God is not afraid of light, God's word cannot be afraid of the truth; for the truth, and nothing but the truth, is God's word.

I am not one of those who share the opinions of either of the two classes to which I have referred. I do not hope that religion is going to pass away; and I am not afraid that it is going to pass away.

I invite your careful attention now for a few moments, while I attempt to define religion, so that we may see whether there is any danger of its decay.

Looked at from the point of view of the intellect, religion is man's thought as to the relation in which he stands to the Power manifested in the universe. Men were polytheists when they thought there was more than one Power. We are monotheists now, because science, so much dreaded, has taught us that the Power manifested in the universe is one.

But the great thoughts of the world are always accompanied by feelings corresponding to those thoughts, so that we have the emotional side of religion; and the feeling or emotion will correspond to the thought and answer to it, being high and noble, inspired and fine, or fearful and degrading, as the thoughts are high or low.

But all the great thoughts and emotions of the world tend inevitably to incarnate themselves in external forms; and so we have the institutional side of religion. We have altars and sacrifices and temples and mosques and churches; we have rituals, public services of every kind. We have ceremonials, sacraments; we have priesthoods and ministers; we have hymns, Bibles, prayers,—all those things that attempt, however inadequately, to express the thoughts and the feelings that are essential to the religious life,—thought, feeling, institution. But

what are all these for? The attempt is to get into right relations with God. Men have always had their thoughts about God, their theories about themselves, their thoughts and theories as to the actual relations existing between themselves and God, their ideals as to what those relations ought to be ; and the one peculiar aim and end of religion has been to get into right relations with God. This is true not only of Christianity, not only of Moham-medanism, not only of any one of the religions: it is true of them all. And so in some certain profound sense there has never been from the beginning of the world, and there never can be until the end, more than one religion. There have been a thousand religions and ten thousand theologies, but one religion, from the Indian placing a tobacco leaf upon a stump of a tree, and praying to the spirit that he imagined to inhabit the place, up to the temple at Jerusalem and St. Peter's at Rome. In the finest and highest religious service of the world there has been underlying it only this one single simple effort and aim,—to get into right relations with God. Suppose we could succeed in that effort.

But, before discussing that question, I wish for a moment to raise another, and to answer that. When we look at the definition of religion which I have attempted so briefly and baldly to outline, do you not see how, in the very nature of things, it is utterly impossible for religion to pass away or to be outgrown? No matter what theory you may have concerning the Power manifested in the universe, that Power is there. That Power is your Father. Out of that Power you have been born. It was there before you were born; and it will be there after you have passed away. And meantime, while you are between the earth and the sky, the one essential, important, supreme thing for you is that you should know something concerning the laws of that Power, and that you should be obedient to those laws. All the things you

desire turn simply upon that. Here is life, here is health, here is happiness, here is prosperity, here are manhood and womanhood. This, then, the relationship existing between you and this eternal Power manifested in the universe,—this is the essential thing in religion, and this in its very nature is eternal.

Suppose you are an agnostic. No matter, so far as this argument is concerned: that Power is there. Although you may say you do not know anything about it, you do know something about its laws and manifestations; and meantime your life, your happiness, your prosperity, all you desire, turn upon so much as you know about them, and on the degree of your obedience to those laws. Suppose you are an atheist. No matter, so far as this argument is concerned. This Power is there, though you call it matter, though you say it is only force, though you degrade it till you think of it as dirt. It is there. It was there before you were born: it will be there after you have passed away; and meantime your life, your health, your happiness, your prosperity, depend upon the degree of your knowledge of that Power and of your obedience to those laws. So long, then, as the universe exists, and so long as there is a man in it capable of thinking, of feeling, and of action, so long religion must abide in the nature of things. You can change your attitude towards it, and you can forget it; but you cannot destroy it. A shipmaster might as well imagine that he could outsail the horizon which forever closes him around, the eagle might as well imagine that he could outsoar the atmosphere in which he finds leverage for his wings, as for man to suppose that he can outgrow or escape the eternally enclosing reality of religion.

Suppose, then, we could live out completely this religious life, what would be the result? In the case of the individual it would mean perfection. Suppose I could become completely related to God as far as my

body is concerned: that would mean perfect health. So far as the mind is concerned, it would mean perfect adjustment to the truth. So far as my moral nature is concerned, it would mean perfect righteousness. So far as my spiritual nature is concerned, it would mean a perfect filial relation to the eternal Father on the part of his eternal child.

Suppose this relation could be perfect so far as society is concerned: it would mean a perfect world. Consider for a moment. I have time only to suggest in the briefest possible way what deserves careful elaboration. If the race could become perfectly religious,—that is, perfectly related to God,—vice would cease, crime would be wiped out and forgotten, poverty would be no more. If all the men in the world to-day were obedient to the laws of God, loving and helping each other, poverty would speedily be a thing of the past, disease would be outgrown, for that means always a breach of God's kindly and loving laws; commercial dishonesty would be no more; political corruption would pass away; tyranny, on the one hand, and abject slavery and submission, on the other, would be things of the past; war would cease, and all men under the roof of the common house of the common Father would recognize each other as brothers. All evil, then, would pass away if the world should become perfectly and completely religious; that is, if all men should be rightly related to God and rightly related to each other.

Does it ever occur to you that we are civilized just to the extent and no more that we are religious? It is not the telegraph or the telephone or the railway or the automobile or the attempt to fly in the air or the ships that cover the sea, it is not the exploration, not the discoveries, not the control of the natural forces of the world, that make men civilized. It is not literature, it is not science, it is not music, it is not art, that makes

the world good. Herbert Spencer,—and he is not a man to be prejudiced, at least on this side of the question,—in the last book that he published before his death, tells us that the intellectualization of the world is not necessarily accompanied by its moralization. The educated, intelligent man may be only the keener, sharper scoundrel. He is not necessarily good because he has learned literature and art and music. These things do not necessarily make men civilized. They express the thought, the feeling, the life, of the age. They do not necessarily lift it or lead it forward. Ancient Athens and Italy at the finest artistic period of its career—the period of the Renaissance—teach us the truth that art and literature and music, oratory and painting, may be accompanied by inexpressible personal and social corruption.

What is it that makes men better? It is simply the development of love, of sympathy, of the sense of justice, of the willingness to co-operate and be brothers, it is helpfulness and care,—it is these spiritual qualities, these religious virtues, that make men and women civilized, that lift up and lead on mankind. Why am I any better because instead of being able to be heard fifty yards away I can speak from Geneva to Paris, from Paris to London, from New York to Chicago? The distance my voice may be heard is not so important as the kind of man I am when I speak and what I have to say.

When my father was born, in 1794, no man that lived could travel any faster than Abraham could. All these marvellous changes have come since that day. But why should I ride at the rate of fifty miles an hour instead of four or six or ten? It is a great convenience, but I am not necessarily a better man, and the errands on which I go may not of necessity be any more kindly, just, or humane. It is what we *are*, not what we can do, or how rapidly or how astonishingly we can do it, *that makes us* civilized.

The one thing, then, in all the world of chiefest importance to us is this kind of religion of which I am speaking,—getting into right relations with God and with our fellow-men. This is the hope of the world.

I am now ready to speak for a few minutes about the Church and its relation to this kind of religion. The Church at any particular period of the world,—and, when I use the word Church, I include temple, mosque, and every kind of religious institution,—the Church is only the organization of the religious life of the time and place in which and where it exists; and it shares the characteristics of the people of that time. That old New England minister put a profound and important truth into a humorous and quaint statement when, apologizing for the church over which he was minister, he said that, if the Lord was going to have a church at all in that place, it had got to be made up of the kind of people who were there. If you are going to have a religious organization at any period of the world's history and in any place under the sky, you must expect it to be made up of the kind of people who are there, and you must expect to find that it is limited, that it is crude, that it is superstitious, that it is barbaric and cruel, if the people and the age are characterized by these qualities.

But I wish to pronounce what I regard as a most important truth; namely, that I consider the Church to be the best and the grandest organization on earth. It always has been and always must be. Why? Because it is the only organization that ever existed that has for its one distinctive, definite purpose to make men and women what they ought to be, to get them into right relations with God and with each other. There is no other organization, and never was or can be, unless it becomes a church, that has that one distinctive purpose and aim.

Faulty, then, crude, superstitious, cruel at times, though the Church may have been, we must remember that the age was no better. We sometimes think of John Calvin as though he were the only cruel man of his time, because through his influence Servetus was put to death. But were the other organizations and institutions of Calvin's day wise and liberal, and humane and broad, and tender and true, and he the only one at fault? He was representative of his time.

And now let me put my finger upon what I regard as the most distinctive, peculiar, and definite fault of the Church in all ages, one that has been at the root of most of the evil that has attended its action and career. If there were time, I might show you how this evil has virtues connected with it; but for the present that must be passed by. The one fault of the Church has been its unauthorized and utterly unsupported assumption of infallibility. Until modern times every religious organization in the world has claimed to be infallible, to speak for God and to rule man by God's truth and God's power. From this have come nearly all the religious tragedies of history. Why was Jesus led out on that Friday afternoon to the hill just beyond the limits of the city to hang upon the cross between the earth and the heaven, in the agony that lasted until he gave himself into the arms of his Father? Because the Jews believed that they had all of God's truth which was necessary for the world, and that he who dared to question that truth, or add to it, was an enemy of God and man. Why was Servetus burned? Because John Calvin believed that he had in this book an infallible revelation of God, and Servetus had questioned what he regarded as its teaching. And so many of the great tragedies of the world spring out of this assumption of infallibility. Infallibility cannot be improved, infallibility cannot grow, infallibility cannot advance; and so it has been one office of the Church to

hold the world back in the name of God in all ages. Religion has been the one thing on earth that most men have not dared to improve.

Along with this infallibility of its creed has gone, of course, the assumption of the infallibility of its sacraments and its rituals; and so we find that these have hardened themselves into immobility and have become substitutes for character. Creeds, rituals, sacraments, services, symbols,—all these are good only when they express or stimulate life. When they are offered to the world as substitutes for life, it is giving men stones for bread: they become not helps, but hindrances and evil. The Church must learn that the revelation of God is not a fixed and finished quantity, that it must go on for ever. John Robinson uttered a truth that the world will never forget when he said to the Pilgrims, in his farewell sermon, that they must look for more truth to break forth out of God's holy Word. And we must widen our definition of God's holy Word, so that [it shall include more than this book, include all books and all] religions, include the universe and man, include whatever expresses God; for *that* is God's holy word. We must learn that a mistake, however old, is not venerable, and that a truth, however young to our apprehension, is still as old as God, and demands the reverence we accord to him. Truth is the one thing that is sacred; and the truth-seeker is the God-seeker. We must, then, assert not only our right to truth, but we must proclaim the universal duty to seek for truth. We must not simply tolerate people. I want no man's tolerance. I claim the right to be free.

This, then, being the object of the Church, what is our duty in regard to it? Let me suggest what may seem a commonplace; and yet to me it is especially important. It is our duty to become members of some church, some religious organization, for the sake of the church and the world. If you can help men better single-handed

and alone, well; but we have found out in every other department of life that we cannot do as much alone as we can through organization. Organize, then, for the sake of God and humanity. What church shall you join? Join that church which will best answer to your ideals; but remember that you are to keep your eyes and your heart open for any new truth that may come to you, and be ready to listen and to go out like Abraham, though you may not know where you are going,—going out at the call of what you may believe to be the voice of God.

We are sometimes discouraged that the world seems to progress so slowly. God does not appear to be in a hurry; but it does advance. I was trained in the idea that the world was near its end, that the morning and noon were passed, that we were well on towards the evening twilight, and that we might soon expect the end, to be followed by the day of judgment; but we have learned in this modern time that hardly as yet has the sun risen. It is early morning; and humanity instead of being old and decrepit, and hastening to its doom, is in its infancy. Humanity is the child Hercules strangling some of the serpents that hiss round its cradle; but the great labors that are to cleanse and purify the world are still ahead of it.

Look up and on, then, with hope and cheer. It is possible for us as individuals to climb up out of the animal into heart and brain, and live as sons and daughters of God. It is possible for the race to achieve this same result, and to conquer, control, and glorify the world.

I see a time when all the evils of the past shall be forgotten, remembered only in contrast with the glory that has been attained; universal peace, universal brotherhood, the lines between nations blotted out in the intermingling of peoples everywhere; freedom and joy, all natural wants supplied, the earth become a great garden, the world controlled and finished by perfecting the re-

ligious thought and the religious life. And this life I see only as a vestibule leading to that low, dark doorway through which we pass only to emerge into another room of the eternal Father's house, where the sun shall no more go down.

Father, we thank Thee for the light that has come to us, for the hope that cheers, for the consecration that may be ours. May we be glad that we can co-operate with Thee for the saving of the world. Amen.

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MESSIAH PULPIT

NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

VOL. X.

OCTOBER 6, 1905.

No. 2.

"MIND THE LIGHT"

BY

REV. ROBERT COLLYER

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1905

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“MIND THE LIGHT.”

“Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.”—MATT. v. 16.

I LOVE to notice, when I read this Sermon on the Mount we accept as the sum of true preaching, that the Master has no word to say about the church we shall join, the system of doctrine we shall believe, or the things we shall do which are now considered essential before this light he speaks of can shine forth in our life.

And this was not that they were all of one heart and mind in old Jewry any more than we are now, because we need not stray outside the Gospels to find that they had their sects also,—not so many of them, to be sure; yet he takes no notice here of any sect, but only of the light each man may reveal, no matter where he belongs. We easily learn, also, that they had their systems of belief then, and of usage and ordinance, on which these sects rested and turned, and were orthodox and liberal, high church and low, with no real aptitude to blend and be one in deed and in truth. But he has no word to say about the need to accept this system or the other before the light can shine he thinks of. It can shine through them all, or apart from them all, if they will but be true to the light as the light is to them *the inward light*.

They had their famous preachers, also, and teachers, who had split a prism from the great white shaft of the eternal truth of God, and inserted it for a glass in their soul's windows, through which the light that was in them must shine dark and lurid or sweet and fair; but

he does not say, "You shall go to them and light your lamp there, for it is within them already in a glimmer or a glory, and what they have to do is to let it shine." They were very simple folk, also, these he had about him in the main,—poor men of a very limited education, indeed, who, if he had asked them what they believed and why, would have halted and stammered and got the statement twisted all out of true on their uncouth tongues the moment they strayed beyond the things they had learned by rote in the schools, and most likely would have mixed up the Bible truth with some of the common currency, just as such a man quoted the words from the Bible to me a good many years ago, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and, when I said, "That is not in the Bible," ruminated for a while, and then answered, "Well, if it isn't, it ought to be"; and to that I said Amen.

It is well worth our while to notice, also, that this gracious monition was given to men and, no doubt, to women who would be so full of care about their day's work of some sort and their daily bread that, beyond the simple faith which would lie within the life they were living and the work they were doing on the land and water and in their homes, there would be no light in them save this, perhaps, that they must do as they would be done by, and fall back for the rest on some such heart of grace as that we find in good Dolly Winthrop in the story, who says: "Ah, there's a deal o' trouble in this world, Master Marner, and things we can never make out the rights on, and all we can do then is to trusten, to do the right thing so far as we know, and to trusten; for, if us as knows so little can see a bit o' good and right, we may be sure there's a good and a bigger right nor what we can know. And it's the will o' Them above as many things *should* be dark to us; but there's some things as I've never felt i' the dark

about, and they're mostly what comes i' the day's work." So they must think of what they had to do in this world, and put their life into that day by day and all the year round, or they could not keep the home together, pay their way like honest men and good women. And, in doing this, who should know better than he did who was talking with them, and had lived in a home like theirs all his life, what a hard struggle it would be, not seldom, to make ends meet, and to drive the wolf from the door in those evil and desperate times. The light which was in them would be darkened by clouds of fear when the harvest was scant and poor, and the lord of the land was ruthless for his rent; when sickness invaded the home, and it grew dark in the shadows of death; when the fishing was naught on the Sea of Galilee, or the boat lay a wreck on the beach, and father and sons were down within the wild waters, while the widow and children that were left wept for the sore desolation which had come upon them.

This he knew because he knew what was in man and a man's life, and because he had lived in the heart of it for thirty years, and had seen the pathetic sight he touches in a parable where the poor house-mother finds her sixpence lost in the mud floor, and rushes out crying to the neighbors and friends, "Rejoice with me, for I have found the piece which was lost." So they were all glad together.

All this he knew, the preacher with the divine heart and the light which has grown to be the glory of the world; yet he said to them, "Let *your* light so shine before men that they may glorify your Father which is in heaven." And so this light, if we have caught his meaning, is not of a sect or system, or a say-so of any sort: it is there by the ordination of God, striving to shine forth through the thick encrustations that may overlay the soul's windows or shining strong and clear from clear

and strong souls; but, whatever may be the estate of the glass, there is the light, and they must let it shine.

And so it is once more that, when I read this word of the Master as it stands clear from the conditions we make for the shining, saying we shall believe this or that as it is set forth in the diverse books, and do this or that we are bidden to do, or the light which is in us will be not light, but darkness. I still hear the voice of Him who spake as never man spoke besides, saying: "Let not your heart be troubled about these contentions over this is the false and that is the true, which vexed the world in my time as it vexes yours: there is the light within you which was within me, the light which cometh down from heaven. Now let it shine before men, that you may glorify *your* Father."

It may be hard for you sometimes to keep the glass clear always,—mine was not clear always,—but mind the light. And there may be those who will say of you what they said of me, that your light is not from heaven, but from the pit. Let them say what they will, let it shine. This is what you are here for, to reveal the light which is in *you*; and you may think it is of no use and no one cares, while there are always those who love the darkness rather than the light, and they may hate you for the shining as they hated me, but you must be true to the shining all the same.

The argument which goes right home to the heart where all words fail is the argument of the light shining clear through the windows of sincere and true souls,—yours or mine,—when we keep the glass sweet and fair, no matter what may befall.

Then, as I listen again, I see the gracious look my preacher casts on those who hear him, and still note the emphasis he hides in the word, "Let *your* light shine"; and it is as if he had said to them what he would say to us: You will go home from hearing this word of

mine to your fishing and farming, your vines and olives and flocks of sheep or your business in the town over yonder, because, for the most of you, this is all you can do, or ever will do, while you live on the earth. And so the truth I would tell you is this: that you can let your light so shine there, on the land or on the water, in your homes and in the business you have, to mind that you may live and pay your way like honest men and true and good women; and there shall be a divine worth in it for the world you live in, and for all time to come, so that the word shall be said to you when your work is done, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Very little you may be able to do, as you think of it, beyond what you must take hold of to-day and to-morrow, and the kindly and neighborly service which comes with the day by day. But this world and your life, these are in our Father's hands as surely as the innermost and the uttermost heavens are. While you serve Him, then, as surely as the angels of the presence which stand about the throne, so "let your light shine before men, that they may see your good work, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

"Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them; for this is the law and the prophets." "And if ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father in heaven give good things to them that ask Him!"—this is your faith. "And behold the fowls of the air, who sow not nor reap, nor gather into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them, while not a sparrow falleth to the ground without His will, and ye are more than many sparrows,"—this is your trust. And "blessed are the lowly of heart, blessed are those that mourn, blessed are the meek, blessed are the merciful, and blessed the pure in heart, for they

shall see God,"—these are your beatitudes; and "a good tree cannot bear evil fruit,"—this is your evidence. And now go home, and "let your light shine before men."

So I have lingered over this great and most pregnant monition of the Master, as I said, because it stands good for all time, and comes home to us all.

Down on the coast once I was watching a light from my window when, as the word runs in my motherland, it was blowing great guns. It was not a great light, like the Minot on that coast or Sandy Hook here, but a hand-fed,—the lamp we never see and always see, the hand of the Republic, while the daysman of the Republic was within the small, sturdy tower. So that always, as the sun went down, the light flashed out; and at midnight, as I turned away from the window, there was the light shining clear over the dark waters. So I said in my heart, "This is not something for the man in there to talk about, but something he must do: he must stand true to the light, while to let it go out or burn down dim when the order is to keep it burning strong and clear would be to lose his rank and number as one who had proven unfaithful to his trust and to the Commonwealth."

And so I got a parable out of it all touching this gracious monition in the Master's sermon, and how we must all mind the light, not in another's way, but in our own, as the daysmen of God; "for 'it will be a good day for the world,' a quaint old divine says, 'when we once come to the conclusion that God cares a great deal more for the clear shining than he cares for what we say about ours being the finest and the best.'"

Is it only a low light *we* have to mind, not a splendid glory like those we have seen, so was the light in the sturdy little tower on the coast; but the man who had to mind it was as true to his calling and election—the daysman of the Republic—as those are in the high

places, and as they were on Cape Race, whose light on a black midnight many years ago warned us away from the fatal shore in the storm.

And so I find that the men and women who grow dearest to me as the years grow, from the few to the very many, are not alone those who challenge the world to admire and praise them, but also those who have stood faithful to the low-lying light, as the man whose lamp I was watching stands to those who live about the bay which lay beyond my window, and have to look to him for help and direction when the need grows sore. And, again, as I think of these faithful in a very little, one comes out from the mist and silence of the years who moved on, many years, to the land where there is no more night.

He was in my old mother Methodist Church. He always said one prayer, and told one very simple story, with much endeavor to get it out, about what lay in his heart, so that we all knew it word for word before he began, while, no matter who was the preacher, he would go quietly to sleep, as a child will, when we gave out our text, and sleep right through the sermon; and even in the prayer-meetings, when the rest were very wide-awake, indeed, he would go to sleep, and only wake up now and then to say "Amen," as one who dreams. But if, in all the world, he could have found an enemy,—a thing you could not imagine,—he could not have got one other man to believe that old George was not sincere and true as the saints of God are, while he was the one man everybody ran to in their troubles, and would be likely to meet him half-way, coming to look them up and help them.

He was not a rich man; but his hand and heart were always open, and seemed to belong to all the folk within hail of his home,—managing small estates for widows and orphans, the president also of the temper-

ance cause in the valley where, in the meeting, the speech he never **did** quite make touched you more potently when you knew the man than the choicest eloquence of other men there; and the wild fellows in the shops would be ready to sign any pledge when he would look at them out of his soft brown eyes, and plead with them that they should quit drinking with such a tender pathos that they would break into tears, and swear strong oaths that they would drink no more, and then ask him to forgive the swearing. And he had a pony he had raised himself, and trained, that was so resolute to have his own way, and stop when it pleased him, that the president of the society down the street would have told him, I think, to try the whip; but the light shone clear in the good old heart and life, and he had stood by it loyally through the eighty years, hearing and heeding the monition to keep the glass clear and mind the light.

And so, as I read the words and think of the sight I saw in the summer athwart the bay, the truth touches me we may all take to our hearts from the sermon and the parable,—that this light may well shine, first of all, on and then from the work we have to do, in this world in which we are coworkers together with God, when we create and do not destroy true wealth and worth, as his workmen who need not to be ashamed. In the lovely and restful seclusion I found this summer in the heart of the green lands there was not the least need for me to sit down with the husbandmen and ask them what light they could shed for me on fair farming. The light lay on the farms wherever I might wander,—on the grass, in the meadows, on the growing corn, on the trees in the orchards, and the flowers in the doorway the mothers and daughters tended, and the sweet and simple homesteads. It is the first truth we can take to our hearts when we begin where the Master began

for proof and evidence. The light shines on and from the work we have to do, no matter how near it may be to the base line of our life or how high it may reach towards the stars and the sun.

Is it hard work? very well; head work? very well; work the world calls noble? very well; work the world deems humble? very well; the day's work of the carpenter's son making ox-yokes and ploughs with his father Joseph? very well; or this matchless sermon on the Mount? very well,—here is the law and the testimony he made good, that we shall mind the light where our life lies, and our work.

And we shall do this for our own sake; for, as the Hand we never see and always see lays within the oil, the flame, and the glass, the man I may never see must mind in that light-house, or he loses his rank and number, and must go his way.

So for our own sake we must let this light shine before men, lest we lose ours; and, as he can never know what worth lies in the clear shining, save by faith, no more can we.

If my dear old friend could have dreamed that fifty-five years and more from the time we met I should pay my poor tribute to the light which shone for us on the Tacony, in this word to you, he would have said: "What have I done that my name should be mentioned in the imperial city so long after I have vanished out of the world? I could not help it. There was no merit in it. I only did as the Master said, that which it was my duty to do,—that and no more." "True," I must have answered; "but you saw to the filling of the lamp, and kept the glass clean and fair," as we all must who would enter into the joy of the Lord.

Am I here to speak to you this morning, this first Sunday, then the best I know? It is only as when one playeth upon an instrument some pleasant or sad tune,

if I have to say with a poor old man I heard of, "Mind the light, and let the lantern go," when the lantern and the light are each essential, the man and the word. Are you in the store, the workshop, on the farm, in the home, in the study, in the studio, in the school? Is it a poem through which the light will shine,—a picture, a book, a lesson, a sermon, an invention, a ledger, a wagon wheel, a horse well shod, a stone wall, or a business that touches both the poles in everything, in anything, which creates worth, and does not waste and destroy? Labor is prayer. The light shines on and from what we do when the loyal heart is in it, and the faithful hand; and the Lord, our Master, sets his seal on the divine sermon as it stands in the Gospels for all men to read, because He made the truth he tells, and the light that shines in and through it all, on the noblest and best we can be and do, real to us and true, who was the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

Or do we say, finally, then, I am of this sect or the other,—a follower of Fox, the apostle of this inward light, or Wesley, or Channing? "Well enough," I answer. "But, if that is all, you are only a reflector of another man's light"; and, good as this may be, it is not the best. The best for you is yours, the best for me is mine, if so be that I look to the lamp, and keep clear and fair the glass; for this light which shone so strong and clear from the Master's heart as he sat on the hillside, and still shines so strong and clear, came to him from the Fountain of light, the Father of lights, the primal Source, the Sun which lights the suns and tips the glow-worm with its lambent flame, and thence comes our light, or should come. And so we only follow him truly herein when we follow him to the Fountain, the Father, the Eternal, Immortal, and Invisible, who is light, and in Him is no darkness at all. Amen.

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THE GENEVA COUNCIL.

My theme this morning is The Geneva Council. I take my text from the eighth chapter of Matthew, the eleventh verse, or a part of it,—it may not seem to you at first to have anything to do with my subject,—“I say unto you, that many shall come from the east and the west, and sit down in the kingdom of heaven.”

Lake Lemman, from forty to fifty miles long, lies like a silver sickle curved at the foot of her hills. On one side are the Jura Mountains, on the other the foot-hills of the Alps; while something like sixty miles away, when the days are fair, Mont Blanc and his majestic companions lift themselves up into the heavens in which they are at home, glistening as the traditional garments of the angels glisten in the very presence chamber of God. And this majesty overlooked and dominated the Geneva Council.

The edge of the lake is like a silver thread strung with beautiful towns, like pearls; and the whole region is permeated with romance, with historic memories, with literary associations. The names of Rousseau, Madame De Staël, Lord Byron, Voltaire,—these are some of those that suggest the stories that might be told concerning this wonderful Lake of Geneva. At the south-west end of the lake where it narrows itself, and rushes and pours itself forth into the narrower limits of the arrowy Rhone, Geneva is situated. It is wonderful as you trace the beginnings of the Rhone, after it leaves the lake, to notice its mingling with another river that is born in the glaciers of the Alps, and that comes muddy and brown,

daring to place itself side by side with the blue, wondrous purity of the Rhone.

Geneva is old. It has an authentic history that links itself with the name of the first Cæsar. It has always been inclined to independence, so that the sturdy little city that is almost a synonym for liberty as well as law is the natural descendant of the first things that we know about it.

On the hill which is now the centre of the old town there used to be, so tradition says,—and we may well believe it,—a temple to Apollo. On that site now stands the cathedral of St. Peter. The first building was erected somewhere about the year 1034. For centuries it was the seat of Catholic authority and worship in Geneva. Geneva, as you know, was one of the first places, in accordance with its history and its spirit, to welcome the Reformation. And so from this same cathedral went forth the new light and the proclamation of liberty, an open Bible and a free gospel for all the world. Here was the throne of Calvin. From the pulpit of this cathedral he ruled Geneva; and he ruled Christendom, almost, by the power of his mighty influence.

Geneva, then, is celebrated in its history as associated with liberty, with law, with light, with the forward look of those who believe in the future.

There are one or two other associations that it is worth my speaking of for a moment. The Red Cross of Geneva flies throughout the civilized world as the symbol of Mercy. It is on every battlefield, it is wherever there is a widespread calamity, wherever there is suffering, wherever there is need. It means the angel of kindness and help, and thus rightly belongs to the memories and the glory of the sturdy little canton and city of Geneva.

There is one other thing that we ought never to forget. In Geneva was taken one of the significant steps of civilization looking towards what we hope for, though

it seems so far away,—international peace. Here was signed the great arbitration treaty between Great Britain and the United States that we fully trust will make war between these kindred peoples hereafter forever impossible. Here, then, was where the Council met.

The city generously gave us the use of the hall of its great university for our daily meetings,—for the reading of papers, for our discussions. And then something very significant was done, that I shall refer to a little later. I speak of it only incidentally here in passing. They gave us the use of St. Peter's Cathedral for our great religious services, three of which we held within its walls.

This council may be called, in a true sense of the word, an ecumenical one, a general, a universal council. It was strikingly different from the ordinary councils that have marked the history of the Church. Most of those have been devoted to what? To the settling of some dispute as to doctrine, to the establishment of a dogma, to the ordaining certain methods and ways for the conducting of church services, for settling a date on which a church festival should be held, for deciding what books should be regarded as canonical and what should not. Problems such as these have engaged the attention of most of the ecclesiastical councils that have been held in the past. This was one of the first of those (that, I trust, are to be more common in the future) great universal councils which were not for dispute, which did not concern itself with petty matters of ecclesiastical discipline or the settlement of some special doctrine. It was for free and universal discussion. We went there to hear from the wisest, the freest, the noblest men in the world what they believed to be true, what their ideas were as to the next step in helping on the world morally, religiously, socially, in any way that could enable us to better the condition of humanity.

Who was there? I cannot go into detail as to names.

There were representatives of more than twenty religious organizations. There were people from more than ten different countries. We had one Mohammedan; we had one man from India representing the Brahmo-Somaj of Calcutta; we had men from every European country, men from America,—our distinguished scholars, our preachers, our critics. And they told us freely and frankly what they thought in regard to the great matters of vital and pressing concern to-day; in the criticism of the Scripture; they reported the progress of free and liberal thought in the different countries which they represented; and they pointed out ways by which we could take steps forward in alleviating the condition of man.

I will depart from what I had thought had better be silence in regard to names in one particular. If I should talk about some persons who were there and took part in the Council, and not about others, it might seem that I was making invidious distinctions. It would not be true, because some man may have had to deal with some point of special interest, and yet be no greater and nobler and finer a man than some one else whose topic did not attract such wide and universal attention. One man, I say, I wish to speak of,—the venerable Père Hyacinthe. Some of you are familiar with his name. He is the greatest, most brilliantly eloquent preacher that the Catholic Church has produced in a hundred years. In those days the Catholic Church was wise. I merely suggest this in passing. What did he do? He studied and studied and brooded and thought in his convent, and then once a year came up to Paris, and compelled the whole city to sit at his feet in Notre Dame while he preached eight marvellous discourses. Most people thoughtlessly wonder why a man cannot give his whole time to parish work, to popular education and reform, and preach every Sunday just as brilliantly as Hyacinthe who gave the condensed, etherealized fruit of a year in his eight great

sermons. He was there. You will remember, perhaps, that he broke with the Catholic Church over the dogma of the infallibility of the pope, and that he led a movement which came to be called the Old Catholic movement. That is, he was in favor of the elder form of Catholicism. As an organized movement, it has not come to a great deal; but its spirit, its life, has touched and changed Europe. It has influenced not only the people outside of the Church, but priests by the hundreds and thousands inside. So his protest has not been in vain. He is now about seventy-eight years of age, still on fire with his brilliant eloquence, though that fire, I suppose, consumes him a little more than it appeared to in his youth. What is his present position? He holds a sort of mystical kind of Trinity, which, however, is no Trinity at all in the theological sense, only an interior distinction in the Godhead, while Jesus, he frankly admits, he regards simply as a man. He is a Universalist, having given up the narrow dogmas of his youth for a belief in the eternal and limitless love and power of God. He spoke; and he set us on fire. Those of us who could not follow all his French recognized the power, and sat reverent at his feet while he told us his hopes and his ideals. He took the ground—and see how broad and significant it is—that henceforth there is to be no Catholic and no Protestant, no Christian and no Pagan, but in religion and before God, only men. So he stood; and so he spoke.

I wish I had time to give you an account of the different addresses, to portray the men who took part in our great Council. But I must leave that one side to-day while I call your attention to two or three very significant and wonderful things.

Some of you may remember that two years ago I preached a sermon on Michael Servetus. That was on the occasion of the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of

his martyrdom. One of the things we did there at the Conference, after adjourning one afternoon, was to go out to Champel—it used to be beyond the city limits; of course now it is within them, just a little ways from the university on a hillside—to the spot where Servetus was burned. There is a monument there now. The reason of that monument was the occasion of my preaching the sermon I have referred to two years ago. I wish to say two or three things about it this morning. It is located between two streets. One of them diverges from the other at a point very close to the monument, so that from one street you can read the inscription on one face of it, and from the other the inscription on the other. One side of it merely records the year of his birth and the year of his burning and the place where he was born; and from that we learn that he was a Spaniard, and that he was forty-two years of age only when he stood to feel the fire curling over his limbs. He was a famous physician as well as a theologian; and what do you suppose his last cry was, taken from his lips before the smoke suffocated him? “Lord Jesus, Son of the Eternal God, have pity on me!” And they burned a man whose last prayer was like that. No, I can hardly make you understand it, so nice, so subtle appear these distinctions. If Servetus had been willing to say, “Lord Jesus, eternal Son of God, have pity on me,” they would not have burned him. Do you see the difference? He was ready to acclaim and love and worship and serve him as the Son of the Eternal God; but, if he had proclaimed him the Eternal Son of God, that would have been a recognition of his deity which he could not accept, and so he gave his life for his conviction. On the other side of the monument is a most remarkable inscription. I will give you a very rough and free translation of it: “Dutiful and grateful sons of Calvin, our great reformer, but condemning the one error which was that of his age,

and fervently attached to that liberty of conscience which is the true principle of the Reformation and of the Gospel, we have raised this expiatory monument."

You see the monument was raised by the sons and followers of Calvin in expiation of that which took place three hundred and fifty years ago. This is the significant fact in regard to it. It was not raised chiefly by Unitarians, but by those who still nominally follow Calvin.

We went out to that monument one afternoon after the close of our service in the hall of the university, and laid there at its foot a wreath; and we had two brief addresses, one by Miss Taggart, of London, one by the Rev. Samuel J. Barrows, of New York. This, you see, indicates how the world has grown. I propose to point out two or three other things that indicate the same. I was struck the first time that I visited Geneva, now some years ago, and am more and more forcibly impressed by it every time I go there, of the little regard for Calvin in the popular mind. On a beautiful island in the middle of the river, half-way across as you follow one of its lovely bridges, is a statue of Rousseau. A little way up the lake, at Ferney, is the church, the château, the statue, of Voltaire. But in Geneva there is no statue yet of Calvin, no monument erected to his memory. It seems to me that, while Voltaire and Rousseau and men like these are in all the air, it should be a little strange and significant that Calvin seems to have faded out of the popular life.

There is another thing still more striking. Professor Montet, who presided at all our meetings, is the dean of the Theological Institute of Geneva, still nominally in loyal succession to Calvin. He told me in private conversation that there was not a single minister in any church in Geneva to-day who was a Calvinist.

And now there is one other thing. You will pardon

me if it leads me to speak of myself. I ask you to put me as far as you can in the background while I refer to it. But it seems to me one of the most significant things that has happened in a hundred years. I told you a little something about the history of the great cathedral which crowns the hill in the centre of the city. Built first in 1034, it represents now chiefly the architecture of the fifteenth century, though it has a new façade made up chiefly of Corinthian columns, which is a hundred or two years later still, and which hardly seems to fit in with the general idea of the cathedral. But here was Calvin's throne and the seat of Calvin's power. I have told you already that our three great religious services were here. Furrer preached a sermon in German, Roberty, of Paris, preached a sermon in French, and to me was accorded the distinguished privilege of preaching the English sermon. I wish you to note the significance of the fact, not that I, but that a man holding my opinions, should preach in John Calvin's pulpit and sit in John Calvin's chair. To what shall I parallel it? Suppose that Martineau or Stopford Brooke were invited to preach in Westminster Abbey; suppose that my friend Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, the president of the Unitarian Association, were invited to preach here in the new cathedral of St. John the Divine,—it would not be more notable. Three hundred and fifty years ago Servetus was burned by Calvin. A few weeks ago there stood in Calvin's pulpit and preached from his intellectual and religious throne a heretic beside whom all the beliefs of Servetus were exceedingly tame and mild. Does it not mean that the world is growing and becoming broader and more human and more civilized?

A friend called me up on the telephone the other day, and asked me if the bottoms of my feet burned any as I stood there. I told him, "No, it was very cool and comfortable, indeed." Another friend asked me if I

did not think that Calvin would turn over in his coffin if he knew, and I said, No.

And now, friends, let us be just for a moment, as just as we can, to the memory of Calvin. He burned a man for being a Unitarian. In this age, when so many people simply do not care, have no conviction, or, if they have any, creep around quietly at night, like Nicodemus, to ask questions, never daring to speak them in public,—in an age like this I can appreciate the saying of Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago, some years ago in a public meeting attacking this sort of mushy indifference of the time. He made this statement,—I think I can quote him verbatim: “Next to being Servetus, who was willing to be burned for his convictions, I would rather have been John Calvin, who was willing to burn him.” The moral of it was: Be something! Have a conviction! Stand for an idea! Be a part of the great world conflict for the triumph of truth and right!

What was Calvin? A brave, earnest, courageous, constant, unflinching fighter for what he believed to be God’s truth. That is the kind of man who, if he were living to-day, would be in the fore front of the battles of to-day. He would be no sneak, no coward, quietly going around the corner if he saw some one coming who, he thought, might misinterpret his views. Calvin reminds me of—whom do you suppose in the modern world? More than any one else of Huxley, that uncompromising, clear-thinking, earnest fighter for the truth. Huxley, you know,—and there is the Calvin ring about it to me,—says that it is not only irrational for a man to believe anything that has not any evidence for it, but that it is immoral. And I agree with him. So let us do justice for a moment to Calvin. I think, if Calvin was there,—and I hope he was,—that I may suppose that he has changed his mind somewhat in the clearer light of another life and in the three hundred and fifty years that have

passed; and rather than thinking of him as turning over in his coffin, if he was there at all, I believe that he stood behind me and held out his hand over me in generous benediction. So, at any rate, I love to believe.

But I wish you to take to heart the significance of these facts: the expiatory monument to Servetus, the prominence of men like Rousseau and Voltaire in Geneva while Calvin is hardly at all in evidence, the fact that there is not a Calvinist in any pulpit in Geneva, and the fact that a Unitarian is permitted to sit in his chair, stand in his pulpit, and preach without fear the convictions of to-day as Calvin without fear preached the convictions of his time.

Now what were we there for? I wish only to suggest very briefly one or two points by way of application, at the end. We were there in the interest of liberty,—intellectual liberty, moral liberty, religious liberty. Does it not seem strange that nearly two thousand years after Christ there are only a very few countries in the world where a man is permitted to tell the truth, where he is free to be honest and to say what he really thinks? We were there in the interest of liberty, not only freely to discuss ourselves, but to reach out our hands, as we did, in sympathy to the struggling people in every land who are trying to help their countries up into the light that we ourselves so gladly and gratefully enjoy.

But, remember, liberty is of no account for its own sake. Why be free? We desire freedom for the sake of truth. How shall a man find the truth if he is not free to seek it? The great trouble with the Church up to the present time, the curse of the Church, that which has injured it and injured humanity more than anything else in all our history, is her utterly unfounded assumption of infallibility. At some particular stage in the history of human advance the Church has declared that all the truth that God had to give men had been delivered, and

that it was wicked to ask any more questions, it was wicked to expect any advance. And so the Church has stood in the way of the growth of the world,—done it conscientiously, I admit; done it believing that she was doing God's service, just as Paul persecuted the Christians at first under the same delusion, but done it just the same, done it just as disastrously for men. How can I find the truth, or what is the use of my thinking, if I am told that I can think just as freely as I please, provided that I come back and sit down inside certain specific limits when I am through,—what is the use of the excursion? How shall I seek for truth if you tell me that if I do, and if I discover anything that the Church has not believed before, I am going to be burned? How shall I dare to seek for truth if you hold over me the decree of eternal fire in another life?

The conditions, then, for truth-seeking are utter intellectual and spiritual freedom. So we were there in Geneva in the interest of freedom, for the sake of the truth.

But why freedom, and why truth? Again, for the sake of man. The one thing we desired, and the one thing we ought always to desire, is to find some way of making the world better,—lifting off burdens from human bodies, from human hearts, from human consciences, from human souls, setting them free, making the world a brighter place to live in, an easier place to live in, helping people to find and live the truth, so that they may be physically well, mentally well, morally well, spiritually well. That is the one thing for which all religions exist, the one thing for which all churches exist,—that we may do what we can to help on and lift up the world.

This was what we went to Geneva for; and we trust that we did some little thing towards the accomplishment of this magnificent result.

And we who are here now after the Council has dis-

solved, has become a matter of history, what shall we do in the spirit of the Council? Let us think, let us live, let us use our own liberty, let us fight for liberty on the part of those who do not possess it anywhere round the world. Let us not sit down at ease because we are at peace. Let us care for truth, knowing that truth, and truth only, is the word of God. Let us live to make the world better, freer, sweeter, nobler, to help the coming of that which the ages have dreamed of and prayed for, —the kingdom of God.

Dear Father, we are glad that we are free; we are glad that we are able to do something to help break the bonds of error; we are glad that we can look for truth, knowing that the truth is only Thy footprint as Thou hast gone up the ages. As we find the truth, we are following after Thee. Let us be glad that we can see a little of this wonder and brightness which betrays Thy presence, and that we are permitted to co-operate with Thee in helping lift up mankind. Amen.

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THE WAY TO GOD.

"If therefore thou art offering thy gift at the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way, first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."—ST. MATTHEW v. 23, 24.

I HOLD in my hand an article from the *Nineteenth Century Magazine* for January, 1893. The article was written by the editor, Mr. James Knowles, for many years an intimate personal friend of Tennyson. In Tennyson's old age, Knowles tells us, some one said to him one day, "My dearest hope in life is to leave the world, by however little, better than I found it: what is yours?" He answered, "My greatest wish is to have a clearer vision of God."

To find God is to answer all questions. It is the solution of all difficulties, the healing of all disease, the curing of all wrong. To find God perfectly would mean the perfection of the world. I shall not quarrel with you in regard to the use of a name. If you hesitate to use the word "God," if you can find any better word, you are welcome to it without any danger of quarrelling with me. We both, I suppose, would mean the same thing. I have in mind the intelligence, the love, the justice, the truth, at the heart of the world. I call them God. If you can find a better name, use it. Approaching this central court of life and love means growth out of imperfection, away from evil. Coming to that perfectly, as I said, would mean the perfection of the world. Finding God, then, as the theologians say, is salvation. I frankly confess I do not like that word, because I do

not believe at all that which it implies. I do not believe that the world is lost or ever has been; and so I do not believe, in the theological sense of the word, that it needs to be saved. But the world in every direction is imperfect, incomplete. Men have been ignorant, men have been passionate, men have been selfish, headstrong; and in every department of life they have either not known or have disregarded or broken the laws of God, the laws of the universe, the laws of life, the condition of all things that we dream of or desire.

Finding God, then, it is perfectly apparent,—to state the question is to close the argument,—would be to put an end to all these evils. Men have always been seeking God, feeling after him, as the New Testament writer says, if haply they might find Him who is not far from every one of us. In every age, under every sky, no matter by what religion or in whatever stage of civilization, men have always been trying in the best way they knew to find God. They have honestly felt that here was the secret of life. It goes without saying also that the methods that men have followed in their attempt to find God have been determined by the stage of culture which they have reached. They have acted out of necessity with their ability to think, to feel, and to accomplish. They have had theories about God and theories about themselves as wise as they were able to form. The only trouble has been that they have almost always come to be afraid of their fathers' or their grandfathers' theories, regarding them as infallible and consecrated and not to be improved upon. So, though they have held these theories, they might have found better ones, had they dared. But in a general way it is true that men have done as wisely as they could. They have framed as careful thoughts of this infinite power as they were able. They have had as correct ideas of this power as they could frame, and then have determined to

insist on the methods they followed in their attempt to find God. In other words,—it needs no argument,—they have done what they have supposed God wanted them to do in order to please him; and of course that has depended upon what they thought about him. They have done the best they could to get rid of the evils they have inflicted on themselves. Of course that means that they have been determined in their actions by their ideas as to what these evils were and the way in which they were to be got rid of. These statements are so simple that they need no proof. The mere statement of them is all the argument they need.

I wish now to ask you to note for a little while what some of these methods have been in the past, how men have supposed that they could find out God. It is not necessary to deal with the past for a great while; but I refer to it because there are lingering remnants of all these ideas still in the minds of people of to-day. Lingering remnants did I say? There are whole nations dominated by these same ideas, and that in spite of the fact that Jesus whom they worship as God has expressly excluded them, and has pointed out another way. To that I shall come in a moment.

The first method that I shall speak of, which has been universal in certain stages of culture in the past and is well-nigh universal in some form still, is what may be called the sacrificial, or the sacramental, way. Herbert Spencer tells us, after a careful study of the early conditions of the world, that sacrifice as part of religion grew out of the worship of ancestors, and that at first it was only a way of feeding the spirits of the ancestors who were still supposed to be hungry and thirsty, and to need this ministrations on the part of their worshippers. No matter how it grew up, curiously enough, the whole world has supposed that one of the great ways to please God was to sacrifice something to him, to bring him an offering;

and this offering has generally meant the taking of some kind of life. You remember how naïvely the writer in Genesis tells the story of the sacrifice of Noah after the subsidence of the flood, how God, sitting up in heaven, smells the burning flesh, and is so pleased with it that he promises that he will never send another flood. The idea has been that the gods have wanted sacrifices. Note the condition of affairs among the early Hebrews. Go back to the time of Solomon's temple. It is a rough way of stating it, and yet it pictures the truth more graphically and forcibly than in any other way, to say that Solomon's temple was a slaughter-house. The priests were forever dabbling in blood. The blood of slain animals was sprinkled upon the altar. Accompanying this were certain ceremonies which must always be observed in a specified way.

Again, if you study the classical religion of Greece and Rome, you find substantially the same thing is true. Juno is angry because her altars are not piled high with sacrifices, if the proper honors are not paid to her. If any one wished to gain any help, this was the way: he must bring an offering. The specified forms of the ceremonial must be followed. It was settled by the priests as to what the position of such a worshipper should be. He must stand in just such an attitude. He must be covered with just such kind of robe. He must make certain gestures at the specified time. He must pronounce certain peculiar forms of words and in just the right tone of voice. He must look towards the proper quarter of the heavens. If there was any departure from any of these things, the worship was a failure, the god was likely to be angry. At any rate, the desired results were very sure not to follow.

It is very curious to see how the Christian Church has failed to learn that almost every single one of these things that do still exist in some form or other is nothing more nor

less than a worn-out rag of Paganism. Why the eastward position in prayer? Sun-worship,—nothing else. The sun was supposed to rise in the east; and so his worshippers must face in that direction when they pray. Do you know there is not a ritual, there is not a ceremony, there is not a symbol, not one of all these things cherished in the Christian Church to-day, that was not pagan in origin; and not one single one of them did Jesus ever command. But this has been the way all over the world. For hundreds and thousands of years men have tried to find God by sacrifice. They have supposed they were nearer to him if they had slain some animal, and burned part of its flesh. They have supposed they were nearer to him if they uttered a certain verbal formula, if they went through a specified genuflection or made certain gestures, or uttered words in a certain tone of voice. And yet the chosen souls in every nation for hundreds of years have been lifting up their cries in protest against these gross superstitions. The old prophet tells his hearers that it is not the blood of bulls and goats that Jehovah desires: that it is a broken and contrite heart when they have sinned; that to do justly, to love mercy,—these were the things that God wished at their hands.

All through the New Testament is the same idea taught; and yet habits and ideas and traditions do so persist that it is almost impossible for people to outgrow them and shake themselves free.

I wish now to notice another way. You will see that it is not the way of humanity to leave behind that which it has been accustomed to cherish when it takes up something else. It is apt to keep the two together while one or the other is relegated to a position of secondary importance. So the Church kept this emphasis on the rituals and the ceremonies, while at the same time there grew up an idea that the principal thing, after all, was that you should believe a certain thing.

This arose in the most natural way. Men came to suppose that God had revealed a certain thing as true. It had come in a dream, or by the mouth of a prophet, or an angel had appeared to somebody and spoken it, or a writer had been impressed by the Holy Spirit, and had, in this way, given utterance to certain supposed divine truths. No matter how it came, it came at last to be looked upon as God's infallible, unchanging truth.

Of course, it would follow that it would be considered disrespectful to God, wicked, blasphemous, to question or to doubt it. If I unquestioningly believed that the eternal God had certainly said such and such a thing, however impossible it might seem, I should be very foolish to question it. The universe is infinite, and I do not claim to know what might or might not happen under certain conditions; and, if I knew that God had said it, of course I would bow, and wait for an explanation. This is the attitude that very naturally the world has taken in the past. The only trouble about it is that we have not been at all certain that God had said it. And they have regarded it as wicked on the part of the critic and students when they tried to find out whether there was any proof that God had said it. Here is the trouble. But in some natural way they came to believe that certain things were the very word of God; and therefore it was of the utmost importance that those things should be believed. They carried the matter so far as to say that, If you do not believe it, you cannot come to God, you cannot win his favor, you cannot dwell in his presence in the other life. Jesus never said that, but somebody put into his lips, the words, "Believe, and be baptized, and thou shalt be saved; and he that believeth not shall be damned." This was the spirit of the Church for hundreds of years. The Athanasian Creed goes into a long and metaphysical attempt at explaining a great many things concerning which nobody knows anything. And,

then, what? If you doubt any of these things, you shall unquestionably perish. That is the idea of the Athanasian Creed. Why did Calvin burn Servetus? Because Servetus dared to have a different opinion from Calvin; and Calvin believed that he was doing despite to the sacred, the holy, the infallibly revealed truth of God. So the persecutions of the ages have turned upon this matter of belief. Thousands on thousands of the noblest of the world, the truth-seekers, the consecrated men, who have been trying to find the way, who have been trying to find God, to find the truth about him, and about the universe and about man,—thousands of these men have been tortured, imprisoned, burned at the stake, beheaded, drawn and quartered, killed in every conceivable way, as enemies of God and enemies of man. To find God, then, they said, it was absolutely necessary to believe as they did.

One trouble about this proposition is that there are so many different people saying so many different things. The Catholic Church says we must believe in her mass and her sacraments, and become a member of her communion. The Baptist Church tells us that we must be immersed. The Episcopal Church tells us that we may be immersed or sprinkled or poured, just as we please, but that we must come within the limits of the one true church in which lies salvation. There are so many different ways of belief. Unless we believe so and so, there is no hope of pleasing God or finding him.

There is one other matter that I must refer to briefly. I can make it clearer perhaps by speaking of my own boyhood. I can remember, as I grew up, that it was impressed upon me very forcibly that there was no way of pleasing God or of having any hope of salvation except by becoming converted. What did that mean? It meant, so far as I can interpret it, that I must feel very guilty for my sins. I was not conscious of having com-

mitted any very great sins. I was told, however, that I was very wicked, and all the more wicked because I was not conscious of it. I was told that I must feel very badly about it, that I must pray to God, and suddenly a miraculous change would be wrought in me. This wicked heart of mine, this heart of stone as they called it, would be taken out; and I would be given a heart of flesh, a tender heart, that would appreciate and feel. I expected to feel light poured into my soul. I expected to be thrilled with unspeakable joy over my deliverance. This I worked for. I sought it, with prayers and pleadings and tears, night and day. Others told me they had found this joy. Their faces were bright, their eyes were radiant with the joy of their deliverance; and no wonder!

But I found out after a while, as I studied the world, that these people who offered sacrifices, the people who went through the most elaborate rituals, the people who said they believed everything, and the people who had the most intense emotional experiences were very much like everybody else, after all. In my early ministry in the Orthodox Church I could not discover that the people who observed these distinctions were any better than the people who failed in them. Indeed, I was obliged to admit that there were persons who did not believe the creeds, who did not go through the ceremonies, who had never had the experience, who were more just, more tender, more true, more humane, more merciful, more helpful, more kindly, than a great many of those people who passed all the examinations. It seemed to me, then, that there was something the matter here, that this did not go to the bottom of the problem. And so I wondered whether this were really the only way of finding God. I came to believe that there is another and a better way. I have no objection to the ritual, if it expresses the life and helps anybody. I have no objection to a person's believing what he honestly thinks

is true. I have no objection to any one's emotional experiences. But there is something deeper, something more than these, and something more important.

Let us consider, then, for a few moments, what it is that Jesus says about it. I wish you to note that he has never commanded any ritual or any sacrifice or any ceremonial or any sacraments. I wish you to notice that there is no authentic word of his by which he has made it imperative on any one to believe any one thing. He has never laid any emphasis on any one's having any kind of emotions. What does he say in our text? It is like what he says everywhere: If you are bringing your gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way, first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift; and the way will be open to God. Does he not say everywhere that the tree is to be judged by its fruit? In that last great judgment scene, where we should expect him to say what he really believes, he says nothing about these other conditions of salvation. He says it is the person who has been kind and tender and true, who has given a cup of cold water, who has fed the hungry, who has clothed the naked, who has visited people in prison, who has helped those in trouble, who shall find the way to God. In other words, it is the person who has been, shall we say, humane? Yes, God-like, too. Here we put our finger on the central teaching of Jesus: Being humane is God-like. Getting into right relations with your fellow-men is getting into right relations with God, inevitably; for the two things are one.

What does Jesus say about the two great commandments? Love to God and loving your neighbor, one and the same, the two faces of the one shield. I wish you to notice that this principle goes down deep into the heart of things. Read what Jesus said about Mount Moriah

and Mount Gerizim. He said the Samaritans thought that one mount was the place to find God, and the Jews said that the other was; but he said that both and neither were. It is not in a place at all. And yet the world has forever been going on pilgrimages. The Jews thought that as often as possible they must go up to Jerusalem, to the Temple; for there God was located. The Mohammedan thought he must go to Mecca. If a man did that, no matter what he had done previously, all would be well. And so the world has been hunting for God by travelling through space. But do you not see the absurdity of it? You cannot find God by going on a journey. That is not the way you approach him. God is a person.

Let us take an illustration. I suppose there were many persons in the days of the Globe Theatre of London who rubbed elbows with Shakespeare every day; but did they of necessity know Shakespeare? You may touch a person, you may clasp his hand, and yet be separated from him as far as the diameter of space. You may be separated by the width of the world from some one you love, and yet feel the throb of the pulse and the beat of the heart, and know that nothing can ever separate those who are one in thought and love and life.

If you wish to approach an artist, it is not enough to go to the place where he lives and get an introduction to him. Let it be a great musical composer. If you can study his works, if you can listen to his performances, if you are thrilled and uplifted by his music, you are closer to him a thousand times than as though you lived in the same house with him, and did not have this sympathetic communion.

So in regard to the great painters or the great ones of the world in any direction, if you wish to approach a person, the only way is by comprehensive sympathy,

by truth, by correct ideas as far as possible, by coming into sympathy with that person. God is love. Suppose you perform all the sacrifices and ceremonies of the world, suppose you believe any number of statements about him, suppose you have any quantity of feeling of a certain kind, if you never love, you will never know God nor come near to him. God, then, is tenderness, he is truth, he is pity, he is sympathy, he is all that we call humane, and he is all that we call divine. And so, if you wish to come to God, if you wish to find the way to his feet, to his arms, to his heart, this is the way: it is by becoming like him.

Do you not see now that the very qualities which bring you into right relations with your fellow-men are the very ones which bring you in right relation with God? If you are willing that a person should be your enemy, if you have injured him or if he has injured you, and you do not do something to right that relation, you can never know God. There is nothing arbitrary about it. God cannot help it himself any more than he could help a blind man see while he still remains blind. If a man has injured you, it is because he is ignorant, or because he is passionate, or because he thinks you are his enemy. It is a mistake or it is a perversion of some sort; and, if you are divine, if you are humane, you will pity him, and wish to help him out of that condition. If you look down with contempt on your fellows instead of being like Jesus, of whom it is said he made himself of no reputation, he went about doing good, he communed and fellowshiped with the lowest, with sinners and outcasts, that he might touch and inspire and lift their lives,—if you take the opposite attitude, you cannot find God while you hold that attitude. You must become divine in your feeling before you can know the divine. And so, no matter what it may be that puts you into this attitude of antagonism, of lack of sympathy with your fellow-men,

you must become divine to know the divine. Perhaps you wish to use your fellow-men for your own advantage, to exploit them. You do not care whether bodies or hearts suffer or are destroyed, so you are helped to obtain the object of your desire,—if that is your attitude, never, never, so long as you maintain it, can you find God. God is spirit; and they who worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. You must be in sympathy with God, with that which is divine, before you can be conscious of his presence, before you can get into right relations with him and live the divine life.

This, then, I say is the principle. It is eternally true, inevitably true in the nature of things; and it is one of the grandest truths that can be uttered. There have been men who supposed they were religious while they were not moral. There have been men who supposed that they were moral while they were not religious. They may have been religious after certain definitions without being moral. They may have been moral and not religious after certain definitions; but being truly religious and truly moral are inevitably one. There is no possible antagonism between them, because those qualities that make us truly humane are those that make us divine. And so Jesus was everlastingly right when he said, "Not every one who hath said unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will."

I hold in my hand a little volume of Longfellow's called "Christus." It deals at the end with a certain lovely little tradition concerning the apostle John. The idea grew up among the disciples that John was not going to die, that he would live until the second coming of Jesus, and then be caught up with him into the clouds in the air without having passed through the experience of death. John is represented as wandering on earth and preaching everywhere this beautiful doctrine to which I have been

trying to give some expression this morning. John says:—

“What, then! doth Charity fail?
Is Faith of no avail?
Is Hope blown out like a light
By a gust of wind in the night?
The clashing of creeds, and the strife
Of the many beliefs, that in vain
Perplex man’s heart and brain,
Are naught but the rustle of leaves,
When the breath of God upheaves
The boughs of the Tree of Life,
And they subside again!
And I remember still
The words, and from whom they came,
Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will!

“From all vain pomps and shows,
From the pride that overflows,
And the false conceits of men;
From all the narrow rules
And subtleties of Schools,
And the craft of tongue and pen;
Bewildered in its search,
Bewildered with the cry;
Lo, here! lo, there, the Church!
Poor, sad Humanity
Through all the dust and heat
Turns back with bleeding feet,
By the weary road it came.
Unto the simple thought
By the Great Master taught
And that remaineth still:
Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will!”

Father, we thank Thee that the way is so plain, that it is so simple. No matter about the forms or the ceremonies, the creeds or subtleties of human thought; no matter about the emotions which we cannot command or control,—only this: we can try to be kind to those

that need our help, to comfort those in sorrow, to be true in all our relations with our fellow-men: and, lo! when we have done this, the door is open and the light of God shines through, and we can enter in, and know that we are in his loving presence. Amen.

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THE FEDERATION OF CHURCHES—AND THE UNITARIANS.

My theme to-day is "The Federation of Churches—and the Unitarians." I have chosen two passages of Scripture which, together, will constitute my text: the first from the seventh chapter of Matthew, the sixteenth verse,—“By their fruits ye shall know them”; and the second from the ninth chapter of Mark, the thirty-eighth and the thirty-ninth and fortieth verses,—“John said unto him, Teacher, we saw one casting out demons in thy name: and we forbade him, because he followed not us. But Jesus said, Forbid him not: for there is no man who shall do a mighty work in my name, and be able quickly to speak evil of me. For he that is not against us is for us.”

It is not often that the situation is such that with good grace people can talk about themselves. But this morning it seems to me not only fitting, but a duty, that I should ask you to consider for a little while ourselves as Unitarians. We need to know, and to help other people see it with a little clearness, who these persons are that the Federation of Churches is not willing to associate with.

How old is Unitarianism? In one sense of the word, and a very profound sense, it is as old as monotheism. When the human race had advanced intellectually far enough to make the magnificent guess that the infinite multiplicity of the universe was, after all, a unit, then monotheism, one form of Unitarianism, was born. Abra-

ham, in this sense, was a Unitarian; Moses, Samuel, Elijah, Elisha, Isaiah, all the line of prophets that distinguished the history of ancient Israel. Without any rational doubt Jesus and all the apostles were Unitarians. They would have been shocked, horrified, at a suggestion of their being anything else. All the long and illustrious line of Church Fathers, bishops, writers, teachers, preachers, for the first three hundred years of church history, were in the main Unitarians. The opposite idea was of slow growth; and we have it on record that, when the new thought was first propounded, most people were seriously troubled by it, and opposed it. Trinitarianism sprang out of metaphysics, Greek philosophizing, pagan traditions and pagan doctrines and pagan customs, too strong for the Church suddenly to overcome. So in the early part of the fourth century, under the dominating force of the emperor's sceptre, a majority of the Council declared for a modified form of Trinitarianism, not quite that which came to be such as expounded by the Athanasian Creed. Then followed the reign of tradition and ceremony. Then came the Dark Ages; and Europe, so far as its intellectual life was concerned, was largely in eclipse. By and by with the Renaissance—the rebirth of the intellectual life of Europe—there appeared Unitarianism again. Many of the leaders and thinkers and scholars risked their lives in teaching this which we have come to regard as the great truth of God.

Organized Unitarianism has existed in Hungary for more than three hundred years. To-day, not under that name, nearly all the great free scholars and leaders of the centres of European light and learning are at least in sympathy with our ideas.

Charles Wagner, the most popular preacher in Paris, the author of "The Simple Life," is in sympathy with us. Père Hyacinthe in his venerable old age, still

nominally a Catholic, is in sympathy with us. Pfleiderer, one of the most learned men in Europe, connected with the University of Berlin, was with us in Geneva, and was one of our speakers. Harnack, probably the most famous Biblical critic alive to-day, is in sympathy with our forward-looking attitude. And so in Leyden, in Paris, in all the great centres, you find those men who are scholarly and who dare to be free sympathizing with the onward look which is characteristic of Unitarianism.

Under that name the movement was reborn in Boston in the days of Channing. We did not choose the name,—it is only partly descriptive of what we stand for,—it was thrust upon us as a nickname. We will try to make it one of which to be proud, as it stands in the forefront of the world's leadership in thought, in ethics, in religion.

Our fathers did not desire to organize a new denomination. They fought against it. This position, again, was thrust upon them by their enemies.

Out of what, in the modern world, was Unitarianism born? What did it signify? It meant that for the first time in human history here on this continent men were allowed to *think* and freely utter their thoughts.

Do you know that in the old Virginia Colony before the Revolution, and I think in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, to be a Unitarian was a crime, punishable by death? It was a similar crime in England for hundreds of years. Men were not permitted to think, not allowed to be free. But the time came at last, I say, when men dared and when they were permitted to speak their thoughts without endangering their lives. Then the scholarship of the world found expression; and Unitarianism was born.

Not only out of the scholarship and the freedom of the intellect, but it came out of a great advance on the part of the conscience of the race.

I dare to say—and I challenge the denial of the world—that the scheme of salvation as outlined in the old orthodox churches and creeds, as held to in the past, is not only unsupported by evidence, but it is utterly immoral. It contradicts every fundamental principle of justice, of humanity, of right. John Stuart Mill dared to say that he would not accept as right up in heaven anything which was palpably wrong here on earth. The Rev. Dr. Carter, who raised a storm of criticism and discussion a year or so ago in the Presbyterian Church by his protest against the Confession of Faith, has reiterated recently, on the eve of his departure for Europe, his saying that the ideal God as outlined in the old creed is loveless and unlovable. God himself is not made to love; and, if we appreciate the kind of character he is claimed to be, we should find it utterly impossible for us to love him. So then, when men became free, their consciences revolted against that which was so hideously unjust and wrong.

There was another revolt,—that of the human heart. You remember how tenderly Whittier sang,—I have quoted it more than once,—

“My human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds;
Against the words ye bid me speak,
The heart within me pleads.”

What did it mean that first Jesus, and then Mary, and then innumerable saints came to take their places in the practical worship of tender and loving human hearts? It meant that the human heart found nothing to love or trust in the God who was pictured in the creeds. It meant that Jesus, the loving, tender Son, came at last to be looked upon as the judge, hurling his enemies down to the lowest hell. It meant that they felt that they must go to the mother of Jesus, and plead with

her tender womanhood to intercede for them with her Son and his Father; and then they must have their saints who had suffered, who had been tempted, who were human, and who could sympathize.

In the path which they laid out, Unitarians have always been distinguished for their interest in and their practical service to education. Consider the work of Horace Mann, Dr. Howe in his task of educating the blind, Miss Peabody, more efficient than anybody else in introducing into this country the kindergarten movement. All the great interests of education found some of their first advocates and their most distinguished leaders among us Unitarians.

And the great reforms,—not one single one of them that has blessed and glorified the last hundred years but was led by Unitarians. Dorothea Dix as an illustration, —a Unitarian woman who became as famous in this country as Howard was in England, giving herself to the reformation of the brutal treatment of the insane. And so in every department of life the Unitarians have led. And I wish to make one claim for them that is not ordinarily thought of or allowed.

I was trained, as you know, in the Orthodox Church. I preached in it for nine years. I know then what I am talking about. It is not always a gracious thing to raise such comparisons; and I should not except under the challenge of the present situation. I dare to say that I have never known a body of ministers in my life in any denomination who, on the whole, were so profoundly devotional, so reverent, so worshipful, so deeply religious, in the truest sense of the word, as our Unitarian ministers. I could pick out a half-dozen of them as distinguished in this direction above any other people in this country that I have ever been acquainted with or about whom I have read.

And another point, springing out of this and which

emphasizes it, is in this fact. The writing of hymns is an index of the devotional spirit that produces them; and during the last seventy-five years more fine, sweet, loving, tender, worshipful, reverential hymns have been written by Unitarians than by all other denominations in the world put together, and they are creeping into all the hymn-books of the world. What hymn-book will you find anywhere that does not have "Nearer, my God, to thee" in it, written by a representative Unitarian woman?

One other point. Paul, you know, felt that the circumstances compelled him to do a little boasting; and he asked pardon for it, but continued doing it just the same. So I wish to carry this matter just a little further, and ask you to notice who some of these famous Unitarians of ours have been, because they are indexes of the movement. You will remember that five years ago we had a movement in this country for the establishment of the Hall of Fame. It was proposed that the list of Immortals should be selected by representative men all over the country. I forget precisely the number, but somewhere in the neighborhood of thirty were elected five years ago; and this little Unitarian body of ours had produced fully one-third of the whole. Here a little while ago they elected a few more; and two of them, again, were Unitarians. Four of the Presidents of the United States have been open and avowed Unitarians; and one other, Lincoln, though not formally connected with any religious body, said that he was ready with his whole heart and soul to join any church which stood for love to God and love to man,—our fundamental principle. Great jurists have been Unitarians,—Judge Story, Marshall, the most distinguished men in America that have sat on the bench in the past,—great educators, college presidents. And, then, every one knows that the great group of poets and literary men that have given

us standing in the world have been almost every one of them Unitarians,—Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Jackson, Samuel Longfellow, Edward R. Sill, Whittier,—all Unitarians.

The great historians,—Bancroft, Motley, Prescott, Ticknor, Palfrey, Parkman,—all Unitarians.

The most distinguished scientists that the country has known,—Bowditch, Agassiz, Peirce, Draper, Hall, Lovering, Wyman,—Unitarians.

The great authors outside of poetry, those who have distinguished themselves in other fields of thought,—Emerson, Hawthorne, Whipple, Curtis, Ware, Margaret Fuller, Lydia Maria Child, Louisa M. Alcott, Catharine Sedgwick, Sylvester Judd, Thoreau, Cranch, Fields, Taylor, Higginson, Godwin, Cushman, Weiss, Johnson, Dwight,—the great list might be almost indefinitely extended. I wish also to add here the names of John C. Calhoun, the great Southerner; of Henry Bergh, the most distinguished friend of our poor relations, the animals, which the country has produced.

And, then, in England, John Milton, John Locke, Joseph Priestley, and the greatest of astronomers, Newton,—these were all Unitarians. Time would fail me to complete the list. I simply indicate these things, so that you may see who these Unitarians are, what they have accomplished, what they have stood for in the past. And these men, these churches, who have been famous in every department of human service and human life, are not to be allowed to be represented in this National Conference of the Federation of Churches.

I do not propose to-day to speak one word in heat or unkindness. I wish simply that you may know the situation; and in some ways I am glad that an occasion has arisen to bring it clearly before us.

This is not a new movement. For four or five years there has existed here in New York State, and city I

think also, a Federation of Churches; and the Unitarian churches have been cordially welcomed and fellowshipped in all these movements and meetings. I have been asked to contribute money; and I have done it every year. Dr. Walter Laidlaw, their New York secretary, has attended our meetings and spoken for us, and shown full and hearty sympathy for us in every respect. And the way in which we have met the movement I wish to indicate by one illustration,—an illustration which calls for a little practical consideration and perhaps some action by and by.

A gentleman in Boston, in whose hands had been left a large amount of money to distribute for educational, philanthropic, and religious purposes (he was a Unitarian, and the money was Unitarian money), through personal friendship contributed \$50,000 which was used here in New York to build an Episcopal church. I have no fault to find with that, provided there is enough cordial fellowship and co-operation to go around. It does not seem to me that it is quite courteous or fair to have it all one-sided. Is the Federation to take the position that has always been occupied by the Young Men's Christian Associations? What is that? They are persistent beggars,—they are ready to take our money on every occasion, get all of it they can. They are ready to give us that kind of fellowship which consists in taking the crumbs which fall from their table; but they never permit us to hold office or have anything whatever to do with their management. I think the people who are called upon to assist these movements ought to remember that; and, if we are to stand alone and fight our own battles, we had better keep our own ammunition in our own hands, to do our own work with. So, at any rate, it seems to me.

Now we must remember that this National Federation movement is not identical with the city or church or-

ganization. In other words, Dr. Laidlaw and these men have not turned traitors to their principles. They are not the ones who are responsible for this attitude. This is a national movement. It is an attempt to organize the great religious organizations of all the evangelical churches in America in one federation; and yet in their statement of principles they have not used the word "orthodox" or "evangelical," they have simply said "Churches." And yet they voted to leave us out.

What was the position which they faced? It was a practical one. As Mr. Cleveland has said in his famous phrase, it was a situation, and not a theory. They desired to organize all the great bodies of the country in one federation; and they found out, as I think I could have told them beforehand, that there were great bodies in the Western States and Southern States, particularly, who would not join in the movement if they fellowshipped us. It was, then, purely a question of expediency.

In order that you may understand precisely the attitude: Dr. Sanford is the secretary of this national movement. I happen to know personally that he regrets the action that has been taken; and, if he could have his way, he would invite us into full fellowship and sympathy. But, as I said, it is a practical matter of expediency. If they took us in, they simply could not organize a national federation that should include the great orthodox bodies. I have my own opinion as to what I should have done, even under those circumstances; but evidently they did not agree with me. I should have stood by the principle, if I believed it to be a principle, and had my federation as large as I could have it on the platform of my principle. I do not believe that any great religious movement ever has gained anything from the beginning of the world by sacrificing a principle to practical expediency.

This, however, is the situation. They wanted to in-

clude all the great orthodox organizations; and there were large numbers of them that would not be included unless we were left out. And so they voted to leave us out; and men like Edward Everett Hale, the author of "The Man without a Country," "Ten Times One is Ten," and "In His Name," a man whose influence for good, for humanity, for human kindliness, for genuine religion, is second to none other living at the present time,—he could not come in, nor speak nor be heard. The Hon. John D. Long, three times governor of Massachusetts, for years a representative in Congress, our famous naval secretary during the Spanish War, one of the noblest, gentlest, truest souls alive,—he could not come in. The Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, D.D., son of President Eliot of Harvard College, president of the American Unitarian Association, distinguished, able, noble, consecrated,—he could not come in, or speak or be heard.

Now, friends, I wish you to note, before passing from just this point, that they have declared here in their own manifesto that this organization "has neither authority nor desire to intervene in the great questions which vitally concern the various denominations as denominations." They also add on the next page: "It is understood that its basis" (that is, the basis of this organization) "would not be one of creedal statement or governmental form, but of co-operative work and effort." In other words, they have declared themselves that they are not a creed-making body,—for they have no power to interfere with the creeds of other people,—that it is a practical organization for practical work. And yet they leave out that body as distinguished, to say the least, in all practical philanthropic and religious work as any other in America. This body of ours has been famous in all these lines. I think we are the first religious body in the world to organize distinctly and definitely a ministry to the poor.

But why enlarge in this direction any more? We are face to face, then, with this condition which I wish to press seriously upon your attention. I am rather glad in one way that the matter has come up.

There is just one satisfactory reason that the Federation can give for excluding us,—just one. No other one is of any importance. What is that?

If they really believe that it is absolutely essential to a soul's salvation from hell, from eternal punishment in another world, that a particular belief about the nature of Jesus and his relation to God should be held, then they are justified. If they really believe that no man can be saved from the wrath and the eternal curse of God except by believing in the Trinity, then they are justified. Compare Unitarianism with any other denomination in the world along any other lines, and we do not fear the issue.

So *there* is the *crux* of the whole matter. And I wish to call the attention, so far as I am able, of this American people to that one single fact. Forget everything else. Put everything else out of sight. Rule everything else out of court. It comes simply to that, and that alone.

If we are endangering the eternal salvation of human souls, then they have no business to fellowship us. Only, if they believe that, certain things follow; and they should be ready to take the consequences.

Think for a moment,—we cannot conceive it,—but think for a moment. If this is true,—what? Humanity has been inhabiting this earth, the scientific men tell us, for three or four hundred thousand years. All the people that have ever lived on this planet during the last three hundred thousand years, at least until the past six thousand, all of them are in hell. They did not know anything about the conditions of salvation; for three hundred thousand years the heavens were silent, did not speak; and they innocently, ignorantly, went one after another,

a ceaseless Niagara cataract, plunging over into the abyss. Whom did God tell six thousand years ago? As far as we have any record, he did not tell anybody in the Old Testament times even. Yet we are asked to believe that a few people during that period in the history of the world, for about four thousand years, were saved. God never said a word, however, during all that time about any Trinity, never said any word of its being absolutely essential to believe in any particular statement in order to be saved. Jesus did not say anything about it. The apostles did not say anything about it. In the year 325 certain bishops at Nicæa, under the dominance of one of the most infamous emperors that ever lived, suddenly declared it, stated it in terms; but not many people have known about it since then. The great majority of the human race has never been told a word about it. Thousands of the best people in Christendom have not believed it; and there is no reason why they should have believed it. It is not a Bible doctrine, even if we regarded the Bible as infallible. It is a theological speculation pure and simple, nothing else. And yet, if that is true, not only the people for three hundred thousand years, but most people since, have been lost. Nearly all the people in the world to-day, those that are dying every moment in the year, are being lost,—the wisest, the tenderest, the truest, the most intelligent, the most faithful,—loving mothers, brave, self-sacrificing fathers, devoted philanthropists,—all hopelessly lost because they did not believe the statement of a metaphysical, unchangeable, cruel, hideous, immoral creed. If that be so, I go with the free and the brave and the noble and the true and the intelligent, wherever they are.

But no, that is the point I wish you to have in mind: it is the point I wish the Federation to have in mind. There is no reason why they should cast us out of their fellowship unless they believe all that. If they do, let

them say so. I challenge them to speak out. Let them meet the issue clearly, frankly, squarely. Let the bishops, let the great preachers, let the great leaders, let the great writers, let the great newspapers, let the great magazine writers who stand on this platform, let them tell us, and let them tell the American people, that there is no escape from eternal hell except by a metaphysical belief, the acceptance of a particular point in a creed,—no matter about character, no matter about nobility, self-sacrifice, godlikeness, humanitarianism,—that none of these things count. If this is true—and they have taken the position that favors it, and there is no reason in the position, if it be not true,—then I make one appeal to the Unitarians.

It is natural for persons to judge the whole world by their door-yard, to imagine that the state of things around them is practically universal. So you will find, particularly in and about Boston, hundreds of Unitarians who are saying all the time, "Nobody believes these old doctrines any more; no use in preaching against them any more: it is threshing straw, it is knocking down an image, that is all." I have been criticised over and over again for challenging this belief, and saying that our work was not done in this direction. I have been criticised by Unitarians as well as by those outside our ranks.

Let us, if this be so,—if the Federation is ready to take this position, and it has taken it by implication,—let us have done with all our talk about Unitarianism having fulfilled its mission, and let us go to work as never before to civilize and educate America.

There is another thing which I would say to the Federation. If they do not think it is right or wise to fellowship us, they have no right to fellowship Dr. Laidlaw or Dr. Sanford and the hundreds of others who have fellowshipped us in the past. They have consented to the

heterodox position by fellowshipping us; and, if the Federation is consistent, it will leave them out of its fellowship.

There is another class of people—I wish I had them all within the sound of my voice—I happen to know from personal experience of many years,—there are hundreds, thousands, of men and women in all the nominally orthodox churches who do not for one moment believe the hideous things about which I have been speaking; and yet they stay there,—their influence, their character, their time, their money, all these go to the support of these organizations. If these organizations are not ready to fellowship their brethren, their friends, those who share with them their beliefs, then in all self-respect I bid them arise, and go out themselves. Come to us where you belong. Do not stand under the shelter of your enemy's flag and our enemy's flag, and cast all your influence for darkness, for the Middle Ages, for infamous doctrines about God and hopeless doctrines about men. Come out, and stand where you belong. Let us have the lines drawn, let us know who is for liberty and light and the intellectual advance and growth of the world, who is for a thought of a God that we can respect and love and tenderly worship, who is for belief in the fact that there is hope for the lowest and poorest of humanity. Let all those who believe in the onward movement, the upward movement, the larger hope, the brighter outlook, let them give their influence for them, and not stand as obstructions in the path of the progress of life and light and love.

If all those that believe in these larger and finer things will only stand together, co-operate, organize, then we can accomplish large and fine things for the deliverance of the world.

I appeal, then, to those who have not yet cast in their lot with us to come, not for my sake, not for our sake,

but for the sake of God, for the sake of Truth, for the sake of Humanity.

Father, we thank Thee for the light that has been given to us which glimmers, at least, ahead on the pathway that is before us untrodden, and that invites us to follow Thee. We thank Thee for the light, we thank Thee for the wider hope, we thank Thee for the cheerier and brighter trust that has come into some of our hearts; and we ask that the light may arise and shine, and the darkness flee away. Amen.

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WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY?

"The disciples were called Christians first in Antioch."—ACTS OF THE APOSTLES xi. 26.

LAST Sunday morning we considered the significance of the fact that the National Federation of Churches had declined to receive Unitarian delegates. I pointed out then that the only reason for that action which was important lay in the fact that we did not believe in the deity of Christ, and that the churches making up the great majority of the Federation did believe in it, and believed that it was essential that one should hold that faith in order that he might be saved.

It seemed to me that it would be wise for us to carry the matter a little farther this morning. Of course, the action of the Federation means, to put it into other language, that they do not regard us as Christians. So it is pertinent to raise and to try to answer the question as to what Christianity is.

It is a very difficult thing to do. I remember some years ago some one asking me if I was a Christian; and I told him that, if he would find half a dozen men who would agree on a definition of Christianity, I would at least tell him whether I was a Christian according to that.

What is Christianity? Of course, it is a great historic movement; but that is not a definition. It is a great religion; but that is not a definition. There are other historic movements, there are other religions. If we wish to separate clearly between two species of animals or birds, we try to put our fingers on those things which

are peculiar, which are distinctive, which they do not share together, which one has and the other has not. There are two or three ways of coming at the answer of this question which I have raised this morning. There are three that stand out very clearly in my mind, each one of them being important enough to call for a discourse, by itself, if not for a book. Yet I must try in the time allowed me to suggest at least an answer to them all.

In the first place let us compare Christianity so far as its rites, its ceremonies, its sacraments, its doctrines, its customs, are concerned, with the other religions, and see if we can find out those things which are peculiar to Christianity and which separate it from all the others. What are they?

The sign of the cross? That is much older than Christianity: we find it connected with a good many different religions. The triangle, the square, the dove? I do not know of one single symbol which has ever been used by Christianity, which is peculiar to Christianity, which is not older than the time when Jesus was born. Is it the sacraments? We know that there are Churches which hold that persons are converted by the process of baptism, that in this way they are born into the Church, and so into Christianity. But baptism was very wide-spread and much older than Christianity. There are other Christians who hold that we become partakers of the divine life by means of the eucharist, the sacrament of the supper. The eucharist, again, in all of its distinctive features is older than Christianity, did not originate with it, is not peculiar to it. I do not know of a single rite or ceremony that is peculiar to Christianity, that it does not share with some other religion. What of its doctrines then, monotheism? There are other religions which believe in one God. The divine paternity? This is one of the oldest beliefs in the world. Incarnation? Perhaps another dozen religions have

believed that from time to time the gods have appeared in the guise of man, either coming to us through means of a miraculous birth or in some other fashion, it matters not which. Is it trinity? The trinity, again, is much older than Christianity, and is not in any sense peculiar to it. Other religions had their doctrines of sin, other religions have offered the world salvation, other religions have taught the doctrine of atonement, sacrifice for sin. Other religions have taught the divine anger, have taught punishment after death. I cannot go into any further details in regard to it; but I know what I am saying when I assert that there is not one single doctrine which is regarded as central in Christianity, or essential to it, which may not be found in some form or other in one or more of the other religions.

So, if we are seeking for some peculiarity as to rite or ceremony, or sacrament or doctrine, by which we can mark Christianity and set it apart as a religion by itself, we shall not be able to find it.

But there is another way of considering the question. I propose for a little while to ask you to run over the problem as an historic one. Let us consider, for example, what forms Christianity has assumed from the very beginning until to-day, and ask which of these is real Christianity; for there have been a good many of these developments, sects, and schisms, claims that the true church was here, that the true church was there, that salvation was to be found by means of belief in this doctrine or through the use of that sacrament. In which of these lies held the true secret of real Christianity? Let us see, then, if we can find any light in this direction.

The twelve disciples, so far as we have any record, did not know anything about an organized church at all. There was no church in existence at that time. They knew nothing about any sacraments: they had not been instituted. They knew nothing about any creed: none

had been formulated. So far as we can get at what their beliefs were, they knew nothing whatever of the trinity. They had no idea of Jesus being anything other than a man, however remarkable he might be as a man, or whatever wonderful powers he might have been endowed with, or whatever strange wisdom he might have been able to teach his followers. Now, were the twelve disciples Christians, would they have been admitted to the National Federation. Were they likely to be saved? They did not comply, so far as I have been able to discover, with any of the conditions which are established by so many of the Churches at the present time.

Was Paul a Christian? Paul died about the year 66 A.D. Up to that time there had been no doctrines of the immaculate conception or the miraculous birth. The whole cycle of birth-stories that we find in the opening chapters of Matthew and Luke were utterly unknown. Paul had never heard of them. There is no trace of his believing in the deity of Jesus. He says explicitly in one passage, There is one God and one mediator between God and man, *the man Christ Jesus*. Paul did not believe in everlasting punishment. He tells us that there is to come a time when all men are to be gathered into the kingdom, the time of the restitution of all things, and at that time,—see how plainly he teaches the subordination of Jesus,—the son shall deliver us the kingdom to the Father, and God shall be all and in all. Was Paul a Christian? Are we to think of him as among the saved? He would not have found admission to many a modern organization.

Now let us consider the condition of things for the first two hundred years. Of course, that is an arbitrary limit. Up to that time there was no established or fixed creed, there was no established canon of Scripture, so that you could not ask a man whether he believed in the infallibility of the Bible. There was no doctrine of the trinity.

Gregory Naziansen tells us that, when the doctrine was first propounded by Athanasius, it was a surprise to most of the Church; and they were not ready to accept it. It was an innovation, not one of the articles of faith once delivered to the saints. Origen, one of the famous Church Fathers, was a pronounced out-and-out Universalist. There was then during the first two hundred years no infallibility of the Bible, no necessity for believing in everlasting punishment, no deity of Christ, no trinity, hardly any one of those things which go to make up what is supposed to be the crux of Christianity to-day. The Church in its external organization was in flux, not fixed. For a long time there were no bishops, nothing that you could call a church from the point of view that the Church of England, for example, speaks of the Church. Were the disciples of the first two centuries Christians? They would not stand the test applied to us here in this nineteenth century.

After the Council of Nicæa. A certain type of trinitarianism had been declared to be the faith of the Church. Then there came a great split between the Greek Church and the Roman. It is not important to notice the date. The Greek Church has always considered itself the true representative of Christianity. It looks down upon even the Roman Church. The Greek Church does not agree with the Roman Catholic about his doctrine of the Holy Spirit. It worships pictures. It is devoted to rituals and ceremonies and to the grossest superstition of every kind. Is that the true church?

Then the Roman Catholic Church, later than the Greek, what of that? For a long time many of its doctrines were not declared. They tell us to-day that the new doctrines which have been evolved in the course of history were involved from the beginning, were implied, and so were part of the Church's life, if not part of the Church's confession or belief. The Catholic Church

tells us to-day that we must be a part of its organization, we must be the partakers of its sacraments, we must bow to its authority, we must believe whatever it tells us to be true, however it contradicts our reason or outrages our conscience. We must bend in absolute submission to the Church if we would win the favor of God, if we would hope for salvation. Is the Roman Catholic Church, then, the only real Christianity?

In the sixteenth century there came a tremendous revolution, springing out of the growing intelligence of the world, springing out of the nobler heart of the world, springing out of the livelier conscience and more insistent sense of right which had begun to predominate. We call this the Reformation. It was led by Luther. What was Luther's attitude? He rejected entirely the authority of the Church, he rejected the domination of the popes and bishops. He rejected their interpretation of the eucharist. He rejected their ideas as to what books made up authoritative Scripture, taking upon himself to decide for himself according to what seemed to him to be right. Luther, then, was a rebel in his day. He rebelled against a large part of those things which were supposed to be fundamental and to constitute Christianity. Luther believed in the trinity, in the authority of such parts of the Scripture as seemed to him to be authoritative. Luther believed in the sacraments, in the deity of Christ, in eternal punishments in the next life. But he rejected a large part of what had claimed to be Christianity down to his day. Was Luther, then, a Christian? How shall we settle this matter between all the conflicting claims?

Here is another very respectable body of people, the Friends, popularly known as the Quakers. They stand for all that is high and fine and sweet and good in human life. They are idealists, standing for everything that is fair and humane. Many of them were trinitarians.

Many of them believed in the deity of Christ; but they rejected bishops, they rejected all the previous ceremonies and organizations of the Church, they rejected the sacrament, they rejected the ordained ministry, but they were people who loved the right, and tried to cultivate peace and sweetness and gentleness among men. Are the Quakers Christians? Not by the tests which the other organizations are ready to apply.

Then there are Protestant bodies each one of which has some particular doctrine which it claims to be authoritative, divine, revealed, and necessary to accept in order to get into what is called the Christian fellowship. The Baptists, for example, will sit down to the Lord's Supper with nobody who has not been immersed, claiming that that is the only baptism which is taught in the New Testament. The great majority of Christians disagree with them. One excludes the other. Where shall we find Christianity? What is the essential thing in it, after all? Was Dr. Channing a Christian? In the recent discussions some of the writers in the newspapers and reviews seemed ready to grant that he was a Christian, while a good many Unitarians are not. Where is the line of distinction?

Set this one side, and let us look at the problem from another point of view. I propose to ask you for a little while to consider whether or not we can find what are the essential teachings of Jesus, what he regarded as true not only but important. Jesus talked about the kingdom of heaven, about fellowship and brotherhood. What were the conditions as Jesus laid them down for citizenship in this kingdom? On what terms, according to Jesus, may one enter in? And here I must suggest a question of criticism. There are large numbers of sentences in the New Testament, in the Gospels, which the writers put in the lips of Jesus, which undoubtedly Jesus never uttered. What do we mean by that, and

how are we going to find out what he did say and what he did not? Must we admit that he said everything that was attributed to him in the Gospels, or else confess that we know nothing about it? What are the facts? I cannot go into the matter with sufficient fulness, perhaps, to make it clear, though I hope I may be able to state it so that you will see what I mean. Which of the sayings attributed to Jesus are really his and which are not?

Let me take an illustration before I deal with the principle. In the last part of the last chapter of Mark, Jesus is represented as saying, He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned. Every scholar, or a man who is half a scholar, has in his hands to-day the means of knowing that that is a later addition to the Gospel, that Jesus did not say it. There is no reason in the world for supposing that he ever gave utterance to such an idea. The last half of the last chapter of Mark is not found in the old manuscripts. Who wrote it nobody knows. I give that as a hint of the method by which we must deal in this matter and as to settling what is really authentic in the Gospels and what is not.

Let me set forth as briefly as I may the facts. Jesus never wrote a word; and, so far as we know, his immediate disciples and apostles did not write anything. There was no reporter in those days. After Jesus had gone away, the disciples expected him to return inside of twenty-five years. If we believed that the present order of the world was to come to an end in twenty-five years, we should not take the trouble to write history. It would not be worth while. So there is no trace of any such thing as that the disciples wrote anything about Jesus. What he said and what he did was merely remembered and reported from mouth to mouth while they waited for his return. But he did not return; and

so by and by, as the work was carried on, as men went out as missionaries, it became important that a record should be made, and there came into existence notes, memorabilia, the materials out of which the Gospels were at last shaped and gradually came into form. Who wrote the Gospel of Matthew? Nobody knows. Who wrote Mark? Nobody knows. Who wrote Luke? Nobody knows. They are purely anonymous. They grew up in the course of years into their present shape, made up of gathered sayings and memories of what Jesus from time to time said and did. Take, for example, the Sermon on the Mount. Jesus did not utter such a disconnected discourse as that, the different detached sayings that make up those three chapters in Matthew. It is as if one should go out into the forest and gather the bright leaves and shape them into a wreath. Jesus probably said most of the things there recorded; and some later writer gathered them together. The report of the Sermon on the Mount as it appears in Luke is entirely different from that in Matthew, and in some important points contradicted.

The Gospels, then, appeared long after the crucifixion. The Gospel of John is in no proper sense a history at all. It was written by an anonymous author somewhere late in the second century, and is a philosophical treatise, using the historical style to illustrate its thesis, so that it is not properly a life, as the other three are supposed to be. These Gospels were for a long time used in manuscript in the early Churches; and we know that additions were made and passages were changed. We know that new ideas, as they came to be dominant in the Church, were at last reflected in some of these writings, and that different words were put into the lips of Jesus himself in order to support ecclesiastical ideas. So much every competent scholar knows. How shall we be sure, then, what Jesus really did say?

In regard to many things we are not sure. But do you not see that those things which were peculiar, which were distinctive, which were contrary to the popular ideals of the time, those that were most spiritual, most noble, that were least likely to have originated in any other way, we may be practically sure were the real words of Jesus? I do not think that it makes any great amount of difference myself, any more than it is vitally important that we should know who wrote "Hamlet." If, indeed, our eternal salvation depends on the accuracy of any phrase, then it is overwhelmingly important that we should know; but, as a matter of fact, we do not know, and so no man is sure of salvation, if that is the one and only condition.

Now, when we ask what were the words most likely to be those of Jesus, we must ask, What was the central idea of his teaching? What constitutes Christian belief, that which is essential and important according to his teaching? Almost precisely what we find in the Old Testament. What does Micah say? He tells the people of his time that it is not important that they should offer sacrifices. What the Lord requires of man is that he should do justly and love mercy and walk humbly with him. Take the book ascribed to the apostle James in the New Testament. It was undoubtedly written about the year 150 A.D. Who wrote it nobody knows. What does he say is essential religion? Not a word about the church, not a word about the Bible, not a word about belief, not a word about any creed, not a word about the trinity, or the deity of Christ, or anything of the kind. Pure religion and undefiled before God the Father is what? To visit the widow and fatherless in their affliction and to keep unspotted from the world. If he knew what was essential to Christianity, is it not strange that that is all he gives us one hundred and fifty years after the time of Jesus?

Now let us come to some of the very words of Jesus himself. Jesus is met by a rich young man, who comes to him and says, Teacher, what shall I do that I may inherit the eternal life? What shall I do to be saved? Does it not appear to you that this was a good opportunity for Jesus to put his finger on the critical and important thing? Here is a man who comes to him, and says, Teacher, what shall I do to inherit eternal life? What does Jesus reply? Not a word about the infallibility of the Bible, not a word about the trinity, not a word about his own deity, not a word about any sacraments, not a word about any everlasting punishment, not a word about any of the things that orthodoxy tells us are supreme. Keep the commandments, he tells him; and, when he answers, I have kept them, Jesus does not contradict him, but he adds, Thou lackest one thing. He puts his finger on the central principle of selfishness. Go sell your property, and give it to the poor, and come and follow me. That is the only condition that he says anything about.

Take the Sermon on the Mount again. There is not a word in it from beginning to end about any of those doctrines that are declared to-day absolutely essential to Christian life, Christian character, Christian salvation,—not one.

To come now to the crucial passage, the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, where Jesus describes the supposed scene of the last judgment, when the good and the bad are separated, one going to bliss and the other to punishment. Would you not really suppose that on a solemn occasion like this Jesus would have told people on what conditions they could enter into heaven? It seems to me that it is not presumptuous in us to say that he *ought* to have told us then. He ought certainly somewhere to have told us; and would not that have been a good time? He represents himself as saying, Come, ye blessed of my

Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. Why? Because you have believed in the infallibility of the Bible? Because you have accepted the doctrine of the trinity? Because you have understood that I am one with God? Because you have partaken of the sacraments? Because you have been a member of a particular church? Because you believe this religion or that? Not a word about any of these things which the people are telling us to-day are the crucial, the central, the essential things, of all importance if people would be saved. Come, ye blessed of my Father. For I was hungry, and ye gave me meat. I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink. I was sick, and ye visited me. I was naked, and ye clothed me. I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Not one single word about anything except what orthodoxy constantly refers to as "mere morality,"—not a word about anything else. Everywhere, when Jesus is discussing this great question, he tells us that we must be like God, must be just, must be true, must be kindly, must be tender, must be humane. He tells us, in other words, simply to be good; and goodness is the only passport to his kingdom. There is no authentic word coming from him containing any other condition of citizenship of his kingdom.

Now, at the end, I want to speak of two or three things, by way of suggestion, which seem to me to be distinctive and peculiar in Christianity. I have said that one of the oldest names in religion for God is Father in heaven. We find it away back in ancient India. We find it in Greece and Rome in all of the ages,—Heaven—Father, heavenly Father. But Jesus put into it a distinctive, a tender, a noble meaning that it never had before. So we may say that the Christian doctrine of divine fatherhood is something finer than the world knew before.

But the great, the peculiar glory of Christianity is Jesus himself, his ideal. How do we know to-day that the

thought of Jesus has not been made over in the crucible of the Christian consciousness? How do we know that something of glory and beauty has not been added to it as the ages have gone by? Why do we need to care? The ideal of the son of God, the son of man, our brother, who made himself of no reputation, who went about doing good, who associated with publicans and common people, who did not separate himself from any, who was willing to suffer for the sake of others, who sacrificed himself, even unto the bitterness of death, for truth and for the hopes of the world, here is the unique ideal that leads the advance of the race, ahead of us like the star of morning that we can never attain, but that lights our pathway. This is the peculiar and distinctive glory of Christianity, something that is not matched anywhere else in the world.

Who, then, is a Christian? Will you pick out some one of the great Christian emperors glorified by the Church because they were its champions in their day? Some of them, orthodox in every feature of their creed, punctilious in the performance of every service in relation to their ceremonies and rituals, some of them, if they did not break more than ten commandments, it was only because they did not know of their existence or because they did not get in their way, men who were despots, tyrants, cruel, heartless, murderers, men guilty of every crime,—these are Christians, because they believe, because they bow to the organization, because they partake of the sacraments, because they obey the priesthood. *These* are set up as the champions of religion, *these* are Christians.

But to take a contrast! Edward Everett Hale, who has passed his fourscore years and more, his life from the beginning transparent as the air, a line of light, just, true, noble, humane, consecrated, loving the right, working for the right, loving man, working for man, unselfish, devoted, sacrificing, sensitive, clean in life and hand and lip,—Edward Everett Hale, an ideal of a life that

in the nineteenth century may stand unashamed beside the Christ and bear the light of glory that shines from the face of the Nazarene, *he is not a Christian!* He does not believe in the trinity, he does not believe in the deity of Christ, he does not believe in the infallibility of the Bible, he does not believe in everlasting hell; he is not a Christian. If men like him are not Christians, then so much the worse for Christianity. It means that a movement is coming that is to slough off what these self-elected makers of definitions now say is the only Christianity, outgrow it, leave it behind, like the falling leaves of October, when the world bursts out into a new growth and a finer bloom.

Let the old official and authoritatively defined Christianity look to itself lest the better part of the world become something unspeakably better than what they call Christian, not something better than Jesus, than what Jesus believed in, what he taught and lived. Perhaps, when we have been driven out of the churches for reasons such as I have indicated this morning, we shall find that Jesus himself is outside, is one of us, is our leader, and our ideal.

Dear Father, we thank thee for the light that has come to us and for the growing tenderness and sympathy for man. Guide us, Father, teach us the truth, and help us to be followers of Thee. Amen.

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THE CITY'S BATTLE FOR LIBERTY AND RIGHT.

My subject this morning is "The City's Battle for Liberty and Right"; and I take my text from the fourteenth chapter of Proverbs, the thirty-fourth verse: "Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people."

I trust I need not say to you that I do not claim the right to bring into this place and on this day anything that may be properly called politics, in the newspaper sense of that word. But, certainly, this wide range of human life that concerns itself with a matter of national or city government is not a preserve from the trespass on which moralists and ministers may properly be warned. Here, if anywhere, are great practical problems of right and wrong to be considered, to be settled on their merits, without any regard to previous party affiliation or preferences. There are those, indeed, who would like to have the minister and the church keep away from a good many departments of their lives. You will remember the humorous story of the colored brother in the South who, when a visiting minister preached on the subject of stealing chickens, said that he did not think that was a proper matter for consideration on Sunday, for he wanted to keep his Sundays for religion. There are a great many people who would like to narrow the consideration of religion in such a way that it would keep its hands off from a good many things in which they are interested; but, certainly, if there is anything that concerns the church, that concerns practical righteousness, that con-

cerns anything worthy to pass by the name of religion, it is such questions as our city is facing to-day. The great men of the past, whom we revere for their leadership in righteousness and in truth, did not so interpret their function. Elijah and Elisha and Isaiah and the great line of Hebrew prophets from the beginning to the end; John the Baptist, Jesus, the apostles, men like Savonarola, like Luther, like Wesley, like Channing,—these men were not afraid to touch matters of public moment. They were never afraid to deal with the great situations of their time. So it seems to me that the church would be recreant to its duty, and the minister faithless to his position, if he did not in all seriousness, in devotion to truth and right, call upon his hearers to give fresh consideration to things of such importance as have not called for our decision in many a long year.

There is another point to consider. Sometimes a person interested in horticulture finds that a plant, a flower, is withering, that it cannot come to its best; and he finds out that something is the matter with his soil, that the atmosphere is not propitious, that the plant is not receiving its share of dew or rain or light. So sometimes we find that the church and its work, its position in a city, are weak. We find that the church is not efficient, that it is not growing, that all its best fruits wither. And then, perhaps, we become aware of the fact that the social, the economical conditions of the city are such that it cannot have its just, its legitimate influence. It is, indeed, of the utmost importance for the welfare and prosperity of a church that it should do what it can to make the conditions of all human life round it such as they ought to be, so that men may be free and inclined to give themselves to the consideration of those higher interests that touch the development, the outflowering, the fruitage, of manhood and womanhood.

I have had occasion before to call your attention to one

point that I wish to refer to and emphasize again. The most difficult problem that has ever faced the world, with the exception of the moral and religious problem, has been that of government. Men have been trying from the beginning to learn how to live together in such a way as to attain social order and personal liberty; yet there are only a few places in all the world where an effort like this has met with even partial success. Most commonly men have lived under tyrannies which have found little place for the development of personality. Now and then, when this has become unbearable, men have revolted, rebelled; and a period of anarchy and license has succeeded, like the Terror connected with the Revolution in France. This has almost always been followed by a further attempt on the part of the people at social protection, and has resulted in the return of tyranny once more. I speak of this to indicate to you that this is one of the most difficult problems that men have ever undertaken. We have come near succeeding in this country, perhaps nearer than has been possible, at least on so large a scale, anywhere else since the world began. But, as I think you will see before I am through (indeed, I think you know it already), we are just at the present time in a condition here in New York that is very far from accomplishing the two ends desired,—social order and individual freedom.

The problem is a different one as the government assumes one form or another. Under a tyranny, an autocracy, where all the power is vested in one hand, you could get almost a perfect government, so far as its external features are concerned, if you could only have a perfect man for ruler. But this has been so rarely the case that men have never been willing to trust their destinies in the hands of one person, if they could help themselves, if they were strong enough to organize some other form of rule. Here in this country we have what

we call a democracy, a republic. We have universal or at least manhood suffrage. It is not an aristocracy. The government is not in the hands of the best, it is not in the hands of the wisest, it is not in the hands of the rich, it is not in the hands of the privileged class, the class of people who have inherited these powers. Every man in this country who chooses can become a voter; and nearly all of them have attained the right of suffrage. Now what does this mean? I am going to speak to you for a little while about certain duties which are connected with the use of the ballot. You may think them stale, tame, commonplace, something that you know all about; but, if it is something that all the people of New York know about, it is not something that the people of New York all practise. So I shall deal with it somewhat in detail, in spite of the fact that it may appear to you at the outset commonplace. And I propose to treat this subject not merely as what is going to happen next Tuesday, but as bearing on the great question of citizenship the whole year round; for we shall have other battles to fight, and we shall need to be armed with the same principles and the same great resolutions.

In a republic, then, every man is a sovereign,—in a republic like ours. This is no figure of speech, this is no matter of political buncombe, this is no mere loose talk. Every man in this republic is a sovereign, whether he will or no. That is an important matter for you to remember,—*whether he will or no*. If he is a voter, he is one of the sovereigns of this country; and on him rests the serious, solemn responsibility of sovereignty. I am ashamed of the man who does not vote; and I have had occasion to be ashamed of a great many since I have been in New York. I do not know how it was last year, for I did not study the figures; but I think that two years ago there were somewhere in the neighborhood of forty thousand men who, after they had registered,

failed to vote. In some of these great elections there are enough men who fail to vote, to perform their simple duty, to turn the scale between the right and the wrong. Every man here is a voter; and every man who has the right to vote is under the most solemn obligation to cast that vote. You say that it is a matter of convenience. It is not. You say you have a right to do as you please. You have not. You say, "If I wish to go off in the country and play golf, I can do as I choose." You can by being disloyal, by neglecting a serious and solemn duty. That man who does not vote votes wrong every time; and he cannot escape it. Sometimes you have felt, as I have, that there is little choice; but, if we think and study carefully, there is always a little choice, there is always a better or a worse, or, if not a better, there is a less bad. There is always a little choice. And it is your duty and my duty to help what little we can, if we cannot reach the ideal.

Consider this by the light of an illustration. Suppose you were so situated that the health, the prosperity, the happiness, even the life, of somebody depend on whether you do or do not do a certain thing, and you do not act at all, then you are responsible,—as much responsible as though you deliberately took the wrong course. You cannot escape the responsibility. You are a part of the government; and you must either help it or hinder it. I appeal to you, then, to all of you who hear my voice and to all who read my word,—I appeal to you never to forget the fact that you are one of the governors of this country, and that you are under the highest human, divine, religious, moral obligation to exercise what power you have in the best possible way.

Not only are you under obligation to vote, you are under obligation, as far as possible, to cast an intelligent vote. What do I mean by that? I mean a very simple and a very practical thing. I do not say that

every man is under obligation to be educated, because that cannot be. There are a great many learned people, a great many scientists, a great many professors, a great many people who can speak other languages than their own, who do not cast intelligent votes. There are a great many people who are even illiterate, as we say, but who do cast what I mean by an intelligent vote. Where is the distinction, then? It is right here. We are going to vote this year for questions of pressing, immediate concern. The conditions are different from what they were last year. You have no right, then, simply to repeat your last year's vote. You are under the highest obligations to study the problems that face you to-day, to see who the men are, what their past records are, what their characters are, whether they are likely to be true. It is your business to study the questions of policy, as to whether this measure or that will be likely to help the condition of affairs in this city or to make them worse. People who do not wish their characters investigated sometimes raise the cry, "Measures, not men." It is possible that measures may be more important than men at certain times; but we have learned, to our cost, that we cannot trust to the proper carrying out of any measure unless it is in the hands of *men*,—men who can be trusted. It is our business, then, to study the problems before us just at the present time, and try to find out, not what it was wise to do last year or may be wise to do next year, but what is a man's duty to-day.

Here is another point. I trust I do not need to speak to any one in this presence in regard to it; but my word may reach beyond this presence. We should each of us cast an honest, an unbought ballot. And by this I do not mean always the vulgar thing called taking a price for your vote. There are other ways of purchasing influence than by giving money. We have

no right to sell our vote as a matter of friendship, as a matter of give and take,—If you will help me carry through this measure, I will help you carry through that. This, every man knows, is not infrequently done. It is our business to stand on our feet, and cast an honest, an unbought, an unprejudiced ballot for that which we individually believe to be the right and the best practical thing.

Now I am going to make a statement which will probably be challenged,—challenged perhaps by a good many who hear me; and yet the matter seems to me so clear, so simple, that I wonder that there can be more than one opinion concerning it. I believe it is the duty next Tuesday of every man to cast an unpartisan ballot. What do we want here in our great city of New York? We do not want Republican water-works, we do not want Democratic gas, we do not want the streets cleaned by people who hold particular views, religious or political. We do not want any of the great city departments managed by men *because* they belong to one party or another. I know the cry is frequently heard that it is necessary to keep party organization intact here in this city for the sake of national issues; but is any man so weak intellectually that he dare not trust himself to vote for what he believes to be for the interest of the city of New York at the election next Tuesday, lest he may not be able to vote for what he thinks is of interest to the country at the next election? Is any one willing to make a confession like that? National affairs, like the tariff or some great question of interstate interest, have nothing whatever to do with the honest, efficient, and economical management of the affairs of house-keeping here in our wonderful city. I say, gentlemen, no man has a right to vote the Republican ticket merely because he is a Republican. He has no right to vote the Democratic ticket merely because he is a Democrat.

He has a right only to consider the welfare of his city, what the city needs to do, and give himself heart and soul to the attainment of this. I regard this matter of voting and voting honestly in a non-partisan way, for the sake of the city, as so important that, if a man neglected to vote, and I had the power, I would have his name published in all the great papers of the day as a delinquent, and I would have a law passed that, if he repeated the offence, he should be deprived of the right to vote for a term of years; and he should be received back again into the honor and glory of citizenship only on his promise of better behavior in the future. Such is my belief as to some of the duties connected with the right to cast a ballot.

Now I am going to ask you to consider with me for a moment some of the great issues that are facing us to-day for settlement. In the first place, have you waked up to the idea that this is a battle for liberty, as really as any that was ever fought on this continent? Think! At the time of the Revolution there were about three millions of people in the thirteen colonies. To-day there are over four millions of people in this great city of New York. Why did the colonists revolt against the government of George III. and his ministers? Because they were taxed without being represented. Here in the city of New York to-day have we waked up to the fact that we, the four millions now, as against the three millions then, are taxed much more unmercifully than they were and are represented quite as little? The same reason exists for revolution against the machines, both of them, here in New York that existed for the revolution in the time of George Washington and the fathers. How is it we are represented? Consider for a moment. What is done when we come to an election? Here are two or three candidates. Did you or I have anything to do with their being candidates? Generally not. Any man who

chooses to study the condition of affairs may find out that it is something like this. A man may have every qualification to represent the people in the board of aldermen, in the assembly, or in Washington, and yet be utterly unable to get himself before the people as candidate. Why? Because the choice of candidate is not in the hands of the people. It is in the hands of committees of the machines, of the party managers; and a man is allowed to be a candidate, not because he is a good man, not because he is fit for the place, but because he is in with the machine, because he is ready to give a consideration of some sort, to promise some sort of a return for the honor and for what he can make out of it. This is the situation. Don't you know that it is true in more than one instance in the United States to-day that, if the people were allowed to speak freely in the matter, gentlemen who represent us in the United States Senate would be immediately invited to go home and others would take their places? We have had practically nothing to say as to whether they should go there or not.

Let me give you an illustration. Within the last six months I have had some intimate talk with a member of the House of Representatives in Washington. He told me that cases would come up like this. Here is some matter of public importance, perhaps the development of American shipping, perhaps that of receiving some new State into the Union,—no matter what,—some great matter of national importance; and these men, having something to do with the national legislation in Congress, would go to this man or that man, and ask him if he is interested in this, and if he would not help it if he deemed it for the public good; and these gentlemen would tell him frankly, although privately, that they would have to wait to find out what the "old man" thought about it. The old man is the boss. These representatives cared nothing about the opinions of the people. The people

did not send them there. Their political fortunes did not rest in the hands of the people. It was the boss who put them there. It was the boss they feared, it was the boss they must please, it was the opinion of the boss that they must find out before they knew if they had any opinions of their own. This is the kind of slavery under which we are suffering to-day. This is a hint of liberty which we do not possess. In the old days,—and you know I am not one of those who are always crying out that the past was better than now,—in the old days we had some leaders, like Abraham Lincoln, like William H. Seward, like Hale, like Joshua Giddings,—the great men who stood up and exercised influence through personal character and power. They were not “bosses.” They were not at the head of machines. But to-day we are in the hands of those men who are not great, who are not natural leaders, in the ordinary sense of the word, because of character and intellectual power. These machines are great business organizations existing for the sake of what those in control of them can get out of them. This is the kind of slavery under which we have been groaning here in New York. And it is not one party that is guilty alone. In Philadelphia there is one of the meanest, lowest political machines in this country; and it is Republican. Here in New York is one that is a good match for it; and it is Democratic. It is not the fault of one party or the other exclusively; and neither party has a right to call the other ugly names. It is a matter of honesty or dishonesty. It is a matter of liberty. The only thing that rouses and thrills me as I have not been roused or thrilled since the days of the great war is the thought that at last, possibly, we may break our chains. One man has defied the machines, and said, “A plague on both your houses!” and the people are rising to him in such a way as gives us hope for the republic. It is liberty, then, we are fighting for.

There is one other thing; and that is honesty. There is a great deal of talk about graft. I do not like the word. It is too innocent. It carries the implication that the person who has succeeded is clever, shrewd, smart. There are a great many people who have a little feeling of envy of the men who have succeeded in it. Let us call it by its right name. It is stealing, it is theft, it is robbery; and those men who are engaged in graft are no more to be respected than the burglars who are caught and are in Sing Sing, no matter what their position may be. A man goes into politics and becomes a boss, or is in a lower position. What is his business? Politics. He goes in poor, and in a little while he is rich. Where did he get the money? Whose money is it? It is your money, it is my money, he has stolen. Nothing more, nothing less. And we sit complacently and bear it, as though we had nothing to do about it, while we organize a police system to catch petty thieves and put them in the Tombs or in State prison. A man who steals a loaf of bread or picks another's pocket or robs because he is poor is respectable compared with these men who go into the best society.

The trouble here is further back than the political situation. You know I have nothing to say against money. I have never had quite as much as I want, any more than anybody else. Money is not bad, money is not good. Money is simply power: it is force convertible into a thousand other things. The men who make money in the sense that they add to the wealth of the world, the men who create value, are public benefactors. Whatever their private characters may be, whether they are generous or whether they are stingy, they are public benefactors. They cannot help being so: they add to the wealth of the world. This great country has been developing its resources in a way that never was known in the history of the world; and we have to pay the penalty

for this sudden wealth. The belief in another world or the care about having one's name written in heaven,—this is largely forgotten at the present time. The great mass of the people appear to care more for money than for anything else. I wish to take that back. It is not true of the great mass of the people. If the great mass of the people were not sane in mind and sound in heart, there would be no use of my preaching or trying to do anything. The great mass of the people are honest and true. We are misled by statistics and facts, if we think otherwise. But at the present time it is characteristic of the age. There is a certain set of vulgar rich people who are all the time thrust in our faces, so that they appear to fill the horizon; and this display of their wealth has corrupted the minds of hundreds and thousands. They seem to have the idea that the possession of money is the most important thing in the world, that character, ability and intelligence are of no importance compared with it. Out of this condition of things has developed this political state of affairs where graft, theft, has become so common. We need, then, to fight that. Let me appeal to rich people to show that they care more for brains and character than for money; and they will influence poor people to see that there is something more important than money.

Out of this condition of things—which I believe to be only a temporary phase of our civilization, something we are to pass through with and leave behind—has developed this corruption in political life, until to-day,—you know it perfectly well in the city of New York,—if a franchise is in question, if a man wishes the privilege of building a public school-house or a hospital or of doing anything in the way of public service, even if he wishes to sweep the streets, the probability is that he will have to pay for it. Somebody makes money in every direction out of the public service.

It ought to be a plain thing to get servants who will look after public affairs intelligently, efficiently, honestly, for proper pay. We know that this is not the condition, that in every direction there are people who are taking your money and mine by robbery in the name of public service. So that this battle we are fighting is not a mere battle for liberty: it is a battle for honesty and for cleanness in the management of public affairs.

There is one other matter that I must refer to briefly. I do it with some trepidation, because there are people very high up intellectually and socially and religiously who, I know, do not agree with me. I hesitate a little, but I claim no infallibility; and so I must say my honest word about it. There is a movement going on in New York that threatens seriously the foundations of society, it seems to me. What is the kind of interest that is appealing to the lowest elements of the city? I do not mean poor people when I say lowest people. I mean vicious people, I mean thieves, I mean impure people,—mean people, who belong in and give the proper name to slums, whether the “slums” are on the East Side or in Fifth Avenue,—people who are animated by malice, by envy, people who are angry with a man merely because he has a little more money than they have, angry with a man because he occupies a better position in society. Very likely, these people have not tried to win money or social position for themselves. What do you think of this kind of influence? Let me illustrate. Suppose a man should organize and manage a newspaper, and in so doing should not try to serve the public, but be, evidently, all the time merely trying to further his own personal interest,—that he should be mendacious, that he should gather up all the filth in town and spread it on the breakfast table of those who patronize his paper, should cultivate the unrest of the people, envy and bitterness, who should cater to the disappointed,

who should try to stir up all those vile and evil forces which are ever threatening to get control of a certain part of society. What would you think of a newspaper that should try to interview a man, and, when the man refused, should go to work and publish an interview, and lie through a third of a column,—a paper with no principle? I know a lot of people have written for papers like that,—bishops, refined women, and people in the best society have done it, being well paid for it. They have said it was a good thing, even if the paper was bad, to get a little good reading before the people who peruse it. It seems to me that the parallel is something like this: Suppose one should issue an obscene or blasphemous publication, and then for a consideration a man, under the specious plea of getting some good reading before people, should print in it the Lord's Prayer, or a fragment of a sermon, or some good advice about housekeeping, would it be justifiable? It is as justifiable, in my judgment, in one case as in the other.

There is a serious fact that we have to face in our city, growing out of the discontented and the reaching out after something speciously fine under the name of socialism. The world started in socialism. The patriarchal family was purely socialistic: the family was all, and the individual nothing. Every single step that this world has taken forward and upward in civilization has been in the direction of setting free the individual and giving him a chance. Individualism, then, is the gospel of civilization. Put in the hands of government control only those things which the individual cannot properly do. They tell us sometimes about the post-office as a magnificent specimen of government control. The post-office has never paid. It is not a business, in any proper sense of the word. It is simply a matter of distributing the mail. It is not a productive, not a creative business. So far as I know, there has never been a creative or productive

business in the world conducted successfully in that way; and the other forms of business are not so successfully conducted. I do not believe there is a railway in Europe so well conducted as our railways under private control; and the expense is always more. Think twice, then, as to which way civilization is looking, whether towards socialism or individualism. I have a personal interest in this; for, if socialism ruled New York, there would be no place in it for me. Would the majority of the people of New York vote to have me preach heresy? Every step in the history of the world has come through the initiative of some forward-looking individual who is out of step with the people of his time, and who, nine times out of ten, was crucified or tortured or put to death for his leadership. Socialism is the rule of the average: there is no chance in it for those out of step with or ahead of their age. You remember the story of that king who was having trouble with his subjects, and some people who were wiser than the king advised him to visit a neighboring king and ask advice. This king took him into his garden; and as they were walking through the paths, with his walking-stick he snapped off the heads of all the growths that were higher than the common run. That was the advice of the neighbor king. It is good advice, if you wish to keep the world back. I am in favor of labor unions; but one of the great troubles with them is that in many cases they have conducted themselves in such a way as to put a premium on the incompetent, as to stand in the way of the individual becoming a man and doing for himself that of which he is capable.

I have hinted, as far as I have had time, at the three great battles before us,—the battle for liberty, the battle for honesty, the battle for the individual, for personal freedom and growth. Vote, then, next Tuesday, not because you are a Democrat, not because you are a Re-

publican, but because you are a man, because you are a citizen. Vote for the welfare of the city. Vote so that you can be proud of the city. Vote so that you can help on the progress of the world. The country is looking at us in New York. They are looking at us in Europe. They have said for years over there, However prosperous the republic may be, the cities have not learned to govern themselves decently. Let us prove to them that we are capable of doing this. We can do it. Vote, then, earnestly, seriously, intelligently, in a consecrated way, as a man, as a child of God, for the sake of helping on the coming of the kingdom of heaven, which is simply good government among men.

Our Father, we thank Thee that such responsibilities rest upon us. We thank Thee that we can be sharers in these great and high things. Let us not delude ourselves with the idea that religion is only a thing for the closet and for Sunday and for the church. Let us know that religion if it is anything, is life, a divine life, in the streets, in business, in the affairs of our city. Amen.

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By MINOT J. SAVAGE

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MISSIONARY MOTIVES.

My theme this morning is "Missionary Motives." I find my text in the tenth chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew, the last part of the eighth verse: "Freely ye received, freely give."

Have we Unitarians any religion which is worth giving away? Let me say, in passing, that, if we have not, then we have none which is worth keeping. Continuing the first thought, if we have a religion which is worth giving away, are we willing to give it? To give it means time, thought, effort, a little enthusiasm, self-sacrifice, money. Have we any sufficient motives to lead us to the adequate effort?

When we consider the conditions and beliefs of the old churches, the matter is very different, indeed, with them from what it is with us. The late Professor Park, one of the famous theologians of the last century, a teacher of theology at Andover, used to say that, if we gave up our belief in eternal punishment, it would cut the nerve of missions. This was uttered in connection with a controversy in regard to sending a particular young man as a missionary to India. It was discovered that he had some doubts in regard to future punishment. His doubts were very simple, and apparently harmless. He did not express any doubt as to the eternal punishment, in the other world, of any one who had heard about the conditions of salvation and had not accepted them: he only wondered as to whether in the case of a man in India or China or Africa, who never heard of Christianity, who *never heard of the Bible*, who never heard of Christ,—as

to whether or not such a man might not have a chance after death. This was the extent of his heresy. This man was going to be sent out to Japan by the Congregationalists, the most liberal of all the orthodox. It was this doubt of his that led the famous theologian to say that such doubts cut the nerve of missions, took away the motive, the reason, for trying to convert the heathen to Christianity.

I well remember in my childhood that once a month, in our church down in Maine, we had what was called a missionary concert. The evening was devoted to reports from the mission field and to prayers for salvation of the heathen. On the walls were maps indicating the present conditions of the world, all great darkness, with a few points here and there of light; and I grew up with the feeling that all these people who were not reached by the missionaries were without doubt doomed to perish everlastingly. This was the old belief of the old churches. Of course, if men believe a thing like this, there should be no need of urging them to do what they can to send salvation to the lost. The only wonder is,—and it used to stir and thrill and trouble me in those old days, when I thought of it,—the only wonder is that men who believe this ever do anything else than try to save the world. Think of a man who feels perfectly certain that his neighbors, his personal friends, perhaps the majority of the people of his town or city, are doomed to be lost forever. He not only believes that, but feels sure that the great millions who have never heard of Christianity are all lost. Yet what does he do? He gets up in the morning, reads his paper, eats a comfortable breakfast, goes to his business, and engages all of his energies in making money. He uses the money, when he has made it, for personal indulgence and luxuries, for the decoration of his home, for his wife and children. He buys a *yacht and automobile*. He lives in a luxurious house.

He spends thousands of dollars a year on clothing, pictures, and books. Think of it! A man who believed this ought to spend just enough money on himself to keep himself in vigor and in health so that he could work, and then bend all his energies day and night, week in and week out, year after year, so long as he lived, to lessen the great number of the lost. There ought to be no lack of motive for the people of the old faith; and, so far as the printed creeds are concerned, almost all the churches in America and Europe still do hold just that belief.

But I am not to spend my time talking about them. Turn now to ourselves. We do not believe in a God like that. We do not believe in that kind of destiny. We believe in no arbitrary punishment in the future life, any more than in this. Why, then, should we be disturbed and troubled about other people's beliefs? Why is not the attitude of a quiet indifference the logical one for us to assume?

I have spoken a good many times in my life about a question which one of my parishioners in Boston once asked me,—a perfectly logical question. He said, In the dying out of the old beliefs, is not the reason for going to church passing away? In other words, he assumed, as the old doctrines teach, that the one thing the Christian Church was called into existence for is to save people from hell, and, if people no longer believe in the doctrine, why have churches, why spend money to support them, why go to church? A prominent member of the last Orthodox church of which I was pastor said to me one day, "In my judgment, if there were no devil, there would not be many Christians." To him, to become a Christian was necessary, in order to escape that kind of destiny in another life. Take that destiny away, and the reason for being a Christian is gone. There are thousands of people who act upon that kind of logic.

A story is told of Leslie Stephen,—it may have been told of others,—that some one asked him one day what his religion was; and he answered, "It is the religion of all sensible men." The friend continued, "But what is the religion of all sensible men?" His answer was, "No sensible man ever tells." There, you see, is the pure, logical outcome of this kind of indifferentism. If there is no hell to escape in the next life, if all people sometime and somehow are to be saved, provided there is a future life, then why worry about it, why not let people believe as they please? Why not enjoy our beliefs, if we want to keep them up; and, if we want a church, it may be a pleasant thing to go to it. But is it worth troubling ourselves about it? Are there motives for liberals sufficient to make them wish to spread their religion over the world?

There is one thought at which I will hint in passing. The world is not yet relieved from religious tyranny. Only a short time ago, and the whole world was crushed down by burdens under the tyranny of fear, of persecutions, which were horrible. In England, men were harried and persecuted and driven out of the country, if they did not conform to the popular religious faith. In every country in Europe the same thing was true. Men were liable to be put to death for holding a particular opinion. Are we free yet? In France there is a great struggle going on, which is shaking the country to its centre, in the attempt to throw off this tyranny and be free. In England the clergy are still grasping at the matter of popular education, so that the man who does not wish his children to be educated after the ecclesiastical type must be a rebel against the laws of the kingdom. Are we free in this country? Free in a certain way, yes. Not because ecclesiasticism has changed, but because it is not strong enough.

Do you know that the Catholics in this country and

in this city are working in every conceivable way to get control of popular education, which we regard as the great bulwark of our liberty? I am told by good authority that more than 50 per cent. of the teachers in the city of New York are of the Catholic faith; and there are large numbers of instances where, contrary to the laws, religious teaching is inculcated in the schools. It is worth while, then, for liberals to work at least until the world is free, until the shackles are broken, until men dare to think and utter their thoughts, and until they can do it in safety. So much by way of a word, in passing.

Now I wish to face the real problem before us, as to whether or not we have adequate motives to engage in missionary work. There are two classes in the community towards which such work, if it is done at all, must be directed. There are, first, those who still hold the old faith. Then there is the great mass of the unchurched, those who are outside practically of all religious organization and religious life. I purpose to treat these two separately.

First, then, those who hold the old faith. Why should we disturb those who still believe the old religious ideas? Why should we try to make Unitarians of those who are connected with the other churches? Is there any reason for doing it? I would suggest one. It partly springs out of memories which are still terrible to me. For ages, in the old world, men lived in a bondage of dreadful fear. In the old days men were afraid of the invisible powers; and they brought sacrifices and offered prayers and went through their religious observances,—not generally for any love for these invisible powers, but because they were afraid of them. I remember reading an article in a review not long ago, written by the late Speaker Reed, in which he set forth elaborately this terrible *burden of fear* which has oppressed mankind from the

beginning; and he rejoiced that we were coming out into a time when this cloud has passed, and the sunlight of confidence, of trust and peace, could shine in. You people who sit here this morning are but little aware of the great burden of fear and suffering which presses still upon thousands and millions of people who entertain the old belief. I think it is worth our while to do what we can to set these people free.

Let me indicate by a few illustrations what I mean. I know a woman who, when she was a little girl, suffered tortures unspeakable on account of this teaching which she received in Sunday-school and church and in the home. She told me that on one occasion there was a fire, a house or barn was burning; and she trembled with fear and horror at the sight of the fire, which suggested that other fire which was never to be quenched, and which her little childish head and heart were full of. Even the red glory of the sunset brought her no thrill of wonder, but one of horror at the fiery suggestion.

I know a man who, when he was a boy, tried for weeks and weeks to become a Christian, to make sure that his sins had been forgiven; and he could not succeed. Night after night he waked and got up in the dark, and prayed and cried for relief, and then went back and cried himself to sleep, only to go through the same horror the next day, and the next, until he was afraid of becoming insane. Is this an uncommon experience? No. Is it confined to children? No.

A gentleman came to see me in my study in Boston. He was getting along towards eighty; and he said that in middle life he had been able to shake off these terrors and feel free, but now, as he was losing control of himself, in his old age they were sweeping over him. He was living in daily dread and horror of what might meet him *in the other world*. I have been in the revival meetings *in the West and South*, and seen the terrors inspired by

the minister's appeals to his hearers to repent. Perhaps you are familiar with the stories of Jonathan Edwards's preaching, how the people would clutch the pews and cry out in an ecstasy of agony for deliverance from the horrible fate which he depicted as impending over them.

One day a lady in Boston came to me, a member of the Old South Church, one of the finest and richest churches in Boston. She belonged to the best society. She was cultivated and intelligent; and she sat down beside me, and said, "Mr. Savage, won't you tell me what you believe?" I told her. When I was through, she said, "I would give the world if I dared to believe as you do." Then she added, "How do I know, after all, how can I be *sure*, that there is no such God in the universe as I have been taught to believe in? and, if there is, I am afraid of him."

It seems to me that it is worth while for us who are free, who know that God is love and light, and joy and peace, and truth and comfort and help,—that it is worth our while to freely give the great hope with which we are blessed, as freely as we have received. We put ourselves out in every possible way to save people from physical pain; but these other pains are unspeakably worse.

There is another motive why we should carry our religion to the members of the older churches. If what we believe is true, then what logically follows as to their efforts? They are giving their time, thought, millions of money, enthusiasm, for what? To accomplish an end that does not need to be accomplished. In other words, all this treasure of enthusiasm, of effort, of money, is being wasted, turned into wrong directions, wrong channels. They are trying to save the world from something that does not exist, from a wrath of God that is not real, from a kind of world which is imaginary; and all the time there are real cruelties, real hatreds, real perils.

real sufferings, real hells, in every direction, that the world needs to be saved from. Suppose that all the time, the thought, the effort, the enthusiasm, the money, that are spent in trying to save souls from the wrath of God could be spent in delivering the world from the real tangible evils that oppress it, think what progress there could be in fifty years! Think what a bearing it would have on our ordinary methods of life! Think how much might be accomplished!

Then there is another thing that I think is exceedingly important. I will try to present it so that you can see it as clearly as I do. I have heard it stated a great many times by persons who are adherents of the old faith. Whether you are safe or not,—as though they were addressing liberals,—so long as I hold this view,—the old one,—I am safe in any case. If there is no hell, why, then, of course I am safe, no matter what I believe. If there is a hell, then you are not safe. So the wisest thing is to hold by the old faith. This has been said a great many times.

Consider a moment. If what we believe is true; if, when we die, we do not go straight to a finished heaven or finished hell, but begin just where we leave off; if the first moment after death we are what by our conduct, our thoughts, our feelings, our manner of life, we have made ourselves,—then the person who thinks he is safe because he has been baptized, or because he is a member of a particular church organization, or because he has been a partaker of a particular sacrament, is not as well off as we are, not as well off as he would have been if he had held a rational idea of what constitutes our salvation,—*that salvation is character*, and that it is of the utmost importance not that we should partake of a sacrament, or believe a particular creed, or be a member of a particular organization, although that may not be unimportant, *but that these are not the special thing*. The one thing

necessary is that each shall build his character, train and culture himself, so far as his spiritual nature is concerned.

To illustrate what I mean. A student enters Harvard, and, if by favor of the professors he is allowed to graduate without having studied much, is it worth while that he should have spent his four years there, since they do not fit him for the problems of life? If I have got to go by and by to some foreign country and live there the rest of my life, would it make any difference whether I know anything about the country or whether I understand something of its language, of its customs, of the habits of its people? Would it be just as well for me to be landed there without any warning and utterly unprepared? Do you see what I mean? If we must be fitted for the other life by having our spiritual natures cultivated and trained within the present life, then the person who is merely saved in the old sense is not saved in the true sense of salvation. When an orthodox or liberal is saved, in the true sense of the word, he is trained, cultivated, fitted for that life on which he must enter. For all these reasons, then, it seems to me that we have sufficient motives to lead us to do what we can to give our higher and grander faith to those religious people who have not yet accepted it.

But now I must consider the great body of the unchurched. Is there any reason why we should try to reach them and bring them within the influence of religion? Is there any reason why we should prevail upon them to associate themselves with some liberal church? Who are these people?

Some of the unchurched are really indifferent people who have lost the habit of going to church, perhaps have ceased to believe in the old theological ideas. They often think that, when they have outgrown these ideas, they have outgrown religion. The churches themselves are partly responsible for this. They have been preach-

ing for years that, in order to be religious, we must believe certain things, hold certain creeds, be associated with certain organizations. People have made up their minds that they can no longer do this; and so they think they must give up all religion. I have letters every little while from people who have given up the old creeds, who no longer call themselves religious. They seem to suppose that they cannot be religious any longer, because they do not any longer hold the old and accepted creeds. I believe that religion is something that by no possibility can the world ever outgrow or leave behind. A man may forget for a while that there is such a thing as the force of gravity; but, if he walks over a precipice, he is likely to be reminded of it. A man might forget the pressure of the air, it is so equal over his body; but, if he is obliged to be suddenly deprived of it, he will become aware of the fact of atmospheric pressure at once. So a person may forget religion, forget that there is such a thing as religion. But religion still remains. It is still a tremendous fact,—the most tremendous fact in human life. Why? Because it concerns itself with the relation between the individual and the power manifested in the universe. No matter what you think about that power, that power remains forever; and, no matter what your conception of it may be, the one most important thing in the world is for you to know something about its laws and to obey them. Obedience to them means life, righteousness, all the things that you desire. Men carry on their business in any department of human life merely because they know something about the laws of this infinite and eternal power, and obey them. Take them in the matter of electricity. Some little thing awry, some tiny failure to obey, and your machinery stops, or disaster follows. What is true in regard to electricity is true throughout the universe. This one infinite, eternal power is there; *and to know something of its laws, and to obey them, is life and salvation.*

Now right here is religion. Religion concerns itself with this relation; and, if we can get into right relations with God, then all things become right; and, just in so far as we fail, things continue wrong. I believe, then, that not only is religion an eternal fact in human life of necessity, but it is the most important fact, the most imperative fact; and, being that, it appeals to every one of you with claims for serious, earnest attention. It demands this from every man and woman in the world.

See what I mean. We talk about the world's being civilized. What do we mean? That the world is better than it was ten thousand years ago. Wherein? What has made it better? I suppose, if I should casually ask the man on the street this question, he might begin to talk about railways and steamboats, and telegraphs and telephones, and discoveries and inventions; that we know more about the heavens than we did, and that we have explored the earth. Do these make men better? Are these the things which make the world civilized? Science does not necessarily make the world one whit better, more moral, more spiritual. Does literature? A man may read all the poetry, all the fiction, that was ever written without being a better man. He may listen to all the music in the world, and not love his neighbor any better. You may talk through the telephone between here and Chicago, and neither you nor the man with whom you talk be a particle better than you were before, not necessarily any better than when you had to reach Chicago by some slower process. You may ride on the railroad at the rate of sixty or eighty miles an hour, and not necessarily be any better than when it took three weeks to go to Chicago. None of these things makes the world better. It is only religion that has ever made the world better, since it first swung in the blue. It is only religion that has made the world civilized. *It is only religion that we can trust in and hope in to-day.*

Take the case of our last election. We have succeeded, we think, in electing some better men. What, then, are the people of New York any better? No, they have waked up a little: they may go to sleep again. How can we be sure of permanent good government in New York? Only when the individual men and women, the four millions of them, are good. Not one minute before. It is religion only, religion in the true sense of the word, that will ever make them what they ought to be; because religion means getting into right relations with God, recognizing these infinite and eternal laws, and obeying them. That is all that religion means, in the true sense of the word. The world is more civilized than ten thousand years ago, because there are more people who tell the truth, who are more just, more honest, because you can trust men better. There are people who love more, who are more tender, more sympathetic. There are more who wish to be fair and noble. It is this that makes the world better. It is this that makes the world civilized,—more love, more truth, more justice, not more machinery, not more books, not more music, not more science, not more art. These are all fine; but they are not the things that make the world better, that civilize it, that deliver it from its burden of sorrow and heartache and care.

Religion important, then? It is the most important thing in the world. There is nothing that you or I can do quite so important as to carry the ideas of a true, noble religion to men and women, to the hearts and minds of just as many people as we possibly can. If we care to save the world from its burdens, if we care to get rid of illness, of vice, of crime, of poverty, of dishonesty, of all the things that trouble mankind,—if we wish to get rid of these, then we must become missionaries of the true religion, the religion of light and truth, of love and *human helpfulness*; and there is no other way. If we

can only get men and women to be what they ought to be, truly religious, to become loving children of God and brothers and sisters of each other, then, no matter whether we can reach Chicago in twenty-four hours or a month, except as a matter of convenience. Here, then, it seems to me, is an adequate and sufficient motive why we should concern ourselves with carrying our religious ideas to the end of the world. We dream of a time when war shall cease and disease and suffering shall pass away, when men shall live at peace, when the fields shall be covered with harvests unspoiled, when cottages vine-clad shall be on the hillsides, happy children in the little sunny sitting-rooms, when joy shall be everywhere. We dream of a time when cities shall not be in arms, when the white-robed angel of peace shall hover over all the earth, and all shall live in happiness and in joy. The only way to reach this is the way I have pointed out. There is no other.

Then, if there be, as I feel sure there is, another life, there can be no possible way to get ready for it except by becoming obedient to the laws of that Father who is the Father of all men and all worlds. Men who are saved now, if they get into right relations with God are, of necessity, saved anywhere. These, then, are some of the motives for engaging in the missionary work of the religion in which we believe.

Father, help us not to be content simply with our own welfare, and sit down because we are in peace, forgetting the burdens that still rest upon the world. Let us give ourselves in love and gentleness and tenderness and consecration, and not be content in any heaven, in this world or any other, but work and suffer and wait until all souls in all worlds are saved. Amen.

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HONESTY IN RELIGION.

"Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."—
JOHN viii. 23.

With all my mind and heart and soul I believe in and love religion. I also believe in and love the church, the ideal church, the church as it should be, the church as it might be. I have had occasion to call your attention more than once to the essential and permanent nature of religion. Religion is as wide as intelligent life. It is as deep as the abyss, as high as the universe. It means coming into right relations with God. It means living the true and the noble life. I have had occasion more than once to point out to you the fact that, if the world is better than it used to be, it is because there is more of true religion in it. I refer to this matter again, not to repeat what I have already said, but merely that you may not misunderstand anything that I shall say this morning. If I appear to criticise religion, if I seem to you to find any fault with the church, it is not because of any antagonism to either. Please remember this. Rather it is because of my profound faith in them both. It is because of my love for them, because I believe they are so important, because I wish them to have their free way over the earth for the sake of the growth and development of man. If I were an expert in military matters, and should undertake to find some fault with the present organization of the army, no one would suppose that I was, therefore, against the army,—that I wished it abolished. They would see that it was because of my love for my country, and my desire that the army should be efficient and

capable, that I was pointing out what appeared to me its defects. If I were a famous educator, and should undertake to criticise the public-school system, any intelligent person would know that I was not opposed to popular education, or that I wished the schools abolished. They would know that the motive of my words was my belief in education, and my desire to have it as efficient, as universal, and as serviceable as possible. So I beg you to understand this morning that, whatever I seem to say in criticism of some of the present phases of church life and work, it is because I believe in the church, and wish it to rise to its magnificent opportunity, as it is capable of doing, and take possession of human life, become leader of civilization, and deliver the world from its evils.

What are some of the present facts? I will refer to one or two merely to suggest the situation. They tell us that the church occupies no such position in the world to-day as it used to occupy: it has not anything like the power or influence or prestige. We are told this in newspapers and reviews almost every week of the year. There are thousands of persons who do not go to church. They are not necessarily the bad people, they are not the ignorant people. Many of those who do go go in a perfunctory fashion,—go because they have inherited the tendency, the habit; go because some friend has invited them; go, perhaps, because their wives wish them to accompany them; go because they happen to get interested in a certain preacher; go for some purely superficial reason; and many of those who so go never become members of the church. It does not seem to occur to them that that is of any importance. It does not seem to them a vital thing in their lives. If they help on the church, they do it in a sort of good-natured way, because friends, or perhaps the minister, ask them to assist in this direction *or that*. But the church as a church, as an institution,

does not have any deep or strong hold on their intellectual lives, on their emotional lives, on their spiritual lives.

Glance at another symptom. I think it is conceded by nearly all those who are familiar with the facts that there is a smaller number of graduates from our colleges and universities going into the ministry than ever before. Other callings have become more attractive; but would these attractive social positions, this ability to earn more money, prevail, were men to believe in the supreme importance of the ministry as related to the welfare of the world?

If we go back to the Middle Ages for a moment, we shall find that the church then dominated every department of human life. It was not only supreme in what we are accustomed, in a restricted way, to speak of as religion. It was supreme in philosophy, in literature, in science, in music, in art. It controlled and included everything. All these other things were merely the church's servants. Science, so much as was accepted at that time, was part of her teaching. Philosophy only concerned itself with her dogmas. Art decorated her churches and shrines. Literature gave expression to her life. Music voiced her emotions and aspirations. The church, then, was everything.

But notice now a significant thing. I shall come back to this as I go on. At the time of the Renaissance—the rebirth of the intellectual life of Europe—there began to be a break between the church and the world. Significant that. When the intellect of Europe awoke, when men began to think for themselves, this breach began. I shall have that in mind a little later on. From that day to this the church has been losing province after province that used to be under her control. Science has come to be regarded by many as even antagonistic to the church, so that we hear a great deal of talk about

trying to reconcile science and religion. Philosophy no more concerns itself especially with any church dogma. It deals with what it regards as the wider theme of human thought and human life. So music and literature and art are outside the church doors. They no longer concern themselves primarily with the thought or the life or the feelings of the church.

What do we see to-day? Whole countries in Europe that used to be controlled completely by the church broken away and free, the church clamoring for her rights, her old-time power, but finding less and less disposition on the part of the multitudes to concede her claim. Is not that something like the situation as we observe it to-day? If it is, one of two things is true: either religion and the church are not so important as we have supposed—and they are going to be outgrown—or else there are certain lamentable misconceptions abroad—mistakes on the part of the church, on the part of the world—that are causing them to drift apart. I wish this morning to put my finger on two or three things which seem to me somewhat serious, and then, after I have done with them, to touch upon what I regard as the radical matters which the church and the world both must frankly face.

There is a feeling abroad that the church is not quite honest with itself or with the world. There are already indications of this everywhere. For example, the writer of a popular novel makes one of her characters ask his rector to tell him, not as a minister, but as a man, what he believes about a certain thing. He says, Of course, I know you are expected to hold such and such opinions as a minister, but drop that now and tell me do you hold that as a man? This indicates that this kind of question is abroad. I get a letter from a lady; and she says: I want to ask you certain questions because I *know you are not* theologically bound; you are perfectly

free to tell me what you believe. If I go to my own minister, he will tell me what the church believes and what he, as a minister, ought to believe. I refer to this to show that questions of doubt like this are in the popular mind to-day. There are men in the pews who have serious question in their minds as to whether the minister is really telling them what he *believes* frankly, freely, and fully.

This sort of thing comes as a necessary result of the growth and change of human thought. There was a time in ancient Rome when the religion of the people was earnestly and honestly accepted by everybody. But intelligence increased, and by and by there came a time when, it is said, the augurs engaged in their religious ceremonies, did not dare to look one another in the face lest they should smile. Julius Cæsar was *pontifex maximus*,—that is, high priest of the Roman religion,—yet every one knows he was an atheist. This is the kind of thing that comes with the growth of thought, when the growth of thought is not frankly admitted, and recognized as a part of ecclesiastical life. Is not this what has been taking place to-day? Is not here one of the sources of the evils which I have in mind, one reason why the church has no longer its magnificent hold on the brain and the heart and the emotions of men?

Let me indicate one or two things, as illustrations. Take the church's attitude towards the creed. Let us begin with the "Apostles' Creed." Why, why, should that be published all over Christendom as the Apostles' Creed? Why should the Church that so publishes it obtain the prestige and supposed authority of speaking for the apostles? Four or five years ago Chancellor McCracken, of New York University, in a letter to one of the newspapers referred to the Apostles' Creed as a creed that was written eighteen hundred years ago. One does not like to charge the head of a great univer-

sity with ignorance. One does not like to charge him with being disingenuous; yet every intelligent person knows that the apostles never had anything to do with the Apostles' Creed, that they knew nothing of it, never heard one of its famous phrases. As a matter of fact, the Apostles' Creed, so called, did not come into its present shape and was not generally accepted in the church for about five hundred years,—a gulf between the Apostles' Creed and the apostles of more than a hundred years longer than between us and Shakespeare. Why call it the Apostles' Creed? Why not put a note at the foot of the page, saying that it is so named for a fact that does not exist? Why should the church have the prestige of claiming to represent the beliefs of the apostles, when the apostles had nothing whatever to do with it? Is that quite what business men in Wall Street would call square? The church is sometimes very severe on Wall Street; but I am ready to say that, if a man on Wall Street, in conducting his business, in conducting a negotiation or writing out a note, should show such disingenuousness as is frequently found in ecclesiastical matters, he would soon find himself off the street.

Turn next to the Athanasian Creed. Any man coming upon this for the first time would suppose that Athanasius had something to do with it. Athanasius became famous in connection with the Council of Nicæa in the early part of the fourth century. In the shape in which it exists to-day, this creed was not known in the church until eight or nine hundred years after Christ. Here, again, why call it the Athanasian Creed? Athanasius never heard of it.

It is well known, of course, by all students—this applies only to the former attitude of the Catholic Church—that a good many years ago there were certain decretals, important papers, laws, regulations, for the church as to *doctrine and practice* which were put forth and claimed

to have been the work of the early popes and fathers; but it was found, after a while, that they were forgeries, almost every one of them, and were of a good deal later time. There has been more than one instance in the history of ecclesiasticism when a book has been put forth for the purpose of giving it greater authority under the name of somebody who occupied a high position of respect in the church, but who had never heard of the book himself. It is things like these that raise the question in the popular mind, as to whether the men who speak for the church are really speaking their upright and downright convictions as to the real truth of God. I am not criticising the church as though everybody in it was conscious of these things or guilty of them. I am simply pointing out some things which are dangerous, which are an injury to the church, and which weaken her magnificent power.

Consider, again, the church's attitude at the present time towards the Bible. Boston University is under the control of the Methodist Church. A professor there has been dismissed from a professorship which he has occupied acceptably to every one for twenty years. Why? Because the Board of Bishops has decided that his teachings in regard to the early chapters of the Bible are not in accord with the established creed of the Methodist Church. In other words, people have learned something since John Wesley's time; and the Methodist Church does not feel free to accept these new revelations that have come to us from God. So Professor Mitchell must go, although the things he has been teaching are things all the scholarship of the world knows are true beyond any reasonable question. How can people have any respect for the Methodist Church when it puts itself in a position like that?

Take this Bible. A few years ago all the people in Christendom thought it was absolutely infallible, verbally

infallible: but by and by we found out that its scientific teaching was not accurate. Its account of the creation of the world, for example, does not agree with the scientific facts. What does the church do? Does it concede that frankly, and say the Bible was wrong? No. It fights these teachings; and, when at last it found out that after all science was right, it said, the Bible is not intended to teach science, it only teaches religion.

This, again, was true with reference to many of the historical teachings of the Bible. They were found to be inaccurate. What does the church do? The church fights this as long as it can, and then says that the Bible was not intended to teach history, it teaches only in regard to religion. How, they ask, are you going to persuade intelligent people who are inclined to think and ask questions that the Bible is infallible in any direction, if so many errors are found in it? But, as a matter of fact, the Bible is only the religious literature of a great people, palpitant, alive, throbbing with religious life, with aspiration, with hope. It is not infallible; and it never claimed to be infallible. It is saying nothing against the Bible when you tell the truth about it.

Such, then, has been the attitude of the Church in regard to the Bible. Such is its attitude to-day. Most men do not freely and fearlessly tell other people what they know. I know a prominent doctor of divinity—a minister in one of our great cities—who said to me that, if the Lord had ever given the world an infallible book, he should feel very much disheartened. It would seem to him to indicate that God was losing his hold on affairs; for, if he had ever given out an infallible book, it was plain that we do not have it now. I sometimes wonder if he has ever told his people that. I do not wish to be captious; but Bishop Brooks, that great-hearted, noble man, said once, in an address to his brother ministers: *We know a great many things about the Bible. Do we tell our people what we know?*

The Church in regard to these matters takes the attitude that it is not safe to find out what is true. Who has made things as they are except God? If he has made a certain thing to be true, how shall we become presumptuous enough to question whether it is safe for people to find it out?

Again, glance for a moment at the attitude of the church towards science. From the beginning it has discouraged physical investigation and study. What is this thing which we call science? Is it anything that is antagonistic to the welfare of the world? Science is nothing more nor less than the organized knowledge of man. That is all. It is the knowledge that the world has so far attained and arranged in some sort. We call it science. In other words, it is so much of the truth as we have discovered in regard to certain parts of the universe. What is the attitude of the church towards it? Go back to Copernicus. Until his time the world had been living in a little petty universe, not so large as the present solar system. Copernicus discovers the present vastness, magnitude, wonder of creation; and how is he repaid? He did not live long enough, fortunately for him, to be put to death; but his book was put on the Index and condemned as heretical. He died after having the pleasure of touching the first volume that was brought to his bedside. Take the case of Galileo, who discovered the moons of Jupiter, proving that what Copernicus had discovered was true. What was the attitude of the Church towards Galileo? They persecuted him, they imprisoned him, they tortured him; and he could not induce any of the ecclesiastical authorities even to look through his telescope to see whether there were any moons there or not. They condemned him on general principles, without looking, without thinking. What wonder that there is antagonism between science and that kind of religion?

How was it about Darwin, one of the noblest, simplest, least-assuming men that ever lived, caring only for truth? When he published his great discovery, what was done about it? Did the church say, This is marvellously important, if it is true? Let us get together, and study and find out? What was her attitude? It was an attitude of abuse, of antagonism, of derision, of contempt, of contumely. They abused him and his doctrine until they were compelled at last by overwhelming evidence to accept it; and then some of them had the effrontery to turn around, and say that they had always believed it. They have even claimed that it was contained in some passages of the Bible by implication. This has been the attitude of the church towards the great departments of scientific activity and life. I will tell you in a moment why. It is of crucial importance.

I wish to note one other attitude of the church,—the attitude towards heretics, towards those who question her doctrines. In the first place, we are confronted by a situation which cannot command the respect of intelligent and thoughtful people. What is heresy? Who is the heretic? It is a matter of happening, a matter of geography sometimes. A few years ago a rector was turned out of his church in Ohio for believing and daring to speak certain things that were preached openly by a famous rector in New York. The man in Ohio was turned out, the man here was not disturbed. It was a difference in the bishop. People who look on at such things say this is strange, that a thing is dangerous to a man's salvation out in Ohio which is safe and can be tolerated in New York. This means simply that the churches are not at all agreed as to what is heresy, as to what is dangerous, as to what is to be permitted and what is not. Do you not think that the church ought to be agreed on so important a matter as this? If a man is endangering the welfare of a human soul, we ought to know it, and know why.

The matter in some way ought to be made a little clearer. But there is confusion and contradiction everywhere.

Now let us face what seems to me the most important logical outcome of the considerations with which we have been dealing. I have said this before; and I wish to say it now, and bear upon it with a good deal of emphasis for the moment. The one great fault of the church, that which has hindered its work and stood in the way of its influence more than almost all other things together, has been its claim to be infallible. Look back down the pathway of human history. Nearly every religion has claimed to be infallible. The moment young Christianity became organized, it assumed the same claim. Is there any reason for such a claim? Not the slightest that I have ever been able to discover. The church has no ultimate authority that is beyond human question or outside of the limits of human reason. Suppose they claim that it is the Bible: the Catholic Church interprets the Bible in one way, the Methodist Church in another, the Episcopal in another, the Baptist in another. The same book is absolute authority for a half-dozen different things which are incompatible! One church says, In order to be saved, you must do this; another church says, No matter about that, you must do something else; and a third says, No matter about either of those, it is another way you must walk,—and all on the basis of the one book, the one infallibility, so called. As a matter of fact, there is no infallible authority. Do you not see what this may result in? It results in keeping the world back, keeping the church back, and getting it out of all relation with the intellectual life of the world. Men outside the church have asserted their right to think. They will study, they will grow, they will advance, whether the church permits it or not. They disregard the church; and so long as the church claims that its old ideas are infallible, and is unwilling to change them,

then the most earnest, most consecrated, most virile, and most intelligent men of the world must move away from it. It is inevitable. The only way in which the church can heal all division is by admitting what is true, that she is not infallible and never has been, and admitting further that the revelation of God never was confined to any one country or any one age, that it is a progressive thing, a growing thing, that it keeps step with the advancing life of man. Any truth newly discovered this morning is simply a new word of God's divine revelation to his children. That is all. And the Church, as representing the thought and the life of God, should hold itself open-minded, open-hearted, open-armed, for the incoming of everything that is high and true. That should be the attitude of the church. Then there is no possibility of a break between the intelligent life of man and its ecclesiastical life. The trouble has been this: the river of truth, of good, should have free course to flow across the centuries unimpeded; but the Church has dammed this river over and over again, and tried to keep its waters back until by and by the pressure became irresistible, all obstructions gave way, and the country was devastated, and life and beauty destroyed. But remove the unnatural obstruction, and then it flows on smoothly as a river, glassing the eternal stars and carrying verdure and beauty for all its shores. That is the way the religious life of the world should progress.

We have now come to a point in the history of the world when it seems to me it is time to ask the church to make one radical decision. I was very glad to see in the *New York Evening Post* of Thursday evening last a wonderful editorial. I was glad because it dealt in a very forcible way with things with which I have dealt over and over again. It was called up by the meeting of the Federation of Churches; and it asked the church to consider *whether* certain things were essential or important or

whether they were not. It asked it to be consistent, to face the facts. It is time that the church should do this. I mean it is time that the church should consistently assert its belief on the one great question as to whether men are lost or not. Some of the churches will tell you that they believe that the world is hopelessly lost, others will tell you that that is an old idea which they are not any longer obliged to believe. Some will tell you that this story of the garden of Eden is an infallible revelation, others that it is allegory or poetry. It strikes me that this is a matter of some importance. Is humanity lost, or is it not? One or the other is true. It is not half lost or a third lost or a little lost: it is lost or it is not lost, one or the other. Has the church the means of knowing and declaring with authority? If it has not, then has it any right to make the assertion? Is there any reason to-day why a free or intelligent man should believe the story of the fall and the consequent loss of the race? Every intelligent man or even a man who is half intelligent knows that there is absolutely not one particle of reason for believing it. He knows that it is not true. That was supposed to have happened a little less than six thousand years ago. If it is true, then men for two or three hundred thousand years have been perishing, and the heathen are perishing to-day, and the wisest and best people in civilized countries are perishing. Only a few, and those not the best and most intelligent, are complying with ecclesiastical conditions for being saved; and the church cannot face the intelligent world, and make earnest, intelligent, truth-seeking men believe that anything of that sort is true. Why, then, not frankly give it up and face the facts? One thing or the other, it is true or it is not true. Let the Church decide, and take its position frankly and fairly. One of the ministers, during the past week, said that if Martineau and Channing had no good hope of heaven, he would not

give a great deal for his own. But, if the creeds of the majority of the churches represented in the Federation are true, then it is absurd, and in one sense a bit of unpractical sentimentality, to say that Martineau and Channing are saved, because being saved is not a matter of goodness. If a man is a rebel, if he is a traitor, he has to be punished as such: his intelligence and goodness have nothing to do with it. If the world is lost, then it is the business of all these great churches to devote themselves to saving it. Captain Mahan, the famous naval expert and writer, addressing a church club a year or two ago, took the church to task for spending so much of its time upon settlement work, sociology, the improvement of the conditions of the poor. He said it was the business of the Church to save souls; and, if souls are lost, it is the business, the *one* business of the Church, to save them. Moody was right. Moody said, in accordance with the doctrines which he believed, that there was no use in trying to save society industrially and sociologically, that the business of the Church was to get as many souls as possible off from the old wrecked world which was bound to sink, and let her go. The point I plead for is this: the Church still maintains the attitude inherited from the past, that the world was lost, and it refuses to co-operate with churches like ours that frankly, earnestly, and reverently deny that horrible fact. Let them decide: that is all. I have infinite respect for a man who takes an honest position, however far away it may be from my own. Let the church decide whether the world is lost, and, *if it is*, concentrate all time, all heart, all money, and all enthusiasm on saving it.

I heard a churchman the other day boasting of the fact that 70 per cent. of the income of his church was used in service and only 30 per cent. in worship. What *he meant* was that 70 per cent. of the church money

went to charities and teaching and settlement work. If the world is lost, that church has no business to spend 70 per cent. of its income in that way. 100 per cent., and no less, should be used in saving the world. Let the church frankly face these issues, and honestly deal with them.

If, on the other hand, as I believe and as Jesus taught, the condition of admission to citizenship in his kingdom are goodness and love and sympathy and helpfulness, why, then, let us to-day make these things the conditions of church membership. All good men would be ready, then, to join with the church in helping to make the world better. The church, then, would be intelligent men, true men, consecrated men and women, trying to increase the amount of love and tenderness and sympathy in the world, bringing people into right relation with God. That would be the work of the church; and in a church like that all noble men might be at home. The trouble with the church in the past has been that it has placed its questions, its doctrines, its conditions of entrance at the door. The place for doctrines is here above the pulpit, to be looked at, to be studied, to find out whether they are true. The door should be wide open for every honest person who wishes to help bring in the kingdom of God. In a church like this a man like Alfred Russel Wallace should feel himself at home. He has reached the age of more than fourscore years. In his youth he was a materialist, had no belief in God or the future. He has become one of the most reverent and religious souls in the world. He shares with Darwin the honor and the eternal fame of having made an independent discovery of the essential principle of what is now called Darwinism. He became a believer not only in God, but in spirit. He believes that those whom we call dead are about us, ministering angels and friends. But there is no church in Christendom, unless it is some one of our liberal churches,

that could receive a man like him. The churches are not high enough for the stature of human brain and thought; the churches are not wide enough for the range of inquiry and human sympathy. If religion is the bringing of men into right relation with God, helping them to find the truth, to cultivate love, to give service to one another, then the truth-seeking men, the noble and loving and tender men, should find a welcome and come in.

When the church becomes what it ought to be, then we may sing of it:—

O church of our ideal,
The human, the divine,
With what a peerless lustre
Thy haunting towers shine!
Thou drawest our souls to thee,
As draws our eyes a star;
And still we follow after
Where thou dost lead afar.

Thy walls sink deep, firm-grounded
Within the soul of man,
Who ever seeks to copy
The one eternal plan.
Our faulty work may crumble,
And be the scorn of men;
But still, with new endeavor,
We'll rise and build again.

The trusts of all past ages
Have gone into thy walls;
The hope of ages coming
For thy completion calls.
By all that's grandly human,
By all in us divine,
In living and in dying,
Our hearts, our souls, are thine.

Within thy sacred portals
There comes to us the trust
That, though our bodies perish,
A man is more than dust.

Still upward, upward climbing,
Beneath thy starry dome,
We see high o'er the darkness
Shine out the soul's true home.

Dear God, we thank Thee for these religious aspirations in our souls. We thank Thee for the brave and noble men and women of all ages who have followed the ideal, who have trusted the truth, who have believed in the divine life. Let us be glad to belong to this company until the day shall come when it shall include the whole earth. **Amen.**

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SALVATION BY CHARACTER.

My theme this morning is "Salvation by Character." As a Scriptural starting-point, I take the words which are to be found in the first chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew, twenty-first verse: "Thou shalt call his name Jesus [which being translated means saviour]; for it is he who shall save his people from their sins."

I wish to place in the forefront of my sermon a statement of Unitarian principles, Unitarian beliefs, if you choose. Of course, you are aware that we have no ecclesiastical binding creed. In other words, there is no power among the Unitarians that could declare me a heretic, and prove it in any way to my detriment. We are bound only to seek for and accept and live out the truth. This statement that I am to quote to you I think was written by James Freeman Clarke; but, curiously enough, I am not quite sure. It has not been imposed upon us. It has simply come into quite universal acceptance because it appeals to our sense of what is true and right. The statement is this: "The Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, the leadership of Jesus, salvation by character, the progress of mankind upward and onward forever."

I wish to place alongside of that a few other words. After a good many years of division, discussion, controversy, in the year 1894, at Saratoga, at a meeting of the National Conference of Unitarians and Other Christian Churches the following words were adopted unanimously and with enthusiasm: "*These churches accept the religion of Jesus, holding, in accordance with*

his teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man."

I hoist these two statements as our flag, and now go on to the consideration of our theme.

It is true, of course, that always and everywhere men have recognized the existence of evil,—if not of evil in the abstract, at any rate of evils, sorrows, sicknesses, burdens of every kind. And it has been inevitable that in all the great religions the one chief thing striven for has been, to use a technical theological term, salvation. In other words, men have striven to find out a way by which they might be delivered from these crushing burdens. You will see how inevitable it is also that the method by which men have tried to be delivered from these evils has been determined by their thought as to their nature and cause. I only need to state that for you to see how inevitable it is.

For the purpose I have in mind, I must call your attention to two parallel streams of tradition concerning the origin and history of the world and of man. They are contradictory and mutually exclusive; and the thing that Christendom must learn to do is to choose between the two. Both of them cannot be true; and yet there are thousands of ministers and churches incessantly flitting back and forth from one to the other. You find these two forms of tradition in the old classic world of Greece and Rome; and you find them also among the Hebrews. Let me indicate what they are.

In the old classic tradition there are stories which tell us of the time when the good, kindly king, or god, Saturn lived and reigned upon the earth. During that time there was no sickness, no hate, no war, no death. All was peace and prosperity. But men fell away from this condition, so that this, which was called the Golden Age, was succeeded at last by the age of bronze, and that by the iron age; and so the world has gone on from

bad to worse. That was one theory. You find it incorporated in mythologies and in the old classic poetry.

There was another theory quite inconsistent with this. It takes its name from the Promethean myth. According to that theory the primal condition of men, instead of being one of ideal perfection, was one of abject and intolerable misery. They were hated of the gods, they were despised. So pitiful was their state that at last the old Titan Prometheus braved the anger of Jupiter, and stole the celestial fire, and brought it down and gave it to men, that they might better their condition and start out on a career of progress. According to this theory you will see that men have been advancing from the beginning instead of retrograding.

We find two parallel theories like these among the Hebrews. The older one was the one that we accept to-day. The prophets knew nothing of any condition of perfection away back toward the beginning. The prophets had never heard of Adam or the Garden of Eden, or the serpent or the passing away of a beautiful time of peace. The prophet looked for the ideal, the golden age, in the future. It was not something that had been lost: it was something to be gained. But late—note that I say *late*—in the life of the Hebrew people there came in a contrary popular belief in the story of the Garden of Eden. As I have said, the prophets had not heard of it. It was not entirely original with the Hebrews. They borrowed at least certain features of it from some of their neighbors, as they borrowed many of their customs and laws. According to this theory, man was created perfect, and placed in a lovely garden. There was imposed upon him only one prohibition. On condition of his obedience he might have remained in that garden forever. Old Dr. South, a famous preacher in the reign of Charles II., used to *praise this ideal* Adam to such an extent as to say that

men like Plato and Aristotle were only ruins, a sort of fragmentary remains of what Adam must have been. This was the way then, according to this theory, that the world started. Adam sinned, and was cast out; and so the world has gone on from bad to worse ever since.

I have called your attention to these two theories because the two conceptions of human salvation spring out of and are inevitably connected with one or the other of these theories. As a matter of fact, Paul accepted the theory, for good or for evil, of the fall of man. He made the fall the corner-stone of his theological system; and the scheme which he elaborated, in some form or other, has dominated Christendom from that day until modern times. We are beginning here and there to get a little better educated, a little more civilized, so that we can no longer accept it.

It is worth your while to note that not only did the prophets not teach this idea, but Jesus did not teach it. It has always seemed to me a little peculiar that, if Jesus was the second person of the trinity, and if he came to this world on purpose to save us from the results of the fall, he should not have alluded to it, that he should not, sometime, somewhere, have said something about it. He has nothing whatever to say, however, of Adam or the Garden of Eden, or the serpent or the fall, or anything of the kind,—a very strange omission according to the popular theology. Paul, however, did accept this idea of the fall of man in Adam as an explanation of all the evils that afflict mankind. His conception of the scheme of salvation starts with that, and is the logical outcome of it. You are familiar with it in a certain way, but I shall restate it, so that you may have it clearly in mind, that you may compare with it our doctrine, our belief, in salvation by character.

Now, under that theory, what was the condition of *the world* as the result of the fall? The old theologians

have told us over and over for hundreds and hundreds of years. It meant that the world lay under the curse of God, that every man, woman, and child born into the world was an object of the Creator's anger, that man was doomed from his birth to eternal misery unless something was done to save him. It seems a very horrible idea to hold. Let me give you an illustration, to make it intelligible to your thought, if not tolerable to your conscience and your heart. It is like this. Suppose a province in the German Empire should rebel, every man, woman, and child in that province should share in that rebellion. What would that mean? It would mean that they were all guilty of high treason, that every one of them had forfeited not only possessions, but life. Each inhabitant of that province would lie at the mercy of the emperor, of the government. If, for example, the emperor,—we will suppose that he is an autocrat: I care not for political facts, but only for the illustration,—if the emperor is an absolute autocrat, and all these people have forfeited their lives according to the law and are deserving of the extreme of punishment, he may, out of his clemency, decide to save some of them; and he has a perfect right, according to the standard of ethics that has ruled in theology, to decide how many he will save, whether he will save all or will save a part of them. He has a right to establish any condition he pleases. He can say, You do so and so; and I will forgive you, I will save your life. If you do not do so and so, you will only get what you deserve. That illustrates the condition of the world according to the theologians, logically consistent with this theory which I have outlined and which has dominated Christendom. Now what did God do? They say that, looking over the world and seeing that everybody was lost, he decided to save part of them. *Some of the theologians have made him care to save*

more than others. As an illustration of the temper of theological teachers of the modern time, let me give you a saying of old Dr. Gardner Spring, the famous minister of the Brick Church on Fifth Avenue. Some one said to him one day, "Dr. Spring, why is it, do you suppose, that God does not save more souls?" His reply was, "I presume that he saves just the number he wants to." That was enough for him. It indicates the ideas that are dominant still in many of the churches of this country and of Europe.

What did God do? God said: I will save at least a part of these lost souls; and I will do it in this way. I will send my Son, the second person of the trinity, down into the world. He shall be born as a man, he shall suffer, and shall be put to a painful death; and, as a result of that, those people who accept this provision on my part shall be saved. Those who do not shall be left in their present condition, and of course must perish. Now what have the theologians told us was accomplished by the suffering and death of Christ? It is worth your while to refresh your minds concerning this. Some of them said that God's anger must be appeased,—for he was rightly wrathful,—and somebody must suffer. As the result of the suffering and death of Jesus, this wrath might be turned away. This idea is incorporated in hymn after hymn sung by our fathers.

Another theory was this, the so-called substitutional theory. There have been twenty or thirty theories at least. It was supposed and thought that, while Jesus was in hell from the time of his death until his resurrection, he, being an infinite person, was able to suffer, and did suffer, as much as all the souls that would have been lost would have suffered through all eternity, and that this suffering was set off against that which would have been inflicted upon the saved, that those *who accepted this salvation* could have this merit of

substituted agony measured out to them, and on the strength of it they could be saved.

There was another theory. A great many theologians said that, if God should pardon people indiscriminately, all the moral government of the universe would be overthrown. They cited such illustrations as the supposition that, if all the criminals were set free, government would be broken down, there would be anarchy, chaos. So, they said, in order to uphold his righteous government, God must exact a penalty from somebody. If somebody suffered, then the majesty of the law would be upheld, and he could safely pardon the penitent. That was the governmental theory of the atonement.

Then there was another. I can only mention these four. This was represented by the distinguished Dr. Horace Bushnell, of Hartford, Conn., whose widow has only recently died in extreme old age. I remember he was looked on as a dreadful heretic by those of the stricter sort. What was his theory of atonement? It was that God was not angry in a sense that he needed to be appeased. There was no need of having any artificial method by which to uphold his government, that Jesus did not suffer as much as the doomed would have had to suffer in hell forever. He rejected all those theories. He said: God is a God of love; and he wants to make everybody know that he is ready to save. So he sends forth his Son as an illustration of his love, to teach them love, to illustrate it, to make the world know that he is willing to suffer for the sake of saving the lost. So by the suffering and death of Christ the world was to believe in the fatherhood of God and in his infinite mercy. This should touch the heart of mankind, and lead them to come to God. These are some of the chief theories that were held; but you will notice how artificial the whole scheme is.

I wish to call your attention now to two or three fea-

ures of this scheme or plan of salvation. In the first place, I regard it as unjust, and not only unreasonable, but immoral, from beginning to end. I submit to you whether this statement be not true. Consider one or two features of it. What right,—I ask it with all reverence,—what right has a being, because he is almighty, to create a soul when he knows beforehand that that soul is to suffer forever and ever and ever, that existence for it will be an unspeakable calamity? What moral right has power—call it infinite, if you will—to bring a conscious being into existence under those conditions? What would you think of a man, what would you think of a woman, who should consent to the idea of bringing a little child into the world, when they knew that that child would spend an eternity in bewailing the fact that it was born? It would be infamous for man or woman to consent to such a thing, infamous for a finite being. Is it blessed, holy, for an *infinite* being?

One other consideration,—I must only touch these in passing. What right has any being to make the destiny of untold millions turn upon the choice of one man? Millions of people in this world have never heard of Adam. They do not know that any such being was ever supposed to exist. They do not know that God hates them, and is going to punish them because this unknown man did something thousands of years ago. Am I not right in saying that a theory like that is not only irrational, but unjust and immoral? Are there any words in the dictionary strong enough to be applied to so infamous a scheme as that? Can you conceive, even though each man woman, and child in the world had been guilty of some flagrant sin, that they could have been wicked enough to deserve to be tortured through countless years? Does God have no measure by which to establish the relation between the degree of the guilt of a *finite being* and infinite punishment? Friends, this

whole scheme was born in ignorance and barbarism and cruelty; and it is amazing to me to find gentle, tender women, true, honest, loving men, clinging still to a belief in these things, attending churches where they are an integral part of the creeds, helping to support them, helping to propagate their ideas. Do I not well in saying that the world is only beginning to be a little civilized here and there in places? It is unjust, it is immoral,—the whole scheme. It is mechanical, it is arbitrary, it is impossible. These churches apparently have not yet outgrown the idea that people are happy or are miserable because of a certain place. You would consider it childish if some little boy were to say, "Oh, how perfectly happy the people must be who live on Fifth Avenue, in a house like that!" Happiness does not depend on the house or the country you live in. The old idea of heaven being a place where certain people are admitted and hell being another place where certain people are confined is arbitrary, mechanical, irrational, childish. The conception of salvation that you see alluded to in all the papers, whether seriously or jocosely, is of entrance into a heaven, with Saint Peter at the gate letting in some and keeping out others. It is the conception of a world and a people not half grown up.

Take an illustration. Here is a piano out of tune. Touch it, and you get only discord. How will you heal that piano? Will you sprinkle it with holy water, anoint it with holy oil? Will you pronounce a magic formula of words over it? Will you forgive it? *Tune it,—that is all you have got to do,—then you will have music.* Here is a boy who has disobeyed his father's command on the Fourth of July in the use of explosives; and he has put out his eyes. He is to be punished, of course, for disobeying his father; but I should have my opinion of the father who should propose to torture the boy for a couple of thousand years, as though the loss of his eyes was not

bad enough. What does the boy want? To be forgiven? Yes, of course he wants to be forgiven; but beyond that he wants to see, he wants his sight restored. A man is sick,—is it enough to forgive him? He wants to be well. Do you not see how utterly superficial, artificial, unreal, impossible, this whole conception of salvation is which is wrought by baptism, by chrisms, by oil, by magic formulas of words, by forgiveness through the mouths of priests, and that is to culminate by getting the soul out of purgatory and getting it into heaven or by preventing its going to hell? The important thing is as to the character, as to the condition of your soul. If that is right, then heaven will be anywhere, it will be inevitable. If it is not right, then hell will be anywhere; and it will be inevitable. I have used the illustration before, but no matter. Suppose a man who does not care for music is taken to a concert as a reward of merit, would he appreciate it? Suppose a person who cares nothing for art is taken to a picture gallery, will he appreciate it? Do you not see that it is something interior which is necessary, that it pertains to what a man is, to his fitness to understand and appreciate and enjoy?

There is one other remark I wish to make about this scheme of salvation. It is amazing to me. It has been proved, demonstrated scientifically, over and over, so that any intelligent boy of fourteen has the means of knowing it, that there never was any "fall," that the whole basis of the scheme is exploded, is imaginary, unreal. There is no more historic authority for the fall than for the story for Jason and the Golden Fleece, or the adventures of Hercules; and every intelligent man knows it. That ought to be enough to lead people to turn in some other direction for their theory of salvation.

Let us leave that for a moment to come to our own theory. I have left only a little time to deal with that, *because we are already familiar with it.* If we wish phys-

ical salvation,—that is, health,—we must learn the laws of God, and obey them. So far as we do that, the evils disappear. If a man is ill, and obeys the laws of health, he becomes saved, if he becomes well. Health is not the condition of salvation, he is not saved as a reward for health; but health is salvation. And there is no other kind, and can be no other kind. If I get into right relations with God physically, I am well. If I get into right relations with him mentally, then I am in possession of the truth. If I get into right relations with him æsthetically, then beauty is mine. If I get into right relations with him morally and socially, then I am in right relations with all my fellow-men. If I am in right relations with him spiritually, then I am a loving child of the infinite Spirit and Father of us all; and I am saved now and saved to-morrow and next year, and in the next life and in any world. For it is one God, one law, everywhere; and, if I am in right relations with God now, by no possibility can anything harm me here or anywhere, in this or in any world.

I wish to call your attention this morning—and I am glad that I have an opportunity—to the vacillating and conflicting position of some of the men who have recently addressed the public on this theme. I am glad to count Justice Brewer, of the Supreme Court of the United States, not as a Unitarian, but as on our side in regard to this matter of salvation. He said in Carnegie Hall the other day:—

“I look and hope for a federation closer than that adopted by the Conference. Perhaps it was better to take a short way than to risk failure by going too far. The man, however, who cannot work with Edward Everett Hale and Cardinal Gibbons has no clear conception of the goodness of God. . . . I say that, if all cannot admit the divinity of Christ, they are yet all followers of his leadership. Provided they are working for Christ, *the rest does not matter.*”

And here is an unconscious contribution to this discussion that pleased me very much. Dr. Donald Sage Mackay, of the Dutch Reformed Church, Fifth Avenue and 48th Street, attended a dinner a week or two ago to Mr. Andrew Carnegie. I will read you something from his speech:—

“Mr. Carnegie does not attend church as much as he ought to; but I am not going to take this opportunity for a ministerial whack at him. I simply want to say that he is the ideal of the good things that I like to talk about and work for. He is the best friend of the ministers of this country, of England and Scotland, although he does not always agree with us about theology. Men will be judged not by theology, but by religion, by the creed ‘Do justly, love mercy, walk humbly.’ I know no man that does more to exemplify that creed than Mr. Carnegie.”

Now here is a man—and he is a noble man, too—who stands in a church, as one of the great representatives in this city, the creed of which holds out salvation on this old theory that I have been talking about, only to those who have accepted the conditions, coupled with the trinity and the belief in the deity of Christ. All these things are in and are part of the essential nature of that creed. And yet he opens the door to Mr. Carnegie, and promises him one of the best seats in the Celestial City. Who is Mr. Carnegie? From the point of view of Dr. Mackay’s church and of the great creeds of Christendom, Mr. Carnegie is hopelessly lost. He does not believe in the Christian God, he does not believe in any future life. Of course, he does not believe in the trinity or the deity of Christ. He is, I believe, a fine man; but he is an out-and-out agnostic. Now Dr. Mackay, from the point of view of the theology that he officially represents, has no right to save Mr. Carnegie. This is what I mean. *Oh that these men would be one thing or the other! Oh*

that they would know where they stand, that they would be clear and explicit in the utterance of their ideas! Why is he working for a church whose very existence is bound up with the idea of saving people from hell, when he believes that being kind to one's fellow-men, by being generous, as Mr. Carnegie is, is to open wide for him the gates of heaven? I have a friend, a layman, who attends the Brick Church; and, when I spoke to him of this, he said, "Why, of course, nobody believes that it is essential to believe in the deity of Christ in order to be saved." And he added, "At any rate, no layman believes it." It may perhaps have seemed a little unkind to my friend when I replied: "And yet you belong to a church, and you help to support it, that teaches the direct opposite of that. All your influence goes to help maintain what you say you do not believe."

At the end I have something more important still to say. President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, was one of the principal speakers at the late Federation of Churches. The impression he made was that he was attacking, even ridiculing, all the "salvation-by-character people." He talked of character as a "by-product," and said that, if he was engaged in the building up of his character, he should consider himself a prig. I will read what he was reported to have said:—

"I know I speak on controversial ground here; but, before I got to this platform, I spoke for a few moments with several gentlemen of those faiths which teach salvation by character. I regard such an enterprise as one of despair. Just how you may feel about your character I do not know; but I know how I feel about my own. I would not care to offer it as a certificate of my salvation. If I started out to make character, I would be a prig. I may say I do not care to make an odious creature of myself."

I have been misreported a good many times in the

newspapers; and I wondered whether this report was correct. I therefore wrote to President Wilson, and asked whether it was correct. I received from him this reply:—

“In reply to your letter of November 21, I would say that the paragraph you have marked in the enclosed clipping is quoted with substantial correctness; but, as usual, it is torn from its connections, and therefore, I fear, bears a false intimation.

“My point was that to devote one’s self to the formation of one’s own character is to fail of the very object; that the object of life is service,—self-sacrificing, self-forgetting service,—and that in this enterprise character is a by-product; that the main product would be injured if the by-product were too consciously regarded.

“I need hardly say that those papers are utterly mistaken which have represented me as intending, even in the most indirect manner, to cast any slur upon the Unitarian faith. If I understand that faith correctly, its contention is substantially that which I have just now stated. I have never understood that it made character an object in itself.”

He made the impression, unfortunately, that Unitarians and “salvation-by-character people” generally propose to take their goodness, and offer it to God as a condition for being admitted into heaven. That implies the old conception of getting into heaven, which is an utter misrepresentation of the Unitarian conception. We do not hold that character is something for which we expect to receive a reward of merit, a condition of entering somewhere. Character is spiritual health. If a man is well, he is well. If he is half well, he is half well. After receiving this letter, I wrote again to President Wilson, and told him that with his permission I should like to read his letter as part of my *sermon on Sunday*. In return I received from him a

note saying: "You have my most hearty permission to quote my recent letter to you from your pulpit. The misconstruction of what I said at Carnegie Hall has distressed me very much; and I could wish that every possible means were taken to correct it."

You see, then, that President Wilson, although he made the impression, which has gone all over the country, that he was opposing and even ridiculing "salvation by character," really is a "salvation-by-character" man himself. He has no contention with Unitarians, so far as this is concerned, and is willing to express the opinion that he substantially agrees with them, and to do them all honor. I have wished so much that it had occurred to him to say that at Carnegie Hall! But I am glad that he has permitted me to say it for him now.

Is it not plain, then, that we get into heaven in this world or in any other world just in so fast and in so far as we get heaven into us? There is no other way. It is inevitably a matter of character. Even God himself could not help it. If we are to be happy, we must be so related to the forces of the universe, and so in tune with these forces, that they shall play upon us and produce naturally and inevitably the music of joy, the music of happiness. Salvation, then, is not getting into heaven, but it is obtained just as far and as fast as we attain character, which is right relation to God.

Our God, we thank Thee for the light that has come to illumine those of us who walk in the modern world. We ask that all may outgrow the poor and crude and unworthy dreams and conceptions of the olden time, and take the new light, Thy light, to guide them in the way of peace. Amen.

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“A Hebrew of Hebrews.”—PHIL. iii. 5.

Do I need to apologize for my theme? Do I need even to explain why I have selected it for to-day? The Jews have just been celebrating the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of their coming to this country. We have been face to face again with the Christian shame of Jewish persecution. Over and over again have we had to deal with this; and unspeakable, indescribable are the horrors that have been taking place in one of the Christian nations of the world. Then, again, the history of the Jews is so interwoven with our own history, especially with the traditions, the teachings, the aspirations, and the hopes of the religious world, that we cannot understand Christianity unless we know something about the Jew.

Tradition tells us that the author of this phrase which I have taken for my text was the apostle Paul. I do not wonder at his glorying. Could I say what he did, that I belonged to the innermost circle of this race, I should be inclined to share with him in his boasting. For, whatever we may say of any other, there certainly has been no people on earth in many ways so distinguished, so remarkable, so romantic, so wonderful, as this.

Think of its age. Like the Gulf Stream, mingling with and yet separate, it has flowed across the ocean of the ages from an antiquity which is lost in the mists of the beginning. We are scarcely three hundred years old. How old is England? Estimate it as you will. *Before there was any Germany, before there was any*

France, before there was any Italy, or any Spain, or any Rome, before there was any Greece, this people was. More than two thousand years before Christ we catch a glimpse of the earliest ancestry of this strange people, coming from the Far East with the morning and travelling west. The name "Hebrew," they tell us, indicates a people who have come from beyond. It is supposed to indicate that they are from the other side of the Euphrates. They travelled westward and southward; and by and by we find them in power for a time, and then in captivity in Egypt. Under the leadership of Moses they escape from this hard bondage, and for a generation wander in the desert. Then again they cross another river, the Jordan this time, and gradually take possession of Palestine. For many years they are here as more or less separate and independent tribes. We find them united for some common cause or under some superb leadership, then falling apart once more. They are governed by judges, by men that come to the front through some distinguished ability and power of leadership.

In the eleventh century B.C., for the first time in history, they are compacted together as one people under one king, Saul. Then for perhaps not quite one hundred years they are a nation in the sense of the word in which we are accustomed to use it,—not only a race, but having a country, having a territorial home of their own. They reached the highest period of their glory in this respect under David and Solomon; but under the successor of Solomon there was a rebellion of the ten tribes, who went off and established a kingdom of their own, and before a great while these ten tribes disappeared from history. They are spoken of as the lost tribes of Israel: they are one of the mysteries of the past. Judah remains; but her independence is short-lived. They *are conquered*, and carried off into captivity. Here

in the brooding, the wailing, the aspiration, the hope, of these years of captivity, they wrought out some of the finest results in character and some of the noblest products of their literature. Under a Persian protectorate a part of them are permitted to return to their country again. They rebuild their temple, and under rulers of their own choosing have a period of comparative peace and prosperity.

Again Jerusalem is swept away. The conquering armies of Alexander, as he brings the world to his feet, destroy again any semblance of Jewish independence. They are scattered. Under the four separate kingdoms into which Alexander's empire is divided, we find them here and find them there, always distinctive, always individual, always making a mark of some kind for themselves. Especially in Alexandria, Egypt, do they leave a trace upon history which cannot be forgotten. Not only commercially and philosophically, but religiously, they play a large part in the history of that time.

When Jesus was born, Palestine was a small Roman province. The people were restless. They were expecting a Messiah. Cries go abroad that he is here, is there. The Pharisees were the great patriotic party of the time. They were always ready for rebellion, ready to fight for their own liberty and independence. This matter goes so far that by and by the Romans, for the sake of being free of this disturbance, send Titus; and there follows one of the most heroic, one of the most terrible, one of the most dramatic periods in the history of man,—the siege and fall of Jerusalem.

The people are again scattered among the nations; but still they are not content. Still Jerusalem is the centre of their hopes and the type of their ideal; and representatives of the race go back. They bewail the fortunes of their people; and, lest this should be a centre of sedition again, under the Emperor Hadrian, about

the year 135, the destruction is undertaken anew, and the prophecy is fulfilled which said that not one stone should be left upon another. What remained of the temple and the city was utterly wiped out. From that time to this it has been a history of dispersion, a strange, romantic history.

To anticipate chronologically for a little, let me say that in Spain under the Saracens, who were in a certain way akin to the Jews, who were at any rate strict monotheists as they were, they had a period of remarkable peace and prosperity, and they played a large part in the history of Spain during those prosperous years. They were distinguished in the arts, distinguished also in commerce and philanthropy. They were distinguished also in philosophy, and in medicine. But by and by they were expelled from Spain; and the whole of Europe—God save the mark!—became Christian. From that day until modern times no peace, no rest anywhere for the Jews. They were harried and driven from one country to another. Some of the kings at that time spoke of them as “my Jews.” They were a part of his assets. He looked upon the property they possessed as his right of spoliation, whenever he chose to take it. The Jews, or a certain section of them, were sometimes sold as a piece of property from one king to another,—sold by a subject to a king or a king to a subject for the sake of carrying out a particular scheme. At one time or another they were expelled from almost every country in Europe. Some of the tales of these expulsions are heart-rending beyond any power of words to describe. I recall one little incident at the time of Edward I. He gave them a very brief time in which to leave the country, all of them. You can imagine what that meant, when you remember the aged and the sick. There was a little company of Jews who were expecting to be *called for by a certain vessel which was going to take*

a party of them to another country. They went out on a little headland, which at low tide was above the water, and waited for the ship; but through some misunderstanding or for some cause it only passed in the distance, and they saw it receding down the horizon, while the waters rose around them and every one of them perished in the sea. And this was merciful, as God sometimes is, compared with the treatment which they received from man.

One of the very darkest chapters in the history of humanity is the history of the Jews in all Christian nations during that period of time that we call the Middle Ages. Let me give you one instance or illustration of what was supposed to be liberal treatment. Frederick the Great was the personal friend of Voltaire, and Voltaire, whatever else he was, was all his life long a fighter for liberty and humanity; and Frederick was supposed to share with him these sentiments. He permitted the Jews to reside in his kingdom; but he taxed them to such an extent that the poor were not able to marry and have families. He allowed the rich to have one child. If they had a second child, they must pay for it a tax amounting in our money to about fifty thousand dollars. That was liberal treatment. You can imagine what the other may have been.

Such in outline and suggestion has been the treatment that the Jews have received from Christendom, such has been the history of the Jew in Christendom.

Let us turn now to see what are some of the causes for this persecution which have been at work, whether they have been justifiable or not. Let us hunt for the faults of the Jews, if we can find any, as an excuse for the way in which they have been treated; and let us note for our instruction and inspiration some of their virtues.

I suppose that one of the principal reasons for their

persecution in all these years has been race hatred. The Jews have been a people dwelling in the midst of other peoples and keeping all the time their racial characteristics and peculiarities. We can go below the level of humanity, and find that which has apparently survived in the evolution of the race. All the creatures below man instinctively attack and destroy creatures unlike themselves. It means that they are hostile and antagonistic to each other: they are fighting for life. So all up the pathway of human history we find that true among men. It is enough to find that somebody is unlike other people for them to be disliked and hated. It does not occur to those people apparently that *they* are just as unlike the people they hate as the people they hate are unlike them. They have the power; and so they are hostile to those who are different. It is bad enough when nations are separated by some recognized geographical limit. The Englishman can hate the Frenchman, and both can hate the German, and all three can hate the Italian; but they manage to keep fairly at peace, because each of them is living in his own country, and it is only now and then that they come to a clash. But it has been the peculiar history of this people, with all its racial characteristics, to live among other people, and not to be separated by territorial boundaries. Edward Everett Hale has made us familiar with the pathetic story of a man without a country. Here is the still more pathetic story of a race without a country. This, I suppose, may account for a part of the treatment which they have received.

This has been emphasized, of course, by their religious peculiarities. The Jews have generally lived in countries and in the midst of people that worshipped several gods, or, at any rate, worshipped national gods,—worship for whom was demanded of all citizens. In ancient Rome, *for example*, it was enough that a Jew was charged with

being, not a Jew in religion, but a bad citizen. Why? It was required at certain times or at certain periods of the year that every Roman citizen should join in the national worship. The Romans were ordinarily tolerant of other religions, provided the worshippers of those other religions would join in their worship on these special occasions; but, of course, the Jews would never do that, and so they were charged with being bad citizens, or being opposed to the national worship and to the national gods.

As we go back, we find that the people not only hated each other in different nations, but that they thought of their gods as hating each other and fighting against each other. In the old classical poets the gods are represented as descending on the battlefield and taking part in the conflict. They were national deities. So a large part of the hatred that has been felt towards the Jews must be attributed to this religious bitterness. There has never been such a cause of bloody, irreconcilable enmity as this religious hatred; and among Christians who have claimed that they had one Father in heaven and that all men were brethren the hate has certainly been no less. And, in spite of the fact that Jesus himself was a Jew, and that he commanded all his followers to love not merely their friends, but to love their enemies, his teaching has been forgotten; and in the name of the Prince of Peace these things have been done.

It is said that the Jews are clannish. That is another reason they are disliked. Suppose they are. The way to break clannishness is to show yourself a little sense of brotherhood. If a dozen American families were suddenly transplanted to the heart of Russia, or Africa, or some other part of the world, among people of another language and another religion and with other social customs or manners, would they not be likely to seek each other out for sympathy and fellowship? Why should they not

be clannish until there is a sense of fellowship, communion, and sympathy established? We Christians through the Middle Ages did all we could to make this clannishness necessary, and to emphasize it by shutting the Jews up in little sections of the city where they lived together, and compelling them to abide there or nowhere.

I almost dislike to speak of another charge; but it has been made very frequently, and, as it gives me an opportunity to refer to another important matter, I will touch upon it slightly. A dainty lady said to me that she disliked the Jews because they were not neat, not cleanly. I cannot think that even the worst of them are the only ones who have sinned in this regard.

But suppose they were, and that that were a distinguishing characteristic, remember that in the Middle Ages the Jews were compelled to live in small quarters, crowded together. They were not allowed to hold property. Their houses could not be their own. If you were shut up in a little, miserable, squalid suburb of the city, a dozen or twenty families together, in rented houses, for which an exorbitant rent was charged, would you be very likely to spend a great deal of your income on such property, knowing also that you were likely to be driven from it without notice at any hour of any day or any night? Would such treatment be likely to develop in them those refinements that a lately developed delicacy finds so necessary? That is only part of the charge which I propose to bring, that, even granting all the things that have been said against the Jews, I believe Christendom is almost entirely responsible for their existence and development.

It is said that the Jews are grasping and dishonest. I suppose a good many of them are. I have seen a few Americans against whom I think a similar charge might be made; and in just these days, and in the light of the revelations that have been going on in politics,

in business, in regard to many of our great corporations, I think that we can afford to press this charge rather lightly. Undoubtedly, one of the reasons why the Jews have been persecuted in many countries is because they make such a success of the small businesses in which they have been engaged. It is said that the people often dislike to have Jews in their country because, after they have been in a place for a short time, they are apt to own a good deal of the property. Well, suppose they do. Let me tell you what Jacob Riis said in regard to that. He said: Let a Jew come here on the East Side, and let a man from some other nation come at the same time. Neither of them has anything, both are very poor; but it will be only a little while before the Jew will own the house in which he is, and perhaps go on increasing his property. The other man perhaps does not succeed. The reason, Mr. Riis says, is because it is characteristic of the Jew that he will live not only inside his income, but so far inside that he can save a margin, no matter if he has to starve in the process. That is a Jewish characteristic; and, on the whole, it is not one that we need very seriously to condemn. If other people would cultivate it a little more, there might be less fault to find with the Jews.

And now another point I have in mind. Throughout Christendom for fifteen hundred years the Jews have been *compelled* to be small traders. Why? Because for these same fifteen hundred years they have never allowed him to be anything else. A Jew could not hold real estate. A Jew could hold no civil office, a Jew could not be an officer in the army. He was allowed none of the privileges of the ordinary citizen. He could not attend a Christian school. He was not allowed to hold land and cultivate it. Remember that the Jew in Palestine was pre-eminently an agriculturist, and succeeded in it so well that we are told that it was

a land flowing with milk and honey. He was not allowed to be an agriculturist among Christians. The only thing we have permitted him to do was to trade in a small way, or, at any rate, to keep all his earnings in such a portable fashion that he could run with them for his life any hour of the twenty-four. That is the only thing we have allowed him to do. And now we find fault with him because he has succeeded in doing it!

I wish to turn now, and speak of some of the qualities that are characteristic of the Hebrew race that we can afford to praise and to copy.

In the first place, socially the Jew has always been a conservative force. He has been loyal. He has never been a disturber in any manner of the existing condition of things. He has been a healthful influence in any government that has permitted him to abide within its limit. He has been distinguished for his charity, his benevolence, his philanthropy. His record compares well with any other people in the world. Then he has been eminently domestic. No people have ever loved home more than the Jew. There is no "social question" in this sense among the Hebrews, and never has been.

Then I want to speak for a moment of the high intellectual ability of this race. Do you know it is something that can hardly be paralleled in the world? Of course, we do not expect to find any great generals, any great military officers among them; for they have never been allowed to become officers, to find out whether they could have succeeded in that kind of life or not. But in this Bible, whatever else is there, there is a great Hebrew literature. How does it rank with the other literatures of the world? The poetry of Job, the poetry of the second Isaiah, ranks with Homer, with Dante, with Virgil, with the few great names of history. There are no finer lyrics than some few of the Psalms. So *much for the work that they have accomplished in this direction which is recorded here.*

Then take what they have done in different departments of human life, as recorded in the history of Christendom. Few names in philosophy rank higher than Moses Maimonides, than Benedict Spinoza. The Jews have been among the greatest scientific physicians of the world also. Then there are Heine, Renan, and many others whom I might mention if I chose, names which show what they can do in the modern world, in poetry, in history, in criticism, in philosophy. Let me give you an illustration to show what they have done in the various departments of life. Civil disabilities were removed from the Jews in England in 1835. I can remember when the leading financier of England was a Jew. The prime minister of England was a Jew. The most distinguished judge on the Queen's Bench was Sir George Jessel, a Jew. The most distinguished lawyer at the English bar was Judah Benjamin, a Jew. So in every department of thought and life in England at that particular time, and all at the same time, the Jew was at the top.

Then let me not forget to mention that in music the Jews have taken the very front rank, as instanced by one name alone, Mendelssohn. In this country as well as in others there have been among the Jews the highest idealists. They have been leaders in music, in literature, in art, in philosophy, and in the ethical teaching and inspiration of the age.

What shall we say of the Jew in the department of religion? You would think that it would soften the heart of Christendom to remember that the orthodox world for eighteen hundred years has been worshipping a Jew as God. If we believe it true, God selected a Jew to be the embodiment of his own life among men. If that claim be not true, at any rate it was a Jew in whose face, we all admit, shines the light of the glory of God as in the face of *no other man that ever lived*.

When a couple stands before any Christian altar or in any Christian home to be married, the service is full of Jewish precedent, Jewish example, Jewish exhortation. When a little babe is brought to the font, it is a Jewish formula that is pronounced over it. When we stand beside the casket containing the remains of our precious dead, it is Jewish words we use for comfort, Jewish hopes we cherish as we look towards the future. It is with Jewish words on our lips that we go out through the mists, and look for the light that we hope is beyond. The Celestial City is a Jewish dream, its gates of pearl, its streets of gold, its river like glass, its trees whose leaves are for the healing of the nation,—the dream of one lonely exiled Jew. The God we worship is largely the outgrowth of the thought and the hope and the inspiration of Jewish thinkers, philosophers, seers, and prophets. When we look forward, towards an ideal condition of things here on earth, it is through Jewish eyes we look, it is a Jewish dream of the perfect condition that shall come. And so everywhere, in every department of our religious life, we are face to face with results wrought out by the experience of this wonderful race. And we here as liberals ought to remember that the religious ideal which we cherish, the most sacred inspirations and aspirations of our life to-day, are in accord with the teachings of the second Isaiah and with those of the son of man born in Nazareth. Jesus gave us Jewish words and Jewish maxims, Jewish precepts, Jewish hopes, Jewish inspirations. All the most beautiful things which were on his lips were only the unfoldings of that which lay in the heart of the Jewish hope and aspiration—a Jewish bud which blossomed in him.

I have hoped that the time would come when the Jews themselves would outgrow their antipathy for Jesus. Jesus is the finest outflowing and crown of Jewish *aspiration* and Jewish life, the last perfected illustration

of it. No wonder, however, that the Jews have looked askance at him; for his name and his cross have always stood as the symbol of hatred and persecution for them. But by and by I trust that period will be left behind, and the Jews will remember that Jesus belonged to them, and they will join with all the world in loving reverence and in tender sympathy and in loyal following of his spirit and his life.

Father, we thank Thee for this wonderful race; that Thou hast never, during its history, left Thyself without a witness; that prophets and seers and singers have always spoken for Thee, and been ready to lead and lift the world towards that day which we are coming more and more to hope for and to believe it is possible to realize, when, in the words of this wonderful Book, the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters fill the sea. Amen.

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"They brought the sick and laid them, that the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them."—ACTS v. 15.

THIS was done in a great revival, the first within the Christian pale, when a few poor fishermen and craftsmen were melting many hearts by the fires that burned in their own. It was some time after the great tragedy of the cross and passion and the resurrection, when the living presence of their dear friend the Master, as they had loved to call him, had burned through the shadows of death and appeared among them. And on this day, as the record stands in the Book of Acts, when they were all with one accord in one place, speaking no doubt of these wonders, there came a sound as of the rushing of a mighty wind that filled the place, and they were all filled with the holy spirit, and began to speak as the spirit gave them utterance.

But where the wonder began it did not end, or indeed could not end; for this power was "from on high." So the news was noised abroad in Jerusalem, where at that time there were "devout men of every nation under heaven"; and these were also set on fire from the sacred flame kindled in the upper room. Peter, of course, was the leader,—you might be sure of this,—with John for his good comrade; and in both men the fire burned white and strong, but in Peter it was whitest and strongest. So he speaks once and again at some length in burning words, and one day works a miracle on a poor beggar

who was sitting near the gate Beautiful of the temple, begging for alms. They had no money to spare, and say so; but Peter says: "What we have we will give unto thee. In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, rise up, and walk," takes him by the right hand, and lifts him up, when immediately his feet and ankle bones received strength, and he went with them into the temple, walking, leaping, and praising God. Then the news of the wonder went far and wide in the city, of the healer's power, "in-somuch as those who were sick" were brought by their kinsfolk and friends, and were laid on couches in the streets, so that at the least the *shadow* of Peter passing by might touch some of them.

This is the story as it stands on the record and falls into line with the wonders we hear and read of, interpret them as we may. In the church of Rome, through all the centuries down to our time, in the great Methodist revival in the eighteenth century we hear of them also, and in our own time, as the faith-cures, the mind-cures, and the wonders from those who accept what is known as the Christian Science, pointing toward mysteries in our human life we have not fathomed or (shall I say) verified. On these I cannot dwell, only on the incident touched in my text, the silent and, to me, most pathetic trust in the shadow of the man as he passes by.

The curtain is lifted for just one moment when you see the fisherman with his comrade pass by. The sick are laid on their couches in the narrow street. You can imagine the friends scanning the faces of the sufferers, to note some gleam in their eyes, as the healer passes by, that may be a sign of returning health. Then the curtain falls, and is lifted no more forever. There is no income or outcome reported, no word to tell us whether the shadow touched them, or that Peter said one word that might give them hope, or that the sick were ever laid in the narrow street again.

And I have touched the incident so pathetic to me as a picture of the sweet concern in some human souls for their beloved, one now and forever with our own in our homes. This is worth the moments I have taken to tell the story of the belief that stirred these human souls in the far-away time, and in so many ways stirs us still, that there is something in the shadow we cast each on another as we walk through this world not alone for healing, but also for hurt,—the shadow of a deed done of which I may be hardly aware, a word said and in the moment forgotten, a virtue going out of me to heal and bless, or a vice to curse,—a shadow cast from my spirit for good or evil as sure and inseparable as my shadow cast against the sun. This is the truth I would open if I may, hinted in many ways to those who will note with some care their own experiences in the conduct of our life. Note how there is some mysterious instinct quite apart from my will or yours which touches us for attraction or repulsion when, it may be for the first time, we meet a man casting a shadow we cannot master, or away with of blessing or bane; and so

“I do not love thee, Doctor Fell:
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,”

is the quiet and instinctive verdict we pass on some man, and, it may well be, some man passes on us. And, again, it may be that, when this is a baleful shadow of which we may be but faintly aware, the words of the great apostle may take on a new meaning and find a new fitness: “How knowest thou, O man, but thou shalt be saved by thy wife?” for the woman’s intuition may be sure when the man’s instinct fails. This was a lesson I had to learn at my own proper cost in my own life through

forty years. If the dear house-mother said to me, "You must not trust that man, or you will come to grief," and, man-like, I went my way, and trusted him, I do not now remember one instance when I was not taken in, or when she said, "There, I told you so"; for she was wise and gracious with *her man*.

This is all a mystery deep as the springs of our life; but now I would fain touch some healing and hurting shadows we can understand that are woven into the warp and woof of life,—shadows cast day by day and year by year for healing or for hurt. And the first of a greater bale or blessing than any other we can ever cast is the shadow of the home, the place where the father, the mother, and the children dwell together, and where three times in a century God makes a new earth and peoples a new heaven, the most holy place no wise man will ever enter with a profane or heedless heart. I have sat with reverence in the noblest cathedral on the earth, listening to a choir that seemed in those moments to be an echo of the songs of the angels in heaven; and for twelve years in my youth and early manhood I was to be found in a simple country church, joining in the ancient psalms and liturgies that in their essence and spirit had been said and sung there for more than a thousand years, where through the latticed windows I could glance toward the small God's acre where the dust of the Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Englishman rested after life's fitful fever. There were pillars carved by the Northmen standing in the sun and Roman inscriptions to the emperors built into the walls,—inscriptions from the Roman temple that stood on the self-same spot,—while among the dust of the rude forefathers was that of our Longfellows who had been baptized at the ancient font, and, when their time came, had been buried there for more than two hundred years. That was a sacred place to me then, as it is still; and I have loved in my visits

to go there on a week-day, to sit in the silence and the shadow of the centuries, and be one with the generations that had entered through the ancient carven doorway. That is a sacred and beautiful memory to me of the old mother church. But the most sacred place and the holiest now, the shrine I can best remember for its healing after more than seventy years of time, since I began to learn the use of *I* and *me*, is a small cottage built of gray stone from the moor,—a cottage with one door and two windows facing the south, a cluster of rose-bushes in the rood of garden, a plum-tree nailed against the cottage wall and reaching up to the chamber window. That tree became to one small boy I know what the tree of the knowledge of good and evil was to our first parents in the Garden of Eden. For the branch one year bore only one plum I could reach; and the dear mother said, "My son, you must not eat that plum." Well, the old man is rather proud to this day, when the memory glints out through the mists, that he obeyed his mother, and did not eat the fruit. But then a still small voice whispers, "You did not pluck the fruit really and truly, but your small nails pecked it so that it was no good for your mother to pluck." So I wonder now and then if it was not the best thing, after all, as the story has come down to us from the old Eastern land, for those first parents we hear of to plunge in as they did, and have done with their Paradise, rather than keep the promise to the ear and break it to their sorrow. But there in that small cottage, bending over the wondrous pictures in the family Bible or listening to psalm or song or story, the child lived in the sweet shadow of the home; and it is now, to the old man near the end of his pilgrimage, as the house of God and the very gate of heaven. So dear and good it is that no great cathedral, no church on the earth anywhere, not *this* even, is so good as that gray stone cottage was when the world was young, when the roses bloomed and

the fruit ripened in the good years, and the snow fell as if it were by an understanding between the small boy and the All-Father,—they were always so exactly what he wanted; and I doubt not there *was* such an understanding.

When that vision of the gray stone cottage steals out from the lights and shadows of the many years, I am as a little child, and hear voices long silent, yet so clear that I cannot imagine they are no more, but are indeed forevermore. My account in this world must be nearly closed,—the young man *may* die soon, the old *must*,—and so for these moments I would put myself in your place who are now where I was from forty to fifty years ago, with the children in your home, your hope and joy. You want them to become men and women, by Heaven's help and blessing, who, if they are spared, will be the staff and stay of your old age, as they are now your hope and joy. And you may not fail in your care for their education and training at any cost or pains; yet you may cast no healing shadows over their young life.

I will say frankly and gladly that, in the forty-six years of my ministry in two great cities and in more homes than I can number, I have lived and shall die in the belief that there are no homes in this good land where the children are cared for more sweetly or with a finer grace than in our own, or with a wiser love for the children God has given us. This goes without the saying almost; but I am glad to say it now. It was not alone in the clasp of his arms about them when Jesus blessed the little children, or the words he said, or the kiss, I am sure, he gave them, but in the healing shadow from his heart's love for them. And so it must be in the homes we make and maintain,—a love which is as the perfume in the rose or the apple blossoms in May, the atmosphere the *love creates* for them the breath of their young life. This,

in the large income and outcome of the years, is more to them than the tongues of men and of angels, or the faith that will remove mountains.

I look back now with a touch of wonder on the far-away time, and ask myself how it has come to pass that so many things done for me at such cost are almost forgotten, while what they never thought of, the tender, unspoken love for me and for the whole brood, and the sacrifices they made, but did not register, it was natural as the breath of their life to make them. The thousand things,—little things so simple that I could no more take note of them than of the beating heart within, yet so sacred and sweet now that they touch my heart with memories so tender that moments come when my eyes are dim with tears,—these are the shadows of healing cast over my opening life, transient as the sunbeams that come and go in the April days, but immutable as his shining in the heavens. A mansion stands now where the small home stood, of two rooms and an attic where I slept, and loved (before the time came for my work in the factory that came so soon) to hear the patter of the rain on the roof. The owner of the mansion invited me to spend a day some years ago where our cottage stood, and I went gladly; and, as we walked about the gardens, I said, "Where is the well?" And he answered, "There is no well, sir." But I knew better. He had bought the mansion as it stood,—the well had been buried and lost; but I knew it was gurgling down in the dark, and finding its way to the brown river. It was my well; and its waters were for healing, sweet still to my heart as the waters of the well of Bethlehem by the gate were to the memory of David, the warrior and king. So I drank of the water, as we stood in the sunshine, blended with the healing shadows of the home that was no more and yet is forevermore. The water of life and the bread that cometh down from heaven was given me that day.

We may do many things in the homes we make and maintain for the training of our children, and what we call their education, and even their religion, by which we mean our own; yet this may be only as when we cut and train a vine, but do not fructify the roots or clear away the shadows that keep away the sun. The cutting and training may help the life; but the water and the sunshine, —these *are* the life.

You may have heard the story of the small boy in Scotland whose father was a minister in the kirk, and was a master in the cutting and training of the boy to the pattern of the Longer and Shorter Catechisms. The good man died while the children were still in the training; and, to comfort this boy, the good deacon said, "Dinna greet, my laddie, your father is now safe in heaven." And the boy promptly answered, "If my father is in heaven, I dinna want to gang there." It was the instinct of the child, to whom the father had been perhaps all he should be, save for the atmosphere of a tender love and wise consideration that would blow the Longer and the Shorter Catechism down the wind with the tradition of the elders and all the rest. So, bare of these sweet shadows in the home, the thought of heaven was intolerable; and the boy cried, "I dinna want to gang *there*."

Shall I glance at the shadows that hurt or heal in the life of the day by day? Here is a man who has been all day long in the full tides of our busy life that from morning to evening flood the markets, the marts, and the great hives of industry in our city. Tired, nervous, it may be, and possibly disheartened, he goes home. If it is winter, when he comes indoors, there is a warmth and light to greet him that will make a bad temper of kin to a sin, the merry noise of the children, and all over the place a clear care for his comfort and well-faring which needs *no words* to assure him how constantly he has been held

in the heart of the dear housewife and mother while he breasted the stress and strife of the day's labor and care. A low, sweet voice, that most excellent thing in woman, greets him with words that ripple over his fevered spirit like cool water to the fevered brain; and so he rests in the healing shadows of his home. There is no place in all the world like home. It is the house of God to him, and the gate of heaven. Shall I open another door I would fain leave closed, of the home the man enters tired with the burden of the day's drag, heart-sick also and weary in every nerve and fibre of his nature? He goes there to find no comfort, no forethought, no repose. Questions meet him as to whether he has forgotten what he should never have been asked to remember. Plaintive bewailings are made to him of the seventy-seventh outbreak in misconduct of the children or the total depravity of the service. A whole platoon fire of mishaps is turned on him, so ill-timed that they touch the nerve like so many needles. These are the shadows that hurt, but never heal. They drive the man out of his home to any place that will offer him some prospect of comfort and repose even for an hour. Here, again, is a man in a black mood, tired and grim. All day long he has fretted at the bit; but his work has held him in. He goes home; and now he can spume out his evil temper in the living-room, where one glance at his face casts the shadow that hurts, but never heals.

If the mother begins to speak, he snaps her; and, if the children know no better than to come about his chair with their innocent teasings (teasings he would be so glad for when they have gone forth into the world and the home is silent), they are pushed aside with a growl or sent out of the room. He eats a graceless dinner, and lights his cigar,—bitter, as I guess, and serves him right,—takes up a book,—but not by Charles Lamb or Charles Dickens, I warrant you; and, when he falls on sleep, he

has cast a shadow he would fain forget in the years to come, but this cannot be. The good wife will forgive him, and the children will forget; but the photograph is permanent, he cannot forget or forgive himself. I take no pleasure, you may be sure, in touching these dark shadows, while the many years have taught me that, in the great sum of our life together in our homes far and wide, these are the exceptions, and not the rule; for, as the nature of the shadow lies in the tree, and as in this world the upas, the poison vine, and the henbane are few and far between, but the elm and the maple, the rose and the lilac, cast their sweet shadows on our homes, so to me, it is beyond all question, the healing shadows are cast alike on the homes where we dwell in our land and life,—the homes to which the husband (the house bond) and father comes when his day's labor is done, the cottage or the mansion, with the burden of the song in his heart, "There's no place like home." It may be a poor place, of kin to so many I have known; but, no matter who may come besides, he is the most welcome guest, or a dinner of herbs, there is contentment therewith. The wise men who followed the star brought to the stable their gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, as the lovely imagination stands; but the shepherds who came to where the child lay bore with them the sweet burden of the angels' song.

Once more the shadows of healing are cast in their turn by the children. I lived through almost one-half of my long life with those who must toil for their daily bread, here and in my mother land, where the loaf would not always answer to the hunger in the bad times. I remember, and must be made good by the faith, the hope, and the tender love of the father and mother, in whose heart there was the burden of the song, "There's a good time coming," when the wheels would turn again and the fires be started in the forges, then there would be

bread enough and to spare. And homes I remember where the very shadows of healing were cast over the shadows of death from devout and trustful souls. One I can never forget, when I went to see a poor woman (a widow) in the West whose children had all been down with the scarlet fever. Four were almost or quite well again, but one was dead. And, as I talked with her, it was touching beyond my telling to note how the boy who was taken was casting the shadow of healing over the surcease of her sorrow and pain.

"These are fine children," I said, thinking to comfort her. Yes, she answered, but I should have seen her boy who was no more. "And good, I am sure." Yes; but he was an angel, he was so good. "And patient in their illness were they?" Yes; but he was the most patient in her flock, her lamb she called him. Then I saw how it was. The consolations of God were great in her bereaven heart and home. While he was with her, he would be no doubt very much like the rest,—she would hold them all alike in her mother-heart, and overshadow them with her love. But now, when he was no more, the shroud was transfigured into the white robe, shining in heaven. The speech, broken in the home, was now the angel song, and the face shone like the face of an angel. All unknown to herself, the infinite tender love had laid her where the shadow of healing could touch her,—she was made whole.

And may not this be the truth we can take to our hearts, that no shadow of healing can be more potent than that of the child who is always our child in heaven, if we also nourish the mother's faith and hope and love, when they are with us no more? The most gentle and patient may sometimes feel a touch of irritation over the waywardness of those who are still with us in our busy home; but no father or mother ever did or could nourish this transient temper toward the child we say we have lost,—the shadow

of healing steals over the heart as it stole over the heart of my poor widow. Yes; and it may be the shadow that hurts has come—they can hardly tell how—between the father and mother, holding hard on their heart, so that no happy noise of the children in the home has the power to burn it away, and then one touch from that shadow from beyond and above in one instant shall heal the heart sickness; for how well the great poet knew our secret when he sang:—

“As through the land at eve we went,
And plucked the ripened ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
Oh, we fell out, I know not why,
And kissed again with tears.

“For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
Oh, there above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears.”

So it is true that the shadow of my soul, my spirit, is a subtle, living substance, and in some deep mystery, if my word can be true when my heart is false, there is a shadow cast which robs my word of its finest essence. If my word is gentle while my heart is savage, the shadow will fall on my word. But as in the fine story, “Bleak House,” a man is made to say savage things while his heart is a wellspring of gentleness, and a small bird sits all the while on his shoulder, not in the least alarmed, so I may say hard things; but, if my heart is gentle, then the heart will cast the shadow that will not alarm the bird.

Finally, within every healing shadow is the shadow of the Almighty. And, if it seems to be blent of the sorest *sorrow and pain*, as it was to the poor woman, and I

can put my trust in Him, the very darkness will become
a light about me. For

"Many shadows there be, but each looks to the sun:
The shadows are many, the sunlight is one.
Life's fortunes may fluctuate, God's love does not,
And His love is unchanged, while it changes our lot.
Let us look to the light which is common to all,
And down to the shadows that ever do fall,
Aye, even the darkest, in this faith alone
That in tracing the shadows we find out the sun."

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PILGRIMS.

"These all die in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them and greeted them from afar, and having confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth. For they that say such things make it manifest that they are seeking after a country of their own. And if indeed they had been mindful of that country from which they went out, they would have had opportunity to return. But now they desire a better country, that is, a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed of them, to be called their God: for he hath prepared for them a city."—HEBREWS xi. 13-16, inclusive.

By a perfectly natural impulse men in all ages have been going on pilgrimages. They have recognized certain shrines, certain spots, which for one reason or another have become sacred,—if not sacred in the religious sense, then sacred in some other. And they have loved to visit these places; and, as I said, it is one of the most simple, one of the most natural things in the world. Love has its shrines. How glad we all are to go back to the places that have been consecrated by the memories of childhood! It may be that it is a poor place, a small, mean house, one in which we could not be content to live now; but no house that we have ever lived in is quite so dear. As we cross the old threshold, we see mother's face, father's worn and bent figure, and outdoors on the hills, by the brooks, we hear the voices of old playmates whom we shall never see again, in this life at any rate. And we love to go back there on a pilgrimage, and receive inspiration, comfort, cheer, in spite of the fact that there may be sadness connected with it.

War has its shrines and its pilgrims by the thousands. How many people every year visit Bunker Hill! How

many walk over the field at Gettysburg! How many stand under the elm in Cambridge where Washington took command of the army! What is true of ours is true of other countries. Each one has its spots sacred to the memory of its heroes.

We have our political heroes. We buy and preserve the poor old house in which Lincoln was born, in which Grant was born, in which Lee was born; and we are stronger and better men because of these admirations. We breathe the air of heroism; and we are ashamed to be quite so poor and commonplace again.

Literature has its shrines. Last summer, in the most simple and natural way in the world, I visited some of these, as I have done on former occasions, and shall do again whenever opportunity occurs. I love to go to the old Cheshire Cheese in Fleet Street, and hunt up the chair in which Dr. Johnson used to sit, the place where they tell me Goldsmith used to be, and Garrick. And then I went to a narrow alley where one of these famous men lived for a series of years.

How many of you have visited the grave of Shelley or Keats in Rome! You have gone down to Stoke Pogis, and sat on a bench in the old churchyard that is redolent of the memories of Gray and his "Elegy"! How many lovers of Dickens walk all over London to find the spots associated with him personally or which he has made famous by some incidental allusion or fuller description!

So it is true that all over the world there are lite pilgrims and there are artistic pilgrims. We go to Dresden to look upon the Sistine Madonna. We go to Florence and Rome to see the work of Raphael and Michel Angelo. We go to Greece to see the remains of the marvellous works of the old architects and sculptors; and we stand with our heads bowed in the presence of the beauty to which these idealists of brush and chisel have given form and beauty.

So there are musical pilgrimages. How many go every other year to Bayreuth! how many to one place and another especially associated with the masters of tone!

Then the religious pilgrimages have been more common still. From the beginning of history we see men hunting out the places where they believe some wonderful divine thing has happened. Some one has seen a vision, one of the angels has appeared, or the place has been lighted up by the Shekinah, the manifestation of the Divine One himself. Or the bones of some one have been collected, and in the presence of these relics wonderful things are said to occur; and people go on these pilgrimages all over the world. Throughout the history of Israel those who could do so were expected to go from different parts of the country they inhabited up to Jerusalem at least once a year. To-day thousands on thousands of Mohammedans go to Mecca to kiss the Kaaba, the sacred stone. Thousands on thousands go to Rome; and thousands go to Lourdes.

So these pilgrimages are taking place all over the world; and wise and well may this be if people understand what they are doing, if they make the right use of these opportunities. I take it that there is none of us who would be indifferent if he could be sure that his feet were standing on the places where those of the Son of Man have stood. We might think, we might dream, we might imagine; but I take it there could be no possible thrill quite like the consciousness that we were where he stood, that the scene before us was the scene which was before him,—so looked the sky as he cast his eyes up, he felt this breeze upon his forehead, he looked and saw flowers just like these growing in the field. The world is more beautiful through such an experience. We ought to be touched, we ought to be thrilled, we ought to be inspired, we ought to be made nobler and better by the touch of such associations as these.

But have these religious pilgrimages of the world always or even generally ministered to the higher and better life? In the case of many, doubtless; but, in the case of thousands, no. Why? Two or three misconceptions have been harbored. People are always inclined at first, until they become educated and developed into a higher possibility, to deal with things on a low, coarse, and material plane. And so you find many thousands of pilgrims who have had the impression that there was somehow merit merely in going from one place to another. If you read the history of the Middle Ages during the times preceding and through and after the crusades, one of the commonest facts you come across is something like this. A man has perhaps been a great sinner,—he has been cruel, he has been selfish, a man of war. By and by he thinks he can wipe out all this past, and fit himself for paradise, by making a painful, perilous journey to the Holy Sepulchre. So perhaps he starts, and wanders across Europe, risking all sorts of dangers merely to drag his poor old body to Palestine, fancying that that alone had in it merit which would be accounted to him for righteousness. There are thousands of people in Mussulman countries who think that to make a journey to Mecca is enough to make them saintly forever.

There is another misconception connected with these pilgrimages. They imagine that, when they come to a shrine, they may expect some divine, some miraculous interposition in their favor. They think that *there* is a place where God departs from his regular ordained methods of doing things. This is what it means to those who go to Lourdes. Think of it for a moment! Why cannot God, if he chooses, miraculously heal diseases in Paris or in any other part of France as well as at Lourdes. A little girl thought she saw the Virgin at that particular place. So they built a church there. It has *never* been proved, of course, that the Virgin appeared;

but hundreds of thousands of people go there, fancying that a miracle will be wrought in their behalf, that God is going to overturn his own way of doing things at that particular place.

There is another evil connected with these pilgrimages, and that is the converse of what I have just been referring to: the people, expecting some unusual, some miraculous result, do not take the trouble to find out what God's ways are. That has been the trouble of the world through thousands of years; and it is the trouble with thousands of people to-day. They do not take the necessary thought and care to find out what God's laws, what God's ways, what God's methods, are, and obey them, because they fancy there is some *short* cross-cut way by which they may miraculously arrive at the result without the difficulty of studying and behaving themselves.

The thing we need to learn, then, in regard to these pilgrimages which we all love to make, is that they have their spiritual significance, suggestion, impulse, inspiration, and so may be of help and comfort and encouragement to us; only we must not make them substitutes for thought, for study, for obedience. So much for the pilgrimage impulse, so much for the virtues and the possible defects of this idea of going on a pilgrimage.

I wish now to turn to the second part of my sermon this morning, and speak to you for a little while concerning those who have earned the emphatic name of "the pilgrims" in the history of mankind. We all in this country are either pilgrims or the children of pilgrims; but there is one thing peculiar, one thing distinctive about these Plymouth Pilgrims that I shall speak of very soon. What have most of the people who have come to this country come here for? Some of them have come to escape justice in their own land, some of them have come in search of money, some of them were poor

adventurers, some of them discoverers. They came for all sorts of reasons. *The Pilgrims* came for one reason, of which I shall speak in a moment, which sets them apart from all the other travellers known to the history of the world. We are to celebrate during this week the date of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth; and it has of course suggested to me my morning theme, which I have purposely made a little broader than merely a discussion of that wonderful group of men. Who were they? Not many famous, not many rich, not many great, according to the estimate of this world. They were plain English middle-class people. Why did they leave England? Because they were persecuted there for their religious opinions, persecuted for their religious practices. They were not willing to conform to the dictates of the Established Church either as to methods of worship or as to belief; and they were harried for this until they could no longer endure it. They were obliged either to conform against their consciences or to flee. At first a part of them fled to Holland, which at that time was tolerant, permitting them to live there in peace. They might have stayed there indefinitely; but they noticed that the children growing up were falling into the ways and adopting the language of the people. They were afraid they would lose all their distinctive nationality, of which they were fond in spite of the fact that their country had cast them out. So they determined to seek some other place of refuge, where they might be free and independent and able to control the course of their own development. They set sail then for this country, others joining them from England, and made that famous voyage, with month after month of hardship and suffering such as it would be almost impossible for us to exaggerate or sympathetically to comprehend. They intended to land somewhere in Virginia, Virginia being at that time a very indefinite kind of region; but

accidentally, providentially, whatever you may choose to call it, they were driven by stress of weather north of Cape Cod, and landed in a region not covered at the time by any royal patent. They were then in a sense out of the world, free to create a form of government of their own, at any rate until the king should choose to interfere. So in the cabin of the "Mayflower" they drew up that compact which was the germ of all that this great country has developed into to-day; for all the rest of the country has been shaped and moulded in its main essentials by these Pilgrim ideas.

Let me say to-day, as I have said before, I am sorry that my ancestors came to this country a hundred years too late. I would rather be able to claim my descent from some one of this group of men than from any other source in the history of the world. No other great name, no nobleman, no king, could tempt me for a moment as to ancestry if I could be proud enough to point back to the "Mayflower." What were two or three of the characteristics of these men?

In the first place, they were the first self-ruling community since the morning stars sang together to be perfectly tolerant in religious matters: they were the first self-ruling community to grant the utmost religious freedom. It has always seemed to me one of the strangest things in the world that one man, no matter how sure he is that he is right, should feel that he had the right to compel somebody else to agree with him. I can understand arguing for your ideas, and trying to persuade people; but why I should think that I have a God-given right to compel people either to think as I do or lie about it, I have never been able to understand. Yet that has been the dominant custom since the world began.

I have said that these people were allowed to remain in Holland. I do not know what laws Holland would have passed if the people had been free and self-govern-

ing. The great Prince of Orange happened to be tolerant, and so Holland was tolerant under his rule; but the Pilgrims were the first men self-governing who organized their community to make people everywhere free. The Puritans persecuted Anne Hutchinson, the Quakers, Roger Williams, all of whom were free to go to Plymouth, and live out their own life. I emphasize this matter just a little because even the New England Society, which you would suppose should understand all about this, has not become sufficiently educated on the subject to avoid mixing up the Pilgrims and the Puritans at their annual dinners. I do not think I have attended one of them at which some one of the speakers did not entirely fail to understand that the Puritan and the Pilgrim were not precisely alike. They were utterly different. The Puritans lived in and around Boston, the Massachusetts Bay Colony. The Pilgrims lived at Plymouth. They were entirely distinctive organizations. The Puritans persecuted; the Pilgrims never.

There was another peculiarity of these men. They not only granted religious freedom, but they exercised the most humane civil government that up to that time the world had ever seen. As an illustration, I may say that during the time of Henry VIII. in England there were between one and two hundred offences which were punishable by death. In the Virginia colony, before the Revolution, there were, if I remember rightly, about thirty offences punishable by death, one of which was being a Unitarian. In the Massachusetts Bay Colony of Boston, Salem, and that region, about twelve offences were punishable by death. In the Pilgrim colony there were only five capital offences on the statute books; and nobody ever was put to death under more than two of them. So they were not only religiously free, but they constituted the most humane civil organization on earth at that time.

Then there was another peculiarity rarer and more wonderful still. Why had these Pilgrims made this long pilgrimage over the sea? Why had they left the country they loved,—an absence from which they never ceased to mourn? Why did they leave relatives, why did they leave the old homes where they were born, sacred to them by a thousand associations? Why did they leave all with which they were familiar? and at the cost of money, at the cost of health, at the risk of life, why did they come to inhospitable, rock-bound, snow-covered, death-dealing New England? Why did they give up all the things which are most precious to the ordinary man and woman, and pay the price of everything for the bleak shore? They did it for freedom to worship God. They did it for the sake of the spiritual ideal, something utterly intangible, something nobody could grasp with his hand nor see with his eye nor hear with his ear, something that nobody could buy with money, something that to the great majority of people was as nothing,—an idea, a dream, a belief, a hope. *Liberty* to think their own thoughts about God, freedom to think their own thought about humanity, the opportunity to live according to the dictates of their own consciences,—is there anything else like that? Do you know of any other like case in all the world?

It has been said sometimes, in this indiscriminate way that I referred to a moment ago, that the Pilgrims and Puritans came over here to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, and to make everybody else do the same. It might be said with some truth about the Puritans; for the Puritans, in exercising their own liberty, tried to interfere with the liberty of others. But the Pilgrims did not: the Pilgrims came to win freedom and to share it.

These, then, are the wonderful men and the wonderful women to some one of whom I would love to be able to trace my ancestry.

There is another phase of this theme, the Pilgrims. I began by showing that from the dawn of history men by common and natural impulse have been pilgrims. Then I have referred to those connected by sacred associations with this time or that or with places or persons playing an important part in the development of their own national life; and now, at the end, I wish to suggest to you again that, as the world began by going on a pilgrimage and has been continuing it in some fashion ever since, so we are inevitably, by the conditions of our life, pilgrims. If we are worth anything, we are pilgrims, and must make the pilgrim idea our own. This idea is expressed in the familiar stanza of Lowell:—

“New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
 They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth;
 Lo! before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must Pilgrims be,
 Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
 Nor attempt the Future’s portal with the Past’s blood-rusted key.”

Each one of us, then, if he be worth anything, is inevitably a pilgrim. I mean that life is not, and cannot be, a stationary thing. We are pilgrims and strangers on the earth. We seek a country. We are not content with the place where we are, any more than we are content to go back to the place from which we came. We are *en route*, we are on a journey. As a capital illustration of that, I wish you would read Walt Whitman’s “Open Road” and “Passage to India,” in which this idea is grandly set forth. The man who is contented, who has got through, who has achieved,—do you know him? If you do, are you proud of him? Would you like to take his place? Any man who is *through* in an infinite universe must be content with very little. We are

pilgrims and strangers on the earth. We are all on a journey. We have come from somewhere, and we are going nobody knows as yet where; but the important thing is that we be *going*.

This is not only true of the individual life: it is true of society. From the beginning of the world, men have been forever moving, advancing, growing, have been on a pilgrimage. Go back and down to the ooze of the ocean shores. First a little particle of matter that is sensitive; by and by some senses—sight, hearing, the ability to feel—are evolved: there is a nervous system. By and by there is a brain; from muscle to thought; from thought to higher and keener feeling, to a sense of duty; thought and feeling evolve; and conscience, a sense of right and wrong, is born. These by and by climb up still higher, until man recognizes himself as a spiritual being. As Max Müller used to say and as he believed, all men were potentially conscious of the infinite, able to come into personal relations with God.

Is this the goal? There is no goal in the sense of getting anywhere and staying. Think of it in relation to our social evolution. There is a labor problem, a temperance problem, a political problem, an art problem, a musical problem. There is a problem connected with every single department of human life. And are any of these going to be settled for good and all? No. There are no harbors in which people are ever going to anchor and let their ships decay because they are through with them. Every voyage successfully accomplished means simply that you have arrived at one station, and that something new and further awaits.

I have alluded on one or more occasions to a strange episode of the Middle Ages. A great body of children started on a crusade to Jerusalem. Their number increased as they went. They supposed that the Holy City was near at hand; and, when they caught a glimpse

across the plains of the spires of a town, they would cry out, "Is this Jerusalem?" only to find that it was a station, and that Jerusalem was still further ahead. Jerusalem, the heavenly city, not as a location, but as an ideal, is forever to be sought. There is no such thing as finishing in this world. We are on a voyage. If we understand this, we are wise.

It is said that a famous sculptor once told a friend that he was through, that his mind was failing him, that he should never do any more great work. When asked why, he said, I can execute as well as I can think; but he knew that his ideal was not exhausted, his imagination was exhausted,—that is all. So, if we think that we have got through, then our imagination is beginning to fail, we are not getting to the end of infinity.

So let us remember at the last that this is what life means for us: we are on a pilgrimage. We are travelling from the selfish to the unselfish. We are travelling from the material to the spiritual. We are seeking a city. You know how simple this is: there is nothing whatever mystical about it. You know perfectly well, when you stop to think of it, that one great end of life is to develop what we mean when we speak about spiritual things. What do we mean? We do not mean something away off in the other world, something we call mystical. We mean love, we mean justice, sympathy, pity, helpfulness; we mean these mighty invisible spiritual powers that dominate, shape, rule, lift the world,—these things in which is the only hope for any individual, for any race, the only hope for mankind.

There may be, as Tennyson says, "one far-off divine event, To which the whole creation moves"; but nobody has ever seen it. The ideal forever transcends us. When we reach any one point, there is still a beyond. We are like men climbing the foot-hills of some mountain range. We see perhaps only these foot-hills because we are close

at their feet and under their shadow. As we top the first range, we see another range, and still another and another; and no man has ever gained the utmost height.

We are going on a pilgrimage, then; and we are not to think of ever getting through. Instead of being a discouraging thing, this is the most comforting thing in the world. Suppose we *could* get through, suppose we could get the solution of all our problems and attain all the things which we desire, all knowledge, the universe would be done for us, and life henceforth would be "stale, flat, and unprofitable." We should desire then to find out a method of suicide that would make an end to us once and for all. There would be nothing further to live for. It is because we are on a journey that has no end that we can reasonably believe in immortality. It would be utterly unreasonable on any other condition.

Let me close by reading to you what I know I read once before; but it is so grandly expressive of this thought of the perpetual journey, the limitless pilgrimage of life, that I read it again. It is about Columbus.

"Behind him lay the great Azores,
 Behind the Gates of Hercules,
 Before him not the ghost of shores,
 Before him only shoreless seas.
 The good mate said: 'Now must we pray;
 For, lo, the very stars are gone.
 Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?'
 'Why say, Sail on, sail on and on.'

"The men grew mutinous by day;
 The men grew ghastly pale and weak;
 The sad mate thought of home, a spray
 Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
 'What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
 If we sight naught but seas at dawn?'
 'Why you shall say at break of day,
 Sail on, sail on, sail on and on.'

"They sailed, they sailed, as winds might blow,
 Until at last the blanched mate said:
 'Why now not even God would know,
 Should I and all my men fall dead.
 The very winds forget their way,
 For God from these dread seas has gone.
 Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say.'
 He said, 'Sail on, Sail on and on.'

"They sailed, they sailed. Then spoke the mate:
 'This mad sea shows its teeth to-night,
 He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
 With lifted teeth, as if to bite.
 Brave Admiral, say but one good word,
 What shall we do when hope is gone?'
 The words leaped as a flaming sword,—
 'Sail on, sail on, sail on and on.'

Father who hast given us the journey to make, hast
 made us pilgrims with truth, with liberty, with right,
 with beauty, with love, as far-off goal, we thank Thee.
 May we try each day to take some one step, content with
 present attainment, but never content until we have
 found the Perfect! Amen.



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THE CHRISTMAS JOY.

“And the angels said unto them, Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people: for there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is anointed Lord. And this is the sign unto you: Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men of good will.”—LUKE ii. 10-14.

ALL tender, loving, human gods have been born on or about the 25th of December. The reason for this is obvious. This is the darkest time of the northern winter, when there is least of sun, of warmth, of hope.

The sun appears to have travelled on its southern journey until he has reached the last stage of it. Then comes what we call the winter solstice, the time when the sun seems to stand still for a while. Then the day begins to be just a little longer. There is more of light, a little more of warmth. The sun seems to be still feeble.

He is, according to the mythology and the poetry of the antique world, a babe new born. This is the birthday of the sun god. No wonder that in those early ages the sun should have been an object of worship. What did it mean to people? It is hard for us to-day, so changed are the conditions of the world, quite to appreciate what it meant to them. It meant light in darkness, the promise and the coming of light, the conquest of light over the dark, over the night.

They tell us that those who have gone on voyages to the extreme northern altitudes, where night is six

months long, are not so much troubled by the cold as made almost insane by the long reign of the dark. If we could imaginatively picture the conditions of the early world, this would seem true and impressive to us. Go back and down to those early times. No fire, no means of illumination, the people sitting, crouching, in the dark, and afraid of all the powers and the terrors of the dark. What must it have meant to them then, the return of the sun god who seemed for the time to be leaving the world to the desolation of perpetual night!

Then it was the coming of warmth. Try again to picture the condition of early peoples, suffering so intensely as they must have suffered from the cold, thousands dying every winter of the cold, thousands starved every winter of the cold. The coming of warmth again meant to them the promise of a new life.

Still another thing it meant. It meant the coming of the spring, the melting of the snows, the appearance of the grasses, the bursting of buds, the blossoming of flowers, the coming of fruit, of the harvest home, the laying up of stores of food to tide them over the inevitably recurring winter once more.

This day then meant to the early peoples life and warmth, spring, summer, and harvest. No wonder, then, they were glad of the day when the sun god was born.

I have said that nearly all the common, loving, human gods have been born at this time of the year. It is because of this, because we are earth's children to such an extent, because the universe presses upon us, takes us in its arms, folds us, shapes us, both as to thought and feeling and hope,—it is because of this that we are to-day celebrating the birthday of the Nazarene.

Augustine tells us that Christmas was not one of the early, primitive, apostolic festivals. Nobody knew when Jesus was born. We do not know to-day. We are not

even quite sure of the year. We think, after studying matters as carefully as we can, that he was born somewhere during the year 4 B.C., four years earlier than our present method of reckoning the year 1. But what month, what day, we have no means of knowing. When they began to celebrate Christmas, for the first century or two there was divided opinion. Some wanted the day celebrated in January, others said it should be in April, others wanted a day in May. It was not until during the fourth century that the Church agreed upon the 25th of December. They agreed upon the 25th of December under the force and pressure of a tradition so old that no one has been able to trace its origin. This was the sun god's birthday; and in Italy and Rome the day was kept as a memorial of the early and supposed blessed condition of things which existed when the gods were on the earth. This festival was so dear to the hearts of the people that the Church found it impossible to eradicate it; and it did what it has done in so many other cases,—adopted it and rechristened it, making it a day of joy.

The first Christmas, then, the Christmas which is lost in the mists of the early world, the Christmas which prevailed throughout all the northern nations, this Christmas was the celebration, as I said, of the birth of light, of warmth, of life. But since the time of Jesus, since we celebrate it as his birthday, a new note has been added to the angels' song, a new significance has been added to the day. It is no longer a celebration of physical advantages and comforts alone. All these things are spiritualized, etherealized, and touched with a meaning of the divine. It is not only the birthday of light, of the sun, but that other higher, inner light, the light of truth. It is no longer the birthday of warmth, but of that supreme warmth of human love which is more than any physical advantage. It is no longer spring, blossom, fruitage, harvests: it is **spiritual food, it is life, that life**

which Jesus said he came to bring, that "men might have life, and have it more abundantly."

Then several other changes have taken place in the Christmas time, in the Christmas consciousness of the world, since it became associated with the name of Jesus. Men have always, at least so far as we can trace their beliefs, thought of God or some one of the gods as Father. One of the oldest names in religion is "Father in heaven" or the heaven Father. This was the name used by our far-off Aryan ancestors, but Jesus has put a new meaning into the word "Father." There is a new tenderness, a deeper, higher significance about it. He is not only the Father who has given us physical life, who has brought us into being, but he is that other tender, more than human Father; for the Hebrew consciousness in a most wonderful way developed the idea that all these human tendernesses which are so dear to us are only touches of that which is in full in God. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth." "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

So Jesus has taught us to think of the heavenly Father as more tender than any human father can possibly be. Not only has he given a new meaning to the word "Fatherhood," but he has put a sympathy into the meaning of the word "Father" that it did not have before. God is touched with the sense of all our sorrows, feels and sorrows with us. Not only that, but contrary to the idea which many pagan people held of their gods, who thought of them as jealous of human joy, we have to come to think of our heavenly Father as rejoicing with us in our joy, and desiring that we should be happy.

This Christmas message brings to us by the ministry of Jesus another significance. There is a new touch of human sympathy about it, a wider sense of brotherhood. *We are not to think that Christianity proclaimed to the*

world for the first time the Brotherhood of Man. We find it in pagan rituals. Great writers, seers, and prophets in many of the past ages and among many people dimly saw that we are all children of one Father; but Jesus has given us a tenderer conception of this relationship, and we are coming more and more, under the leadership of Jesus, to feel this brotherhood as something inexpressibly beautiful and real, something to be expected, something to be worked for, something to make the world inexpressibly nobler some day.

So Christmas, as seen in the light of the glory of God in the face of Jesus, the Christ, is a different day, a higher day, a nobler day, though it be the same that it was to the early world.

After the festival became well established in the Church during the Middle Ages, it became the most popular of all festivals. They felt the human touch in it, though they did not know its origin. It became at last something that led to license and abuse, and in the sixteenth century, under the Puritan reaction, there was a decided opposition to the day. The Puritans discarded it altogether, as did some of the reformers of the Church. They said it was a pagan festival. They were right. The festival was pagan: the festival to-day as we celebrate it is pagan. But let us not be afraid of the name. What does "pagan" mean? It means human. The noble, eloquent, and wonderful Père Hyacinthe at Geneva last summer said the time was coming when we should not think of one denomination as against another, or of Christian as against pagan, but only of that which is human. So let us frankly confess that this day, Christian as it is, wrapped up with our ideals of Jesus and our love for him, is still pagan; that is, human. These greens with which we decorate our church,—where do they come from? From the old German nature worship. The mistletoe, —*what is its origin?* We borrowed it from the Druids.

The Yule-log and the Christmas fire,—~~what~~ does that mean? Old human sun worship. The ~~exchange~~ of gifts,—whence came that? It is older than Christianity: we find it in pre-Christian Rome. And so every feature of the day, except its peculiar spiritual and religious significance, which has come to us from Jesus, is older than Christianity, and is human. Do I mean by that that it is any less dear or any less divine? No, for men always and everywhere, whether they have known it or not, have been the children of the Father; and their instincts and aspirations and hopes have leaped out towards him as fire, though it knows it not, leaps towards its source, the sun. Pagan or Christian, lovely, blessed, human, divine day still!

As a result, however, of the Puritan reaction, Christmas largely died out in many parts of Christendom. When I was a boy, down in Maine, the only thing I knew of Christmas was that, as we met each other on Christmas morning, we tried to see who should say first, "I wish you a Merry Christmas." I never saw a Christmas tree, and never knew a Christmas present being given or received. I never had one until I was a grown man. Of course, this may not have been true of all parts of the country; but it was largely true where the Puritan influence was most actively felt. If there were any presents to be given at this time of the year, as far as I can remember, they were always New Year's gifts, never Christmas gifts.

I have said that Christmas is a human day. If anything is really human, if it springs out of human instinct, human impulse, the human heart, you may drive it out of the door if you will, but it will come back through the window. So Christmas has come back again, not only as powerful as it was before, but wide-spread and general as perhaps it never was in the history of the world. We *owe in modern* England the revival of Christmas to

Charles Dickens perhaps more than to any other man. But no one man could have created Christmas. All that he did was to touch with his spark the dried tinder of old tradition and impulse; and everything was suddenly in flames. So we have Christmas back again, thank God, with all its beauty and significance.

There are some dangers about it. You know what they are. I am only going to suggest them, not speak of them at length. There is always danger that days like these shall be tainted with that which has so largely tainted the great centres of our modern life: I mean the spirit of commercialism. I suppose there are thousands of people to-day who, when they face Christmas, face it with a sort of dread. They wish there was no such day. It is something which must be endured and gotten through with. They take no special delight in giving gifts. They look over their whole circle of acquaintance, and decide what persons must be remembered, in order that they may keep on good terms with them. And, then,—the pity of it!—the chances are that the giving is conducted by barter, estimating how much must I give to this person to keep him good-natured and how much may I reasonably expect in return,—just as in ordinary barter each person is hoping that he will get the best end of the bargain. This is to degrade, to destroy, all sentiment and all beauty. It is to brush off the bloom, it is to blight the religious impulse and meaning of the day.

I wish you to note now a few principles which are a part of this matter of the Christmas; and remember that they are so imbedded in the heart of it that you can no more evade them than you can evade gravitation. You can bruise yourself against these great divine principles, you can hurt yourself; but you cannot touch or change them. What do I mean? The heart of the day, the heart of the angel song, is peace and happiness and good on earth. To whom? To everybody. That is to every-

body, if they will take them. But the only ones who *can* take them are only men and women of good will. Note that. Heaven itself cannot give you the Christmas joy unless you be men and women of good will. That is the inevitable condition of receiving it. Can God give the delight of the landscape or of the wide night sky of stars to the blind man? Not unless he works a miracle, and removes his blindness; and then he is no longer blind. Can he give the sweetness of music to the deaf? Omnipotent power and omnipotent wisdom are helpless here: you can only give a person that which he can take. You sit down beside an undeveloped Indian on the plain, and try to give him some modern astronomy, try to give him Herbert Spencer's philosophy, try to give him some of the highest conceptions of Christian ethics: can you do it? You can give him only what he has capacity and development to receive,—that is all. There can be no Christmas joy unless there is in us the capacity to be glad, and be glad in the divineness of the day's meaning.

Another point. The essential thing in Christmas is giving. If you think of it, you see how divine is the saying of Jesus, how essentially true it is: It is more blessed to give than to receive. I have spoken of this point before; but it is so important I shall speak of it again, even at the risk of repeating the statement and the illustrations to enforce it. Giving is essential both to being and to having. No thing, no man, *has* or *is*, except as it or he gives. This is eternal, essential, scientific truth. Suppose I had here a few grains of some powerful perfume, how would you know it was perfume? Only if it gave off of its substance so as to touch your senses, reporting itself to you so that you could perceive it. The being, you see, is in the giving. The having is in the giving. If it were capable of self-activity, and should suddenly decide not to give off of its substance *any more*, it would become worthless, it would cease to

be, and you would throw it away. Here is the truth which Jesus had in mind when he spoke of salt. If the salt have lost its savor, it is no longer of value: you cast it out, and it ceases to be. The sun is the sun only because it shines. If it had the power of thought and will, and should decide to withdraw its rays, there would be no more sun. The very essence of its life is in its radiation, in its giving. And so the man who never gives is not a man,—that is all. You say a man has a hundred millions of dollars; but you add, he is close as the bark of a tree, he never gives away anything. How do you know, then, that he has a hundred million dollars? He has not a hundred million dollars. He might as well have pebble stones locked up in his safe, if they are never to be used, if they are doing good to nobody, himself or any one else. I know men of this sort whom I pity from the bottom of my heart,—they are so sadly poor. The essential thing, then, in the Christmas spirit, as it is the essential thing about the Christmas season, is giving, generosity. This is the secret of love. Did you ever stop to think of it? We say God is love. What do we mean by that? We mean that he is pouring himself forth forever in universal and endless self-expression. That is what love means. So you are, and you have only to the extent in which you give.

There is another point about this Christmas joy that we need to take note of. The selfish man—this follows from what I have said inevitably—misses it altogether; and he not only misses that, but he misses all the blessings and all the glory of the world. If a man has only one sense, do you not see how limited he is in his ability not only to act, but to enjoy? Suppose he has the power of vision only, without ability to see or hear or touch or taste or smell, what a limited kind of universe he would live in! So, if a man develops himself only on one side, comes into contact only with one faculty: so to speak,

his world is very small; and he is very poor. He does not know very much about it. If we wish to be rich ourselves, we must widen the whole range of our relationships to the utmost, so as to come in contact with just as many phases of the infinite universe as possible. This is the condition of the Christmas joy.

One other point still. If a man tries selfishly to have everything that he wants, without regard to anybody else, notice one thing: he is narrowed down to the possibilities of success in that one thing. Suppose a man should send a ship across the sea, and should put into it everything he valued, and that ship goes down,—where is he? You remember the story in "The Arabian Nights" of Al Naschar and his basket of eggs. He had all his eggs in one basket; and, when in his dream he overturned that, he had nothing left. If the merchant had divided his wealth among twenty ships, and one had gone down, he would have had nineteen left. If Al Naschar had put his eggs into different baskets and one had been destroyed, he might still have been rich. If we wish to be happy, we are not wise if we concentrate all possibility of happiness merely upon ourselves; for, if anything happens to us, the world is desolate, and everything is shrouded in gloom. That is the trouble with thousands of people. I have met many who seem to have come to the conclusion that the whole universe is a blot, a failure. Why? Because they had set themselves to the accomplishment of one thing; and, when that had failed, there was nothing left for them, and the universe was a blank. If a man has a wife whom he tries to make happy, if he does not succeed in being especially happy himself, he can at least rejoice in her prosperity. If he has a child and his own life seems a failure, perhaps he will succeed in the child's, and so be glad. Just as fast and as far as we widen the range of our sympathies, just so fast *and so far* we multiply the possibilities of the Christmas

joy. If I have some one whom I love more than I love my life, I can bear to be miserable so that this one heart is happy. I have succeeded, even in failure, if she be blessed. Do you not see that this is the secret of the Christmas joy? And this God himself cannot change, and there is no use in praying to him in your despair. You must change yourself, and get into harmony with God's universe; then all will be well.

Now at the end there is one thing that has always seemed strange to me. We are all joyous at Christmas. We are plotting to make somebody else happy. That is what it means. We are planning little surprises that we expect will break out into smiles on the faces of our friends; and we are anticipating it, and glad in the thought. We are unselfish for a little while. We are caring for other people for a little while. It is Christmas; and it is a good, glad day. Now the thing that always astonishes me is that people cannot learn that the same thing that makes Christmas happy will make New Year's Day happy, and the first day of February happy, and all the days of March, and all the other days of the whole year happy. Why not? This means just what I have tried to tell you several times this winter, and that I shall tell you over and over again, that the whole matter is in our own hands. It is not God, it is not the universe, which is to blame. We ourselves can make Christmas all the year round if we will. We ourselves can banish selfishness and hate and grief and all the things that blight and curse the world. They are merely a matter of certain feelings, certain actions of our own, nothing else. Why not try, then, to extend Christmas a little, make it last longer? Let us begin in our own little circle. We may not be able to influence the people that live in the next street or even in the next house; but we can determine what we will do ourselves, and we can talk with those who are intimate with us

and who will listen to what we say, and we can begin to make little places which are the beginnings and types of what we dream of as heaven.

Why not begin to-day? We can do it. And, if we do not do it, then let us not dare to bring a charge against the universe for that whose cure is within our own power. And, as we do thus add a little to the quantity of human love, of human sympathy, of human helpfulness, as we try to make these blossoms grow, as we try to help on the fruitage which shall follow the blossoms, we may anticipate the day that shall surely come if we really want it to, and if we work for it.

'Twas but far off, in vision,
 The fathers' eyes could see
 The glory of the kingdom,—
 The better time to be.
 To-day we see fulfilling
 The dreams they dreamt of old;
 While nearer, ever nearer,
 Rolls on the age of gold.

Where once were walled divisions
 Built up of form and creed,
 Lo! now spring fragrant flowers
 Of loving thought and deed;
 While through all hearts is running
 The grand electric thrill
 Of faith that man's salvation
 Is doing God's good will.

With trust in God's free spirit,—
 The ever-broadening ray
 Of truth that shines to guide us
 Along our forward way, —
 Let us to-day be faithful
 As were the brave of old,
 Till we, their work completing,
 Bring in the age of gold!

Dear Father, we are glad and grateful for every throb of the Christmas joy that is in our hearts to-day. We are glad that we can make this joy more; that we are privileged like Thee, to give ourselves, and so help the beauty and the happiness of the world. May all see deep down into the heart of things, and know that, with Thee co-operating, we can bring in the time when the peace and joy and blessedness of God shall be universal! Amen.

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WHAT WOULD I LIKE TO DO IN THE COMING YEAR?

"And there come near unto him James and John, the sons of Zebedee, saying unto him, Teacher, we would that thou shouldest do for us whatsoever we shall ask of thee."—MARK x. 35.

WHEN we are making our new year's resolutions, we frequently forget one very important fact. This fact brings a large part of our good intentions to a futile conclusion. We mean well, as we think about it, and as we look forward to the coming days; but we forget that we have a past, that it is a past of which we cannot rid ourselves, and that that past has determined very largely our capacity for the coming year. Our capacity? Yes. But not that alone. It has determined our will. Some one has said that the fact that you can do as you will proves the old doctrine of the will's freedom; and in response to that some one asked the further question, "Yes, but can you *will* as you will?" Can you will always as in your better moments you think you ought to will? We are very much in the position of a sculptor who should have begun the work upon his marble with one idea in his mind, and, after having half shaped it, should determine to do something else. He is not free. He may have a very fine ideal; but he has determined by the capacities of his material, and is limited thereafter by that. An artist who has begun to paint a picture has no longer a clear, free canvas. We are very much like a poorly educated and ill-trained carpenter. We have been at work, some of us, for several years building, for better or worse, the house of our being.

the house in which we have to live, and in which we must keep on living until we can do something better. If we have done it poorly, made mistakes here and there, we are not in the position of one who has fresh material and free ground on which to begin all over again. We must remake the work which has been badly botched; and you know that that does not often result in a satisfactory job. But there is where we are at the beginning of another year.

However much our habits, our past thought, our past feelings, our past endeavors, may have shaped and determined us, within certain limits at any rate, we are conscious that we are free. We can do something: we can make an effort. We can retrain our minds and our hands and our hearts; and we can gain a glimpse of some fine ideal, and reach out towards it, work for it. And, if we do not make much progress, we can at least keep on; and we may comfort ourselves with the thought that, even though we are growing old, we probably have plenty of time and plenty of opportunity. That is my belief. That is a point, however, on which I shall touch a little later.

As we stand here on the threshold of another year, what would we like to do if we could? There are two or three passing matters upon which I should like to touch very briefly before I go to that to which I shall give the chief part of my attention.

Of course, we would like health if we could get it, particularly those of us who have suffered more or less from the partial loss of it. We would like money,—at least some money, money enough to release us, to set us free. I was struck this morning, as I glanced for a few moments over the paper, with the remark of General Bingham, our newly appointed police commissioner. He referred to the fact that he was an army officer, retired on half-pay, and said with a good deal of earnestness and

a touch of humor, "I am not rich; but I have at least an assured income, and I can afford to be honest." And then he went on to say, half earnestly and half humorously, that there were a good many people who could not afford to be honest,—at any rate, they thought they could not. At any rate, the alternative of being honest weighed more in the practical scales of life than the honesty did. I remember Robert Louis Stevenson on a certain occasion, when some one asked what he would wish for if he could have his desire, said, as I have, first health, next money enough,—I have forgotten just the amount, perhaps fifteen hundred a year (of course he meant pounds),—money enough so that he was sure of being free from an overburden of want or care; then, thirdly, friends. Health, a little money, friends,—those three made up to him the great things of life. So beyond health and money, if we could have our way in the coming year, we would have friends; and we would keep them. We would avoid, if we might, the constant fear of the loss of them. I shall touch upon that in a moment.

Then there is another thing we need,—a little variety in our lives, if we can get it. It is not missing in the lives of most of the prosperous people in the city, however. We would love a little travel, ability to see other fair things in the world besides those with which we have grown familiar. Beyond this there are a hundred things, of course, that we would do and attain if we might. I cannot interpret your heart. You are dreaming of what you desire to have, if you could have your way. I know one thing in all the world I would have if I could have my way.

But leave these one side, and come now to certain great practical thoughts which I should like for a little while to press upon your attention. What would I like to do in the coming year? I am trying to forget

myself now. What would I like to do for others, for the world?

First, I would like people to find and care for truth. By truth, as I refer to it now, I do not mean astronomical truth or chemical truth or those truths which deal with speculative matters. I refer to that kind of truth which touches and deals with human life. To put it in another way, I would like during the coming year—and I would like to have you join me in it—to do all I can to help people find out the way to live; for—I need only state it for the fact to be apparent—that is the most important thing in all the world. And yet thousands of people misapprehend the matter so completely that they are not looking for this kind of truth, they are not caring much about it.

Let me indicate one or two reasons. I suppose the great majority of people in this world think they have the truth already; and the more ignorant they are, and the more superstitious, the surer they are in their own mind. They think that all the truth necessary to life has been in some way supernaturally revealed, and they have it in a book somewhere, or in a creed, or the minister can tell them about it if they have it not. It is deposited in a particular church. If the question is ever raised as to whether or not they have it, there is another thing that stands in the way of their looking; and that is fear. They do not dare to doubt, they do not dare to question. Do you think this has gone by? I was talking only last evening with a gentleman and his wife, and they referred to a well-known man living in the city, and asked me about his religious beliefs; and, when I told them, it was perfectly apparent in their faces that they thought it was something dreadful. It was a mere matter of intellectual belief; but I know that the lady, at any rate, would have been afraid to ask questions or to doubt. I was trained all my boyhood into the idea that it was wicked to have

any question,—it was all settled, definitely settled. So you find that the great majority of people in the world are not seriously and earnestly and hopefully seeking for the truth as to how they ought to live.

Take another indication of the popular state of mind. It is one of the fashionable things to say at present that doctrinal preaching is out of date, and nobody wants to hear doctrinal preaching any more. Dogma is an offence to people, or they think it is. What does it mean? It means nothing more nor less than that people are outgrowing certain doctrines that have dominated the past; and they think they are outgrowing all doctrines. Consider for a moment. If you are to seek for the truth, and care for it as important, you will be in the presence of doctrine and dogma before you know it; for the statement of a truth about anything is a doctrine, and, if you state it absolutely as settled beyond question, it is a dogma. We may talk about practical religion, we may talk about practical living in any direction, just as much as we please; but we cannot possibly escape doctrine, theory, the utmost importance of clearly perceived and clearly stated truth. Go over into New Jersey, and visit Thomas Edison. He is experimenting, feeling out in this direction and that all the time. What is he trying to do? Trying to find great practical facts, truths, principles. How does he do it? He is theorizing all the time, dealing every day and night with doctrine. He starts out on a theory, and tests it to see if it is true. If he finds it is not, he starts with another theory in another direction; and sometimes, I suppose, he makes a hundred and more attempts before he finds the reality he is in search of.

Consider the case of a farmer. He is a practical farmer, we say,—he never thinks anything about theory as to the nature of soils, peculiarity of seed, dressing and nourishing the soil. He simply goes on in a haphazard sort of fashion year after year, plants where his father planted or

where he sees his neighbor plants. He manages to get along, and keep from starving; but even he has something to do with theory. He is working on somebody's theory. Somebody's father or grandfather or somebody did some thinking, tried to find out certain truths; and he is clumsily and in a bungling fashion following after these theorists. You cannot possibly escape theory in any department of life.

Consider the case of an architect who is putting up one of our sky-scrapers, twenty or thirty stories in the air. In every single point from the time he begins his design until he reaches the conclusion of his work, he is dealing with a theory, a doctrine, a special, peculiar method; and, if he fails to have his doctrine true in any particular, then the structure will be down about his ears. It is not because doctrine is outgrown that people talk against it at the present time. It is because certain kinds of doctrines have been outgrown; but there never was such a necessity for studying and finding the truth.

Look over the history of the world. See people in theology and religion, in science, in art, in literature, in government, in sociology, everywhere, aimlessly wandering, following inherited notions, impulse, prejudice. Why? Because they have not appreciated the importance of seeking for and finding the real truth in all these departments of life. The truth is God's way. It is the only divine way; and the world has wandered in all departments of life, and failed and has come to little because people have paid so little attention to the truth. Not less doctrine, *more* doctrine; not less truth, *more* truth. Only we want doctrine which copies the pattern in the skies. We want doctrine which can be verified as true.

I would like then, so far as I am able in the coming year, to rouse people to the importance of seeking after *and finding* God's truth in the matter of human living,

in relation to the individual and to society; for this is the only way by which the evils of the world are to be sloughed off, and left behind.

There is one other thing I would like to do, so far as possible, in the coming year. I have intimated one phase of it already. I would like to help people to get rid of fear. I would like to help lift off the world the cloud, the depression, the burden of fear, and help them walk in the light, in God's sunshine. As illustrating my point, let me touch on one or two phases of this matter. If you should go down to the beginning of the early world, you would find the great masses of people living under a constant and oppressive cloud of fear. They were afraid of the gods. We have it on record, for example, that a certain tribe had come to believe in a god as good and loving and kind; and they did not worship him. And, when asked about it, they said, "Why, he does not need to be worshipped; he is good and kind anyway." Worship to them meant buying off the possible ill will of the Invisible. The great body of people in this country to-day are bowing down under this fear. I was reading only the other day of young people, not away West or South, but somewhere close in our neighborhood, made almost frantic at a revival, frightened at the thought of God. I do not wonder. If you reconstruct the image of God as he is written out in almost any of the printed creeds, he *is* somebody to be afraid of. If I believe that; if I believe that God is an Almighty Selfishness, an Almighty Jealousy, one who does not like to see me happy, who is angry if I forget what day of the week it is; if he is watching everything I do, with a sort of antipathy and antagonism; if I believe that he is capable of taking one of his own little children, and using him through an eternity of torture as an illustration of one of his attributes,—and this is what the creeds say he is going to do,—if I believe this, why should not I be afraid of him? And this

is why we need to preach and proclaim over and over again, all over the world, the truth in regard to the loving Father in heaven, to deliver people from the burden of fear, that they may come out into the sunlight of trust, and look up with peace.

There is another thing we are afraid of. We are afraid of growing old. That psalm which I read had one verse that closes like this: "We bring our years to a close as a sigh." We begin life with a cry, we end it with a sigh. Here notice that theory comes in again,—doctrine: we cannot escape it. If you believe that, as you grow older, you are getting towards the end, that there is nothing beyond, why should you not be afraid of it? I should. If you have to say, as the sun goes down of a certain night, How wonderful and beautiful that is, how glorious is the light in the clouds, fine are the stars that come out of the blue, but perhaps this is the last time that I shall see it, I may never see another morning, another sunrise; if, when you shake hands with a friend, you are obliged to keep thinking, I may never clasp that hand again,—why should you not be afraid? These things do come as we grow older. People have told me within a short time that the number of their friends in the invisible was more than those that are here. The company we walk in thins out as the years go by. Now, if you believe that, when you get through here, there is nothing else, why should not you be afraid of growing old? People are saying to me constantly, "I dread to grow old, I hate old age." When I preached on "How to grow Old" in Boston, one of my noblest parishioners came to me, and said, "I wish you would tell me how not to grow old." That is the lesson we should like to learn. What do you think about this matter? It is important for your happiness that you have a theory, a clear-cut doctrine, as to what growing old means. If it means the decay of our faculties, the running down of the machinery and the

end, then the only philosophy in life that is consistent is pessimism. Why does God, or, if there is no God, why does the Power that did it, bring me here, let me fall in love with the earth, the beautiful sky, running brooks, the bird-songs, the friends, and dearer ones than friends, and then gradually take them away from me, while I sit helpless, and see one after another of the things I care for disappear? It seems to me cruel—if anybody did it on purpose. And so people are afraid of growing old.

Then they are afraid, of course, of dying. I wish I could remove that fear. They are afraid of the possible pain in the process of dying; they are afraid of the grave; they are afraid of the something that may happen after death. Paul said, crying out like a victor, "To die is gain." He said, "If this tabernacle that we inhabit now were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal." Paul lived on a doctrine and theory, what he believed to be a divine truth. I believe, friends, that the most important thing in all this world as a question for us to settle—if it is capable of settlement—for the sake of the world is this one, as to whether death is the end or not. It makes all the difference in the world as to the meaning of life, as to whether we are going to be free from fear. If growing old is simply ending one stage of the journey, and we keep right on, there is nothing to worry about. If we lose a friend, we do not lose him: he simply precedes us for a little while; we shall find him again. You see what your theory about this makes all the difference in the world as to how you are going to live and whether you are going to be happy and comfortable in your mind or not. I must not stop longer on this, but must pass on to another matter.

I would like during the coming year to do what I can to help people to rightly estimate comparative values. This will lead me to run back over what I have already

been saying. And here, again, you come first and foremost in contact with doctrine and theory. What are you, and what is life for? If you are an animal, and that is all there is to it,—and it is really very important to have a definite and distinct notion on this subject,—why, then, to get what animal comforts you can as you go along, and keep death out of sight (if possible), that is the important thing for you to do,—to enjoy day by day, and forget. That is the proper thing to do, if you want to live an animal life. But suppose you are a soul, only wearing a body for a time as you wear a suit of clothes, to be changed by and by for another suit. Suppose that is true, what, then? It seems to me of the utmost practical importance that we should find out, if possible, which of these theories is true; that is, we should have a clear-cut and right doctrine concerning the nature and meaning of life. If you are a soul, then what? You will appreciate money; but you will not esteem it so highly that you will be willing to pay your honesty for it, as so many people lately have been doing. You will appreciate public position and reputation; but you will estimate them at a subordinate value. The house you live in, the street on which you reside, whether you are sick or well, whether you gain all the things you desire or do not, whether you are unfortunate, whether you are disappointed,—these things are of relative importance only. But here is the point. If you are a soul, and the object of life is, as it must be in that case, to culture and develop that soul, then all these things become of minor consequence; and the thing for you to do with them is just this: you are to practise a sort of divine alchemy. If you are sick, you ought to make that experience serve the development of your real nature; if you are well, you ought to make that fact serve in the development of your soul; if you have money, you are to use that money so that at the end of the year you will be a better

man, and not a poorer one. If you have no money, if you are poor, you will not let that constitute a temptation to get something dishonestly. You will make the suffering serve you: you will make the deprivation your servant and helper. There is the supreme fact of life. We are endowed with such a capacity that there is nothing in this universe that can really hurt us, ultimately or finally, except ourselves. We are able to make every fact, every experience, turn into tenderness and love, and sweetness and goodness, and power to serve our fellows.

So the great thing for you to do in the coming year is to learn the relative values of things; and, as preceding that, think, until you have made up your mind definitely, what kind of a being you are and whether you are going to keep on or not after you enter the shadow. What you think about that makes all the difference in the world as to how you are going to live. When a man comes to the end, you know as well as I that, as you stand beside his casket or his grave or his monument, and think about it,—you know that the one important thing in your mind is what kind of a man he made of himself in the course of his years. What did he do with his time, into what did he transmute it? You can stand beside a man worth a hundred millions, and feel full of pity or contempt; and you can stand beside a man who is poor, and feel lofty and thrilled by the wonder of his character. Was he sick, was he well, where did he live, how did he live, how much did he know, how much did he enjoy? All these things were important to him for the time; but now, when the new years are all ended, and we are standing at the close, the only thing of any importance is, What did he become? If there is no future for him, why, this all might be modified, so that theory is here of some importance; but, if there is something for him to live for, something

to reach out after, something to attain, then in this alone is success. Did he succeed or did he fail? Interpret that question rightly, and it means what kind of a man he was and what he became.

So, at the end, I would make a suggestion which, if I had time to work it out, I could make you see includes everything I have been saying. I would, if I could, during the coming year have all of you become more religious, care more for religion, appreciate more what religion means. What does it mean? None of the externals. They are naturally a part of it; but they are not the essence. It means care for truth; it means the upward look of reverence and worship and aspiration; it means the pursuit of the ideal, the caring for things that are above us; it means love; it means sympathy; it means help. And the man is religious and lives a religious life who appreciates these things, and devotes himself to them.

If you do this, then all the things that I have spoken of are covered and included in the kind of life you will lead. You will find the truth; you will be delivered from fear; you will understand the relative values of the different things that you can care for and pursue; and you will understand the aim and end and meaning of human life. And then you will inevitably have what I wish for you with all my heart, if not a happy, at any rate a blessed new year.

Father, we are glad that we have learned that Thou art a father; we are glad that we can trust Thy love. We stand on the threshold of another year. In a few hours our feet will cross, and enter the unknown. We go without any fear; for we shall find Thee there, and we shall find all that have ever lived there. We shall find an opportunity to serve, a field in which to live out all that is noblest and best in us; and this is all that we *can desire*. Amen.

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BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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EDWARD A. HORTON.

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"Be pitiful."—I PETER iii. 8.

THIS is Communion Sunday; and the Jesus whose memory we refresh ourselves by recalling was distinguished, perhaps almost more than for anything else, by the compassion, the tenderness, the pity, of his nature. There are critics who tell us that this was subordinating other qualities, that he makes by them the impression of weakness. But, surely, he who faced the mob, who carried his cross out to the hill beyond the city, who hung upon it for hours with patience, and who in the midst of his pain prayed that his enemies who had hung him there might be forgiven because they did not understand what they were doing,—surely, he who could do this was not lacking in strength.

This is also the Sunday when we are to take up our collection for the benefit of the hospitals; and the hospitals are only human pity translated into brick and timber and stone and surgical appliances and nurses and loving care. Because of these two facts I have chosen this theme.

Pity is the sweetest, tenderest, most fragrant flower that has blossomed on the tree of human life. It is late, however, in its development; for in the early conditions of the world there is no possibility of its unfolding. It roots itself in the threefold nature of man,—in his physical being, in his moral nature, and in his intellectual power. Before pity can exist, there must be feeling and suffering, and consciousness of that suf-

fering. In order that feeling may exist, there must be the development of the appropriate nervous system; and this is slow in its unfolding. Every one who has given any attention to the matter knows that there are some of the lower forms of life which apparently have almost no feeling at all. You can cut them in two, you can tear them limb from limb; it does not destroy them. They proceed at once to reconstruct the parts which have been destroyed, and go about their way as though nothing of any special importance had happened. I suppose we have a right, while not at all abridging our care, to comfort ourselves within certain limits by the thought that the lower forms of animal life, and even the higher forms, are not capable of the kind and degree of suffering with which we ourselves are familiar. I suppose also that some of the lower types of humanity are less sensitive than we are physically, less capable of feeling pain. They tell wonderful stories of the ability of some tribes of North American Indians to endure pain, that which it seems would be utterly impossible in our own race. They submit to torture without a movement of the face, without a groan. A large part of this perhaps is to be attributed to self-control. A certain amount of it, however, is owing perhaps to a lower type of sensibility than we possess. They may not be capable of suffering as much as we suffer. This, of course, may appear to us, who read about such instances, as wonderful self-control. Perhaps we have a right to subtract a little from our estimate of the cruelty of those who inflict these tortures. If the person who submits to them and the person who inflicts them are both physically less capable of suffering than we, if they have less imaginative conception of suffering than we, then the cruelty is apparently lessened, to a certain extent at any rate. There *needs, then, a highly developed and sensitive nervous*

system before there can be suffering; and suffering must exist before pity can come into play.

Not only is it true, as I have said, that pity roots itself in our emotional nature: before pity can exist, there must be at least a beginning of unselfishness. There must be somebody you care for beyond the limits of your own personality before you can be troubled or moved by the suffering of this other person.

Pity, as I said, has also its root in the intellectual life. What do I mean here? I mean something very important. I mean something that is taken very little account of, something which most people rarely think of as having anything, or very little, to do with this subject. I mean the culture and development of the imagination. You must be able to put yourself in the place of the other person. You must be able to picture, to imagine, that person's sensitiveness to the suffering which he endures. You must imagine; then you can feel through the power of the imagination; and then pity with its highest and finest development can come into play.

I suppose, if we go back to the beginning of human life, we shall find not only this lower sensitiveness, but we shall find what seems to us to-day an exaggerated selfishness. People apparently care only for themselves or those that they think of as a sort of extension of themselves. Let us trace, then, for a moment the steps by which this possibility of human pity, human sympathy, human care, extends itself. Take a man who has a low type of nervous system, with little unselfishness and with a small power of imagination. He cares, we say, only for himself and to avoid personal suffering. But by and by he begins to love some one. A woman becomes dearer to him than his own life. It is startling and strange to me to note that unselfishness does not *so much* appear to be the opposite of selfishness as it

is itself a product of it, a natural outgrowth. The man loves this woman. He loves her more than he loves his life. He is selfish in that love, we say; but that selfishness suddenly, by some process, becomes transformed into unselfishness, and he is willing to suffer for her sake, ready to suffer, glad to suffer. He finds joy in suffering because it proves his love. A child is born. Both of them love the child. It partakes of the nature of each; and they both are devoted to it. It is easy to pity the child; and now the selfishness has become so attenuated that it seems as though it hardly existed at all. They are purely unselfish in their devotion to the child.

A patriarchal family is only an enlargement of this idea which I have just expressed: they are all akin. They have all descended from a common ancestry, or suppose they have done so; they are of one family, of one blood. By and by the family expands to the tribe. The fact, or the fiction, of kinship still exists. At any rate, whether fact or fiction, it is mighty enough to attain its end. There is a sense of feeling the common life, of sympathy, pity, care, for the members of the tribe. By and by the tribe becomes the city. In the case of ancient Athens the Athenians felt bound to recognize the rights of every other Athenian. They felt the suffering only of some other Athenian. Sympathy hardly extended farther. The power of imagination did not take account of anybody beyond the limits of the city. By and by the city extends; and you have the country, the nation, with many cities and many villages, people scattered in little groups or singly over a wide extent of territory: People are no longer of one blood, in the ordinary sense of the word. The country is made up of many nationalities, as here in the *United States*, where there are people from every land beneath *the skies*. But they are all American; and our sym-

pathy includes them only as Americans. We care for them only as Americans. We are touched by what troubles them as they travel around the world, because they are American citizens; and so we are patriotic.

There are two other steps. The first is for us to extend our sympathy, our feeling, our power to pity and to care, until all humanity is included. This is not entirely a modern idea. Traces of it are found in India, in Greece, in Rome, in many different parts of the world and many hundreds of years ago. But they were only glimpses, hints, suggestions. This power of sympathy and pity is beginning to be a mighty power, although as yet it is limited in its range. Our hearts thrill at the words of that old Roman who said, "I am a man; and whatever is human is not foreign to me." And they thrill again when Thomas Paine says, "The world is my country; and to do good is my religion." But in how many cases is this true? These are promises, suggestions, premonitions. They are rays of light on the horizon, promising the dawn; but the dawn is not here yet in its fulness, much less the noonday. We find it very difficult indeed to care, in any true and real sense, for people beyond the limits of our own country.

There is still another step, which, when it is taken, includes in the range of our sympathy and our power of pity anything and everything that lives, whatever has the power to feel, to enjoy, to suffer. There are many fine, noble examples of manhood and womanhood who have developed this high, godlike capacity.

I wish now to call your attention to some of the inevitable natural barriers that keep people apart, and so make it intensely difficult for them to sympathize with each other, to pity each other, to love each other, to care for each other.

First there is the difference of race. I spoke of the tribe and its expansion into the nation. Here are

these different races all over the world, so utterly unlike,—the French, the German, the Italian, the Indian, the Chinese, the Japanese,—so utterly unlike. In past days it has proved very difficult, in most cases practically impossible, for sympathy to penetrate this unlikeness. People have not had the imaginative power to think of those who are unlike themselves as only *other selves*, feeling as they do, capable of suffering as they suffer, of enjoying as they enjoy, of having rights like their own. If we were to trace the growth of humanity, we should find that there was a very natural cause for this. In the early stages of human history, these different tribes and nations were rivals for the conditions of life. They did not appreciate that it was possible by co-operation to produce more than enough for all. If one tribe had water from a well or spring, the other must go without it. There was a natural antagonism caused by fighting for the means of life. We are not beyond the results of that yet. Every philosopher who sits down and studies these things knows perfectly well that each nation in the world is better off in the prosperity of all the rest. But practical people have not learned that. They imagine that the calamity of some other people may be of benefit to them. They cannot reconcile the idea that there is room enough in the world, ability, resources enough for all, and that they can help each other by co-operation. So this race barrier stands in the way.

Then there is that other most exasperating barrier, the difference of speech. People find it so difficult to imagine that those who cannot make themselves understood are duplicates in any sense of themselves. You go to a foreign country; and you do not know what other persons are thinking or feeling or caring about, because you cannot understand them. When you try to speak *together*, they cannot understand what you are saying

and you cannot understand them. This is a barrier which it is very difficult to overleap; and it keeps people from sympathy with each other.

Then there is another, deeper and higher than either of those, one that you would suppose ought to link people together; and that is religion. There is no such bitterness on earth as the bitterness caused by the difference in religious faith. There is no such hatred as religious hatred. There have been no such bitter wars as religious wars. There have been no such relentless persecutions as religious persecutions. I do not say this to excuse them; but we must know the facts, in order to understand the condition. Let us remember that in many cases the gods of the tribes and the nations were deified ancestors of those tribes and nations; and they supposed that those mighty powers of the invisible world were jealous of each other, antagonistic, hating each other, warring against each other. They transferred to the invisible skies the conditions that existed here on earth. It seems at first very strange that religion, which should teach love, which promises peace, which talks about good will, should at the same time exist in the hearts of its followers with an implacable hatred which makes sympathy, co-operation, pity, practically impossible. The old inquisitors who stayed in the torture chambers while rack and thumb-screw did their work, till bodies were disjointed and lacerated and tormented in every conceivable way,—how could they think that they were serving a loving Father in heaven, as they claimed to be? These religious barriers have been very difficult for us to overcome. It seems very strange, but, if a man does not agree with you, if you start an argument with him, the chances are that you lose respect for him intellectually, or that you get angry with him, and in some way you get out of sympathy with him, and think that he is morally perverse. It is

so difficult for us to understand that people can have their own ideas, their own feelings and ways of looking at things, and yet be just as wise and just as good as we are. This is one of the last results of culture and human development.

There is another thing that stands in the way of pity; and that is caste. I use the word "caste" because it is clearly understood as thus applied to the life in India; but I use it in a broader sense, as indicating what exists here just as well as there,—differences of class, differences of occupation, differences of degrees of culture, differences in refinement of manners, no matter what they may be, which separate people into classes. These make it exceedingly difficult for real sympathy, pity, care, to come into play. You will find, for example, an empress of Russia, infamous in her life, famous for her power, seeming to take delight in abusing her servants, lashing them, maltreating them, if they disregard her lightest whim or if they displease her in any intentional or unintentional way, seeming to take perfect delight in watching them suffer, even to the extremity of death. Or take the case of some of the nobility of France before the Revolution. A private letter sends more than one person to the Bastille, there to suffer week after week, month after month, year after year, until forgotten, until the keepers do not know why they were put there or whether they are ever to be released or not; and the nobleman who has sent them there to be tortured may go on with his gay life, utterly indifferent to the fate that his word has imposed on sensitive souls. You can multiply cases like this; for they have been true in all ages and all over the world.

But there is hope,—as we look about us, as we study the beginning of finer growths in the past and see what they are coming to to-day,—there is hope that a nobler *condition of things* is to come by and by,—hope enough

to stimulate us to new and fresh endeavor. The battlefields of the world contain some of the finest indications of this new hope. It used to be, as you know, merciless slaughter, enemies destroyed with a sort of riotous personal delight on the part of those who were drunken with rage in the fury of battle. But that is almost entirely done away with. You only need to read the story of Florence Nightingale to know that the angel of pity hovers over every battlefield, and that human ingenuity devotes all its ability to devising appliances for lessening the amount of human pain. Read the story of the Sanitary Commission and the care of the sick during our war, and in the hospitals; and remember how the hearts of all the people North and South beat with indignation when those conditions of kindness and care were forgotten. Read the story of Walt Whitman giving himself month after month, year after year, to watching over those lying suffering, waiting for the end; how he studied their wishes, listened to their story, wrote the letters that they desired to send to mother or father, to brother or sweetheart or friend; how he found out what little delicacies they might desire, and devoted himself to assuaging their sorrows. Read the story of Lincoln, and remember how some of his generals accused him of interfering with the course of justice and discipline, because he was weak-hearted or over-tender, as they said. Remember how he used to say that he could sleep so much more sweetly if he felt that he had made some poor soul happier, taken the burden or cross from some mother's heart. One of the sweetest things, I think, in human speech is that saying of his towards the last of his life, when he said to his friend Speed, "Die when I may, let this be said of me by those who knew me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower when I thought a flower would grow." That is an indication of what is possible

in the highest and finest regions of human life. Then read the story of the reformers of the prison system of the world. I would not if I could, unless I could accomplish some great end by doing it, picture to you the condition of the prisons in the Middle Ages, or even a hundred years ago. John Howard made himself famous all over the world by travelling from country to country, and devoting himself to prison reform; and our saint (one of our saints), Dorothea Dix, illustrated the same principle in another direction, when she gave her life to ameliorating the condition of the insane. The story of what those helpless people have suffered would be enough almost to render us insane, could we thoroughly, imaginatively conceive it, and feel it in all its reality of horror.

And, then, that which ought to be fresh in our minds to-day, the development of hospitals all over the world, the discovery of anæsthetics, the devotion of surgeons, the discovery of ways by which pain may be minimized, the blanched faces of the sick made to smile, in place of the anguish which would naturally be written there. These hospitals which exist in every civilized land to-day are the finest illustration of the highest civilization of the world. Hundreds and thousands of people here in the city of New York are cared for in them, no matter of what race or color, whether rich or poor, the only question being as to their need.

One more point I wish to speak of in passing. There is a certain class of scientists who claim to be believers in Darwinism, the law of the survival of the fittest and the destruction of the unfit, who tell us that the world is all wrong in this excessive development of pity and care. They say the world would be better off if we did as they used to do in the old times, expose to death every case of diseased children as soon as they are born, and let them perish. They say the world would be

better off if we did not keep the incompetent and the incapable and the diseased and the morally unfit, and the drunkard and the insane. It would be a beautiful world, I suppose, if there were not in it the need of prisons or hospitals or insane asylums or any charities, because all the people were healthy and strong, and competent and able to take care of themselves. It would be a fine world if we could attain that condition; but I have serious question as to whether it would be so fine a world if we reached this by wholesale slaughter, if we should demand systematic and scientific murder of the sick, and should leave alive only those who were strong and well. They tell us that public life is weaker, that nations are not so strong as they would be; but I believe that precisely the contrary is true. Those nations to-day where there is the most of this tender care, the most sympathy, pity, love, where the incompetent and the poor and the weak are best cared for, are the mightiest in battle, if it comes to war, mightiest in finance, mightiest in manufacture, mightiest in all that goes to make up a strong dominating national life. And the reason is not far to seek. The development of all these fine, sweet, tender qualities makes the nation more beloved, makes its citizens cling to it with an extraordinary devotion.

There have been hints in far-off times of the finer time that is coming. Six hundred years before the appearance of Jesus, the Prince of Peace as we call him, was born in India Gautama, the Buddha, the prince who left his throne on earth, his high estate, everything that selfish people care for, and went out with his robe and a bowl in his hand, to find out whether, if possible, he might deliver the world from its sorrows. Then six hundred years later Jesus, whose conspicuous quality was pity, was born. That pity he showed not to his own people alone, but a pity for the Samaritan; a pity not only

for his own social class, but a pity for the outcast, a pity for the publican, a pity for the woman who was a sinner, a pity for all the world.

What shall *we* do then? Can we do something to develop this quality of pity a little faster, make it a mightier power in the growth of the world? We can learn to think a little more. On a certain occasion Dr. Johnson was talking with his friend Mrs. Thrale, when she excused herself for something by saying, "Doctor, I did not think." He replied, "Madam, you have no business not to think." We have no business not to think. Let us think. And let us cultivate unselfishness. Let us try to remember that every person, whoever he may be, an African, an Asiatic, a Frenchman, no matter what, can feel, can suffer; that his happiness is just as important to God and the universe as ours, and that we have no business to disregard that primal, fundamental fact. We can live in the shadow of the great masters of pity, like the Buddha and the Christ; we can learn to admire those who have given themselves to the relief of human suffering; we can train our imagination as we sit by our firesides, and picture to ourselves what it is to have no fireside, to be cold, to be walking in the street, hungry and not properly clothed. Picture, you delicate and dainty ladies, the condition of the mother shrinking and huddled over a few coals that keep her from freezing, and giving her clothing, such as she has, to her babe, to protect its life. Picture to yourselves people in all sorts of conditions which are uncomfortable, which you would not like to feel, until that great compassion, the love of God, stirs in your hearts; and you find it impossible henceforth not to care, impossible henceforth to live purely selfish lives, impossible henceforth to spend all your money and your thought and your time on your own indulgences. And *then*, when that time comes, you will find yourselves

co-operating with those who are trying to make the world a sweeter, a fairer place to live in. The day will come when the ancient dream shall come to pass,—when God shall wipe away all tears from all eyes. That was said in Egypt ages before the same saying crept into our Bible. It is a dream that was in the hearts of the sweet and noble ones of old, which led the seer to say, “There shall be no more pain, neither sorrow nor crying; for the former things are passed away.”

Father, we thank Thee that the divine touch is in us; that we can feel a little; that we can imagine in part; that we can learn to care. May the love that is in Thy heart be in ours until the sunshine that melts away all the cold shall bring in all that is sweet and fair. Amen.

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I. THE WONDER OF THE WORLD

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THE WONDER OF THE WORLD.

"Such knowledge is too wonderful for me."—PSALM cxxxix. 6.

LAST year I preached a series of sermons on "Life's Dark Problems." It has seemed to me that it might be well for me to turn the matter completely round, and consider it from the opposite point of view. So this morning I begin a series which might be called "Life's Pleasant Places," but which on the printed announcement is entitled "Things Worth Living for." The special subject this morning is "The Wonder of the World."

There are two ways of looking at the universe and human life. There are philosophers, scientists, men of business, who believe that there is nothing permanent. They look upon the universe, and on men as part of it, as being a sort of dream of some unknown power. They think that

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made of; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

They think that the cities and the mountains and all the wonderful things which we behold are by and by to pass away, like the baseless fabric of a vision, and "leave not a rack behind." And there are those who say that we are the product of some unconscious power, the result of the working of laws and forces, or forces in accordance with laws, that do not think and do not feel and do not care; that this life is a hideous mockery, and the only logical outcome is suicide.

As much as I should dislike to believe this theory, I *cannot* accept the conclusion that has been referred to

as logical or necessary. I for one, no matter what the outcome is to be, am glad that at this moment I can feel and see, and look and hear and wonder. I am glad that, if the universe does not really exist, it seems to exist. I am glad that, if there is nothing real about myself, I seem for a little time to be real. I sometimes feel like a boy at a show held up in the arms of some friend, and permitted to gaze on something that is inexpressibly wonderful, beautiful, though sometimes it is also terrible. I am glad that I am able to look at this marvellous spectacle.

So strange, so deep, so wondrous life appears,
I have no words, but only happy tears!

I cannot think it all shall end in naught;
That the abyss shall be the grave of thought;

That e'er oblivion's shoreless sea shall roll
O'er love and wonder and the lifeless soul.

But, e'en though this the end, I cannot say
I'm sorry that I saw the light of day.

So wondrous seems this life I live to me,
Whate'er the end, *to-day I hear and see!*

To-day I think and hope! and so for this—
If it must be—for just so much of bliss,—

Bliss threaded through with pain,—I bless the power
That holds me up to gaze one wondrous hour!

But there is another theory; and that is, that any soul, born anywhere on this planet into a body, though the body be diseased, though there be ahead of this human life poverty, sorrow, and despair,—that any human life born has its little feet on perhaps the lowest round of a ladder that, like Jacob's, leads from the earth to the *foot of the everlasting throne*. If this theory be true,

then, indeed, may we be glad that we are alive; for no matter by what steps, no matter through what experiences, no matter under what clouds, no matter through what wanderings, we are on a road that leads out through the darkness to infinity. On either of these theories, then, I am glad that I am alive.

The purpose that I have in view this morning is to deepen a little, to freshen just a bit, if I may, the sense of wonder. Is this worth while? Is this serious enough, is this fit theme for a sermon? Is it important enough to ask your attention for an hour? Wonder stands on the threshold, and keeps the gateway of worship. Worship has power to plunge the soul into a transforming flood, the effect of which shall be to clear, to tinge, and change the life, and make it over into the likeness of that which is admired and worshipped. Worship also leads to aspiration and hope. It looks on to that which is as yet unattained. Wonder, then, properly directed, may be one of the most religious impulses that can move us. Perhaps this morning I shall tell you nothing with which you are not quite familiar. I shall not concern myself with the question whether the things I am to say to you are new or old. I wish only to freshen this sense of wonder.

We become used to things. We become blasé, we become dull; and we seek in this direction or that for excitement, for sensation, for novelties, for wonders, while wonders surpassing the wildest flight of human imagination are under our feet and over our heads. We are handling them, gazing upon them, every waking hour of our lives. There is nothing in "The Arabian Nights" which is not tame, compared with experiences you have been through this morning, and which will attend your pathway until you sleep. And is there anything more wonderful than sleep, that nobody understands or can explain, out of which we come re-created, to see the flush and beauty of another day!

Now the first item that I propose to call your attention to in the way of wonder is the simple fact of wonder. What does it mean that we can feel this sensation, that we can be touched by it? In that fact is involved that for which the world has been seeking a solution from the beginning, and is as far perhaps from to-day as ever,—the fact of consciousness. I think, I feel, I am conscious. What does it all mean? It means, it seems to me,—I trust it means that,—that we are children of God, that we are sparks of the immortal fire, and that the first theory I referred to at the outset is absurd. Certain materialistic scientists have tried to make us believe that we are only cunningly devised aggregations of matter; but, unless you change the definition of matter and make it mean what we mean by spirit, that will not help us. Matter is something which does not think, which does not feel, which is never conscious. Think for a moment. Picture the difficulty of imagining this of an aggregation of matter, particles of dust gathered into the shape of a human body. Suddenly the eyes are lighted, and the ears begin to hear, and the hands to move; and this aggregation of matter is alive. Where did the life come from? Did it come from matter? Can you conceive that the movements of certain molecules or particles of matter suddenly may be transformed into thought, that they should become love, pity, desire to help somebody? Tyndall, at any rate not prejudiced in the spiritual direction, told us that we are apparently as far away from a solution of this problem of consciousness as were the people of the barbaric period of the world. This fact, then, of consciousness seems to me to be one of the inexplicable wonders of the world,—a wonder which, when it comes to self-consciousness, places man on the pinnacle of life, and makes us akin to the *divine*. Professor Le Conte, now dead, who used to be a professor in the University of California, has offered us

a suggestion which seems to me illuminating and helpful. He says that animals are conscious, but they are not *self-conscious*, and that, when life in its processes of evolution has climbed to the point of self-consciousness, then it may be able to go on, in spite of the wreck of the body and the decay of worlds.

This fact of consciousness, this power of the mind, whichever way you look at it, overwhelms us with wonder. You think of the past, you go back and revive your childhood, you look into the face of the mother who years ago went into the unseen, you hear the cries of your old play-mates at school, you call up scenes of your boyhood or girlhood,—where are they? The particles that make up this body are in constant flux and change. Where are the thoughts then, where are the memories, where do you keep the pictures of travel, where do you keep the faces of the loved ones that have faded into the invisible? Wonder, mystery, inexplicable. And so you may take any phase of human thought, human feeling, human consciousness, and you are in the presence of such mystery as has yet found no solution.

Take another step, and consider the wonders of these senses of ours as related to the world of which we are a part. I see, I hear, I taste, I touch, I smell. Here I am shut within the walls of this personality of mine; and these five senses open out to me five avenues by means of which I come in contact with the universe. How? Do they tell me things as they are? We have learned some striking things in regard to them. I look at these flowers this morning. Those who have made the keenest and deepest study tell me that these flowers are not pink, that these leaves are not green, that the color is not in them. The light shines upon these substances. They drink in some of the rays, they reflect some of the others; and then by a process that nobody can conceive or explain, somewhere up in my brain, or in my mind, these

movements are translated into color. Movements, again, can be translated into fragrance, other movements translated into taste of one kind or another, other movements translated into sounds. I stand on the seashore, and the waves roll up and break against the rocks or upon the sand; and I speak of the roar of the sea, or the ripple of the tiny wavelets when upon a summer day they are playing on the sand. But they tell me there is no sound there. Take away all ears, and there is nothing but motion. Bring the appropriate apparatus, and the motion in some utterly mysterious and inexplicable way is translated in my brain, or mind, into sound. So I get at a part of the wonder of the universe through these five senses of mine. I sit here in my house of life; and I have just these five avenues outward. Do they exhaust the universe? Whatever else we know, we are sure that they do not. It is only the tiniest section of the universe that I can see with my eyes, only the tiniest fraction of sound that I can hear. The universe in its marvellous reality stretches away on every side of me, eluding my senses and overwhelming me with the impression of an infinite mystery. Shall I ever understand it? There is one thing that sometimes helps to reconcile me to the thought of dying. If indeed it be true that dying is only getting rid of the body, being clothed upon with another of a finer kind, and going out into the reaches of the universe which are now beyond my eyes, so that I may be able to answer some of the questions which now I can only ask, then I may be able to satisfy a part of that deathless curiosity which is aroused in the minds of all people who think and who care. The universe, so far as we can imagine, is infinite in its range. We come in contact with just a little, a hint, a suggestion here and there. When we remember *that it is infinite*, it seems reasonable to suppose that we *may have endless life to live, to study, to explore, to*

feel the joy of discovery, the sense of conquest, a sense of approach toward the ultimate reality, which we call God.

There is another wonder, concerning this tiny planet on which we find our home. Think of it for a moment. How small it is!—twenty-five thousand miles round, they tell us; and it is turning perpetually, with incredible velocity, on its own axis, and sailing with inconceivable speed round the distant sun. It seems large to us, so large that nobody can grasp an adequate picture of it; and yet how large is it? It is one of the tiniest of the planets. Jupiter and Saturn are thousands of times larger; and yet, if you should take Jupiter and Saturn and Uranus, the Earth, Mars, and Mercury and Venus and all the planets, with all their moons, and all the asteroids,—all the substance that makes up this visible solar system of ours,—and roll them into a single ball, and place it against the sun, it would make but about three and a half per cent. the size of the sun. And the sun is a little sun as compared with hundreds of those that blaze in infinite deeps of space. And this system of ours, travelling on a journey the beginning and the end of which no man can conceive, how large is that? One of the smallest of the little groups in the heavens. If you should take a little tiny fleet of yachts, and let them circle round a great ocean liner in mid-Atlantic, with nothing between them and the shore, they would be crowded in comparison with the unspeakable loneliness of this solar system of ours as it sweeps through space. When you refer to our system, you must remember that it takes light, travelling with inconceivable velocity, three and one-half years to reach our next-door neighbor, and then other years before you come to the next. Here we are, then, on this little earth, sweeping through space, and this earth, poor, sin-cursed, abused, as it has been in literature, condemned in re-

ligion from the beginning of human thought, what is it? Do you remember that beautiful little poem of Hood's where he recalls his boyhood, and because he no longer thinks of a star as he thought of it in his boyhood, as caught in the crotch of a tree, he thinks that he is farther off from heaven than when he was a boy? When I was a boy, I can remember how I used to look up to the skies, and wish I could get on to one of those planets, and see the universe from that point of vantage. But, instead of being farther away from God, farther away from heaven, than when we were boys, we have discovered that we *are* in heaven, that we are on a planet, that we are shining and singing in the blue as much as any of the brightest planets of them all. This is that wonderful earth of ours. Do you remember those lines of Sill's?

"This is our earth—most friendly earth and fair;
Daily its sea and shore through sun and shadow
Faithful it turns, robed in its azure air."

This is our world. There is life here, there is love here, and all the fine and sweet things you can conceive; but it is a little earth. Yet how beautiful it is! The mountains,—how they lift us, and how the seas sing to us! and the clouds offer material out of which the light weaves marvellous effects at morning and in the sunset. How the beautiful streams come tumbling down the hillsides and wander across the plains! How the great rivers sweep to the ocean, bearing on their bosoms the commerce of the world! A wonderful little earth is this. Meadows and woods, rich and fair, beautiful beyond any expression. Commonplace, sinful, if you will, but mystic beyond any dream, and beautiful beyond words. Walt Whitman tells us how he plucked the leaves of grass, and calls them letters of God, which he drops by the wayside, bearing his own signature, so that we need never *mistake their meaning*. Tennyson, in that wonderful

little fragment of his, talks about the flower in the cran-nied wall, a commonplace flower, and says what we rarely think of, that, if we could understand it perfectly, root and branch and blossom, if we could know it completely, we should know God, we should solve the secret of the universe.

Here we are walking our commonplace ways, looking at the mystic skies by night, seeing marvellous sunsets and sunrises, watching the brightness of the blue skies or the equal glory of a storm, and thinking it is all commonplace, that there is no poetry left any more. Poetry belongs, we think, to the days when there were heroes on the earth, the period of chivalry. There was never such a time for poetry since the morning stars sang together. Science in every direction is revealing to us wonders that the imagination of man has never been able to dream. Had I time, what pictures I could suggest to you, full of beauty and marvel! Last summer I saw one. We had gone from Geneva up to Chamounix, and we had one of those clear, perfect days when Mont Blanc, so far away, seemed almost near enough to be touched, so clear was the air. A marvellous night followed; and then the next afternoon, suddenly, the wind arose. It seemed as though in its violence it would uproot the trees and raze the buildings to the ground. Then came thunder, and lightning in great perpendicular streams, running from the clouds to the whiteness of the Alps,—a picture worth working years for the privilege of seeing, a picture to be bought by pain, a picture to pay for which I would be willing to bear sorrow,—that marvellous display of God's majesty, such as might bring one to his knees, not in fear, but in delight and worship.

There is another phase of this wonder which I must speak of for a moment,—the mysterious forces which *man has discovered*, and which he is learning to use.

Nobody knows how long was the period before man discovered the use of fire, which made him an artisan, and gave him ability to transfuse metals and to begin the work which has resulted in this wondrous civilization of modern times. By and by there comes the period of steam, which has changed the face of the world. I remember, when I was a boy,—I had grown to be quite old as I thought,—when I saw my first train of cars. I went to visit some relatives in another town; and one afternoon they said they would drive me three miles to see a train of cars come in. I shall never forget the wonder of it; and I have never overcome that wonder. A train of cars is never to me commonplace. The magic carpet of "The Arabian Nights" is not nearly so wonderful; for here is the work of man's own hands co-operating with the mystery of the power of God. I never see a train of cars at a distance without stopping and wishing to remove my hat, perhaps to fall on my knees. I watch it until it disappears from view.

And, then, the electrical wonder. I can only suggest to you things with which you are perfectly familiar. Franklin found out that lightning was electricity, and invited it to come from the clouds and light on his hand; and it did. And then Morse taught it to talk. And now it carries our messages all round the world. At nine o'clock here in the morning, in New York, we know what they are thinking and talking about at twelve in London, three hours later by their time. So the old scripture is fulfilled which referred to the angel swearing that time should be no more. Time and distance both have fled from the face of this wonderful being, man. Man has been reading a few of the secrets of God, and turning them to practical account for his own gratification.

One of the most wonderful things that science has taught us is the transmutation of force,—that all forces

are only modifications of one force. Here comes a cataract, a great body of water, tumbling over a precipice into the valley. We turn it into electric power. It runs machinery miles away. It drives the trolley through the country towns; and then this water, most wonderful of all, becomes transformed into light, and a city blazes out of the darkness of the night and becomes as bright as day.

Then I never get over the wonder of the telephone. I put the receiver to my ear, and ask that I may be put in communication with some friend. He is sitting at his desk. I hear him push back his chair, and then his footstep as he comes across the room, and then his voice as though it were only a foot or two away; and yet it is miles of distance. What a strange old world this is! What a storehouse of marvellous forces it is! And how, by careful study of them and perfect obedience, we make ourselves masters of them. There is a point here that is worth your attention. We do not *control* these forces. We talk grandly, as though we did, as though we wielded the lightning, and made the winds our messengers. We do nothing except humbly, patiently, study God's ways, co-operate with him, obey him, completely, utterly. If we fail in the slightest degree in our obedience, the power will be cut off, and we are helpless. It is God's power; and only by obeying can we find out that it will serve us. I have time only to suggest the wonders of the camera and the spectroscope. We photograph invisible stars and untangle the rays of light.

At the last, the most wonderful thing of all, is man, who is able to think, and to accomplish all these things. When you look back and down the ages, and see where man started, three or four hundred thousand years ago, the most helpless of all creatures, on the borders of the jungle, and when you see by what process he has climbed to where he is to-day, then, indeed, we may wonder,

and ask what is next to follow. Man turned a meaningless cry into speech; and then, after ages had gone by, he invented a way of writing down a set of signs, meaningless except to a kindred intelligence, by which the speech might be recorded for thousands on thousands of years, and understood by any man who should look up the record. He transformed the first crude drawings which he made with a burnt stick on the sides of his cave, or wrought out with pointed stone on the tooth of an elephant, into the Sistine Madonna, into the marvellous works of art that decorate and beautify the world. And these cries, again, which became translated into speech, became also in time the music of Mozart and Mendelssohn. And his rude carvings made with fire and sharp stones, by means of which he wrought out some hideous image of his god, these have become the Venus of Milo, the works of Praxiteles, the Moses and David of Michel Angelo. And man has developed a conscience, a sense of right and wrong. He has learned how out of the savage tribe to create a nation. He has wrought all these marvellous things that make up what we call civilization.

What is to be the end? There is to be no end, so far as we can see. In a universe like this, with man such as he is, there is infinite possibility. There is no dream of fancy that is extravagant. There is nothing that may not become real. Man can perfect the world. There is no one single problem which faces us to-day which we are not able to solve. We can make a perfect world, so far as its physical forces and our use of them are concerned,—perfect as a specimen of human civilization. All the evils can be eliminated and left behind. All ugliness can become beauty; and all that is great and fine, as we dream of them to-day, may become a commonplace to-morrow.

Wonder and Hope,—they are twin angels. Wonder

stands looking back and round, wistfulness in her eyes and admiration breaking upon her lips. Hope stands beside her, looking up and on, and whispering the words that the divine spirit has placed upon her tongue: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things that God hath prepared."

Our Father, we thank Thee that all can think and feel and a little appreciate the wonder of the world. It is Thy world. These forces are Thy forces. These memories are of what Thou hast made possible in the past. These hopes are of things that may become possible in the future. We are Thy children: we may co-operate with Thee in creating a beautiful world. Amen.

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JANUARY 26, 1906.

No. 18.

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"How readest thou?"—LUKE x. 26.

WE are now to consider the next one of "Life's Pleasant Places." I find it in the realm of books. Lincoln discovered this realm as a lad prone on his face on the hard, rough floor of his father's cabin, reading by the light of a pitch-knot fire in the evening. Robert Collyer discovered it when, coming into possession of his first money, a very small amount, he balanced between spending it for taffy or a book, and the book won. I know a boy who discovered it through the medium of a little town-circulating library in the village where he was born. There are other boys, many of them, who have made the wondrous discovery by means of a borrowed book to pass away an idle hour. There are thousands to-day who have discovered it through the medium of the broad-minded charity of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who has distributed public libraries all over the land. No matter when, no matter how, he who once becomes loyal to this realm of books never loses that loyalty.

A book,—it is a wonderful thing. I hold one in my hand: what is it? Some oblong paper leaves fastened together, to make up what we call a volume. On the background of the white paper are stamped certain black figures, signs, letters, dashes, dots. They seem arbitrary; but they have had a long and romantic development through which they have passed and by means of which they have come to be what they are to-day. We have learned how to interpret these signs. That is, as we look at them, we know what the writer had in mind when he

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wrote the words which are here printed. As we look, we are laughing with Sam Weller or crying perhaps over Little Nell or the heart-break of Lady Dedlock; or, with Milton, we are in what he believed to be the primeval Eden of the race, or we are looking on at the stupendous warfare which goes on in heaven, and which resulted in the expulsion of the angels; or, with Shakespeare, listen to the voice, gentle and low, of Cordelia, or we are out on the heath while magnificent Lear fights the tempest within that makes him forget the tempest without; or, with Dante, we wander through the murky circles of hell; or, with Homer for a guide, go round the world with Ulysses or become a part of the conflict under the walls of Troy; or, way off to the East, we see the magnificent figure of Abraham bringing, bound up in his thought and life, the larger part of the wonderful history of the world; or we walk beside the gentle Nazarene on the dusty roads of Galilee or sit with him by the lake shore, and hear the wonderful words that fell from his lips. A wonderful thing is a book.

There is something akin to speech among the lower forms of life. The birds and animals have methods of communication. They recognize and answer to their love-calls. They hear the cries of warning when some threatened evil appears. There is a crooning expression of mother love over the little ones. But when that strange animal, who has become man, climbed upon his feet, something new was started in the history of the world. Man was able to think not only, but he developed all these marvellous diversities of speech, which are known in the modern world. Not only that, he devised a way of making a record of this speech, so that friend or enemy who came across this record might know what it meant. Out of that crude picture-writing grew at last, by long, slow, and laborious processes, the various *alphabets* of the world; but many a long century went

by before there was anything except writing by hand. Books were few; and even until within modern times it was considered no disgrace not to be able to read and write. The husbandman did not expect to be able to; and the soldier during the chivalric days would probably have been ashamed of the accomplishment. It was fit only for the indoor life of the cleric. But by and by paper was discovered; and then movable type was invented. Then printed books appeared, but still it was a difficult process and an expensive one; and only the few could own books. It is a very short time, within your life and mine, that by the application of steam and the invention of intricate mechanisms almost incredible results have been attained. I wished to know the precise figures, and I wrote to the editor of one of our city papers a few days ago; and he told me how rapidly the best printing process can accomplish the work. Take an eight-page newspaper as a unit of calculation, and he says that the best press to-day prints and folds and counts and delivers, in packages of fifty, eight hundred papers a minute. No wonder, then, that reading matter is cheap, and that the time has come when it is considered a disgrace for any grown man or woman to be unable to read and write. But we are confronted here by a fact that should not discourage us. The great mass of the people in any country and in any age is behind the few who are the thinkers and leaders. You are not to expect a very lofty type of taste on the part of the majority of the world's readers. It is a good thing that they know how to read, and by and by they will learn to care for something that is really worth reading; for, I suppose, it is lamentably true that the majority of the things printed to-day are really not worthy the attention of serious and sensible people. Taste advances slowly. The reports of the guardians of our public libraries are, however, encouraging in this direction, as to the books most called

for and most frequently read. The world is growing in that direction; and it is no excuse for a man to say that he has no fine and high taste, because at least a better taste and a higher can be cultivated. It is possible to have a mental gymnastic as well as a physical, to make stronger the fibre of the mind as well as the muscles of the body. So we can develop a higher taste; and, since we should do so for the sake of living, it becomes a question of duty to develop this taste for something higher and finer.

But I am constantly confronted with another statement. The great majority of people, men and women both, really, seriously, and honestly suppose that they have not the time to read the best things in the world. Let me make an earnest, upright, outright, downright statement here, that there is not a man or woman in America who has not time to read the best things. What does that mean? A man who is in fair health, any woman who is in fair health, who really desires it, can read at least a chapter a day. That would mean, on the average, a book in a month, ten or twelve in a year. Keep that up for ten, twenty, thirty years, and you have become master of the best thought of the world. Time! I know men who waste more time over the newspaper every day than would be called for in the accomplishment of that to which I have referred. I do not mean that all time is wasted over the newspapers; but most intelligent people can get out of the average paper all that is really worth their while in a fraction of the time that they usually spend over it. I have a friend who spends his entire evening, with newspapers scattered round him on the floor, reading nothing else. I sometimes wonder if he reads all the advertisements or what he does, to take so much time. You waste time, then, over the newspapers. And you waste it in your clubs. *I have nothing against the club; but there are other*

things that are quite as important as spending all your spare time at the club. Women waste time in useless calls or useless shopping, or in bridge or whist, or in one way or another. They spend enough time every week which they might put into these better things, so that they might become mistresses of the finest things in literature. If you do not, then, read the best books, or some of them, do not salve your conscience any longer by saying you have no time. *You have time, if you choose to use it.*

Now why shall we read these books? I wish to indicate one or two reasons, chiefly in the way of enjoyment and delight. If a person is able to read and has learned to enjoy reading, he has always accessible the best of all good company. The best society in the world is open to him. In the cabin, among the mines, on the frontier, in his common work-day suit, without any dress, without any effort, he can meet familiarly better and finer and wiser people than he could find in the upper circles of any society in any country in the world. All this is open to him. They are ready to welcome him; they are ready to talk out their inmost thoughts, to give him their very hearts. Books are the real democrats of the world. This aristocracy of the intellect is not proud. It is not exclusive. It does not withdraw itself. It does not step aside as though it were sacred, if a common person passes by. The great and the noble are condescending, they are companionable, they are friendly.

Not only that, but you can know these people in books as the persons who brushed past them on the sidewalk never knew them in their lifetime. Nobody in Illinois or Washington ever knew Lincoln as we can know him to-day in books. All that he thought, all that he said, every scrap of information about him, has been sifted, until, as nearly as we ever shall, we are able to get at the facts as they were during his lifetime. Prejudices, hate, all sorts of

things, were at work to keep people away from a knowledge of the real man as we know him now. We can come into close intimacy with him. We know Byron, we know Charles Lamb, we know Dante, we know all the great souls of the world, by means of books, as the people of their time never knew them.

Then another thing. Through the medium of books we are put in possession of the past life of the world, its history. Here, for our delight, are the finest thoughts, the sweetest sentiments, the noblest aspirations, the songs of the singers. By the means of these books we can investigate the heavens and learn about the stars. By the means of these books, though we may never be able to travel, we can visit Europe, and become more intimately acquainted with it than the great majority of tourists ever do. To illustrate what I mean: a man who had just returned from Jerusalem was once talking with Humboldt; and as the great scientist spoke about Jerusalem quite familiarly, as he talked of the streets and monuments and the aspects of the city, the man at last said, "But when were you in Jerusalem?" And Humboldt replied: "I never was there: I did intend, however, to go; and I read up by way of preparation." And he knew more about it than the man who had seen. So we can travel by books. We can, through them, gaze upon the great scenes, the wonderful pictures, the bays, the mountains, the lakes, the monuments, the wonderful buildings, and the wonderful cities. We can become familiar with the world. We can go on voyages of discovery. We can sit by the side of scientists, as they work in their laboratories, as they separate the gases and recombine them, as they come upon some one of their wonderful discoveries. All these things are open to us by means of books that are accessible to-day to every one.

And then, by means of them, if we will, we can treasure

up the choicest songs of the great singers, the bright sayings, the wise words, so that, as we get old and can no longer read, as our eyes fail us, we can still hear these men speak, still look upon their faces, still see the pictures they have painted, the statues they have wrought. Even when we become deaf, we can open the works of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, of any whom we have ever heard, and by looking at these apparently meaningless marks on the page we can resurrect those musical structures that rise in the fairyland of song.

But there are other reasons besides those of recreation and pleasure. I wish to point out a few of them. Why should men read? What should they read for? Of course, as I have just intimated, they may read for recreation; but there are more serious reasons. I think that every man and woman ought to know something of this marvellous universe home of ours. Have you no curiosity? Do not the stars at night call out to you, asking you to understand their speech? I remember crossing the ocean some years ago with a young business man. We were walking the deck one moonlight night, and I found that I could astonish him beyond measure by simply telling him some of the simpler facts of astronomy. He knew nothing about it. He had had no curiosity. This wonderful home of man he was entirely ignorant of. Any man can at least read an article in an encyclopædia that would give him the general outline of what is known, as to the heavens; and he should have this in his mind as a framework for his thinking. He should have in mind a *pou sto*, a place of standing, from which to look out on the marvellous scene around him.

And then what? When you have earned the right, then you can know what is known as to the origin, the nature, and the destiny of man. What is this race of which you and I are members? How did it begin on this planet? By what steps has it ascended? Through

what process has it become what it is to-day? How has man physically, mentally, morally, spiritually, grown?

People should familiarize themselves with the growth of civilization, the science of anthropology in this larger sense. In other words, how has man learned the science of government? What kinds of government has he experimented with? What have been the results? Which forms has he found the most useful to his growth? Which way does progress lie? What experience has the race been through socially, domestically? How has man learned to live? How have people learned to get along with each other? What have been the steps by which we have developed the form of government which exists here in the United States to-day?

Then similarly in industry; and this is exceedingly important. Men have tried certain industrial systems, communism, and all sorts of things as the world has gone on. What have been the faults of this method or that? There are people to-day who are writing books and are organizing propaganda in the direction of trying to get the world to go back and live over again certain experiments which have been tried and tried again, and have failed. It is important for you to know which way progress lies. You can travel backward or you can travel forward. Thousands of people fancy that they are making progress simply because they are moving; but you must move in the right direction. You ought to know, and you can know, which is the right direction. There is no excuse for any man's being ignorant as to this matter of industrial advance, as to which way society ought to move to attain to something finer and higher and better than it has known in the past.

Then another department of human life. I am ashamed of Unitarians almost every week. Intelligent people tell me frequently, people who call themselves *Unitarian*, that they do not know what Unitarians be-

lieve. They do not know the difference between Unitarians and Universalists, or between either of them and Congregationalists, or between Congregationalists and Presbyterians or Episcopalians. They do not know the difference between the Christian and the Buddhist and the Mohammedan, except as far as the name is concerned, and the countries, perhaps, where they originated. We ought to be able, as the New Testament writer said, to be able to give a reason for the faith that is in us, if we have any faith, if we have any belief. If you think it is not important to have any faith, you should be able to give a reason for that. Do not occupy the position that you occupy, or drift or float, if you occupy no position, without knowing why. If you are a reasonable being, have a reason for the place you hold in the world. Or, if you do not hold a place, have a reason for the place you do not hold. Have a reason for what you do and what you are.

Now you know perfectly well—for you have heard me say it a great many times—that I regard religion, in its wide and inclusive sense, as the most important interest in human life. It is that which concerns our relation to God, or, if you do not believe in God, to the power manifested in the universe, which you must believe in, because you know. No matter what your theory about it, the fact is there. The world from the beginning has been feeling, speculating, reaching out, trying to get into right relations with this invisible, eternal power. It is the most important thing in the world. It touches everything, every department of human life. It means success or failure, it means development to a higher type of manhood or it means decay. Now you ought to read enough about the religious experiences of men as men to know what this means. Men began at the very first crude, ignorant, barbaric. As they grew, they had the best conception of God that they were able to frame; and

they tried to do what they thought God wanted them to do. Now, as the world has grown, as it has developed, as it has become more intelligent, more refined, more tender, more sympathetic, more capable of feeling, of course it has changed its religious thought and its religious emotion. In other words, religion grows as man grows, of necessity. It is no discredit to an ignorant man to have an ignorant religion. It is a discredit for a man to keep an ignorant religion when he might have a better. It is a disgrace for a man who has the means for knowing better to keep the older and poorer through bigotry, through prejudice, through laziness, through disinclination to take the trouble to find out what the world really knows. It would be a very small task to learn the difference between Mohammedanism and Buddhism, to find out which of the two is the higher type of religion; if you had to choose between the two, which you should take. It is no great trouble to learn the difference between those two and Christianity. It requires no difficult reading to find out what the early thoughts of the apostles were, to find out what the early Church of the first centuries believed, how that thought has changed, how it developed into the papacy, that magnificence of the renaissance of the Roman Empire after the old empire had decayed. It takes no very great amount of trouble to find out what Luther was after, and Servetus and the modern reformers and leaders. We have the means to do this that people did not have even a hundred years ago. We have the means of knowing what Jesus was, what he really said and what he really did, better than Peter possessed, or Paul, or any of the apostles. We have the means of knowing what is a step in advance in religious life of the race and what is a step backward. There are thousands of leaders to-day who are casting in their lot with ecclesiastical organizations and with types and theories of *theology* which are as outgrown as the Ptolemaic system.

of the universe. They have no standing in the intelligent life of the world; but thousands of men and women, through their liking for a minister or because they happen to like a church architecturally or to fancy a particular choir, or through supposed loyalty to father and mother or friend, are doing what? They are helping to keep the world back in regard to the most important things. They may be counted as obstacles. They are in favor of the past, of that which the intelligence of the world has outgrown and left behind. If all the men and women in America and Europe *who know* would stand up and be counted, the world would leap ahead a hundred years at a stride.

You can know these things that you should know through books, and not large books, either. You have time to read them, if you will. The question—I put it to your consciences—is whether it be not true that it is your duty to know, if you can, the things which are helping the world forward.

This realm of books, then, is not merely for recreation, not simply for amusement, not only to pass away the time. It is the realm of highest duty, of the noblest incentive to manhood and womanhood. Read, then; but ultimately read for the sake of life. All things finally come to this court for judgment. What helps man, what lifts the world, what leads on the march of civilization? Why does the world go so slowly? Why is there so much vacillation? Why is there so much hesitation? Why is there so little appearance of clear perception of the way? Merely because the people who are competent, the people who have the means at their disposal, do not think, do not inquire, or do not act on the results of their thinking and their inquiry.

Father, that we are the heirs of the ages we thank Thee. We thank Thee for the records of the world's life.

We thank Thee for this stored-up thought and song and beauty and glory and color. We thank Thee for all this heritage. May we add to it! May we at least study its lesson, and live for the sake of bettering the world and making a finer future. Amen.

UNITARIAN CATECHISM

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price, Paper, per Copy	20 cents
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

GEO. H. ELLIS CO., Publishers, 272 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

HYMNS.

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Things Worth Living For

III. THE COMPANIONSHIP OF FRIENDS

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THE COMPANIONSHIP OF FRIENDS.

"There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROVERBS xviii: 24.

At the outset I wish to read a sonnet, because it touches somewhat deeply this question of the apparently fortuitous meeting and parting of people, by means of which we must find our friends, if we ever do find them. It touches also another point that I am to refer to a little later.

The heavy mists trail low upon the sea,
And equally the sky and ocean hide,
As two world-wandering ships close side by side
A moment loom and part; out o'er the lee
One leans, and calls, "What ho!" Then fitfully
A gust the voice confuses, and the tone
Dies out upon the waters faint and lone,
And each ship all the wide world seems to be.

So meet we and so part we on the land:
A glimpse, a touch, a cry, and on we go
As lonely as one single star in space.
Driven by a destiny none understand,
We cross the track of one 'twere life to know,
Then all is but the memory of a face.

One of the loneliest things in all the world is the average human individual. It has been noted that divergences, differences, contrasts, are found in the limits of the same family. When you go outside of the family, of course these divergences are all exaggerated; and when you remember the different races, civilizations, degrees of culture, and then reflect a moment, you will see that the indi-

vidual is as lonely as one single star in space. We are born differently, trained differently, with different tastes and different degrees of education, different temperaments, different in all ways. It is a wonder to me sometimes that people ever come into more than superficial contact, that they ever really answer to one another and meet one another's needs. And yet, lonely as we are, the one thing we long for perhaps more than anything else is real friendship. Separated, distinct, following our own orbits, yet there is a power mightier than gravity which holds the world together, which tends to sympathetic association. Sometimes we wait a good while for the friends of whom we dream. Sometimes people never find them. Sometimes they come late in life, and bless at any rate their closing years. I hold in my hand two or three verses of a young poet who died standing on the threshold of life, and who gives poetic expression to this longing:

It is long waiting for the dear companions,
 The friends that come not, though God knows I need them.
 I smile and wait; and yet
 The heart will fret.

A white cloud in the east is shining; sadly
 I see; my heart is all too full of longing
 With the old-time delight
 To view the sight.

Wherefore I turn and in the eyes of women,
 In the strong hands of men, seek compensation;
 My prayer begins and ends,
 God give me friends.

What is a friend, how shall we know one when we see him? Why is it that we find companionship in one person and not in another? You go through the world, you come into contact with a thousand, and you are indifferent. Of course, you would be willing to render them a service, and you feel kindly enough towards them. You are

glad to know that they are well fed, that the world treats them pleasantly; and yet they pass out of your life, and leave no regret. There is no vacancy, no want felt. Why do we like one person, and not another? Did anybody ever explain it? Do you remember the old rhyme?—

“I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But only this I know full well,
I do not like thee, Dr. Fell.”

You can just as well turn it round, and say it the other way:—

“Oh, I do like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But only this I know full well,
That I do like thee, Dr. Fell.”

If anybody since the beginning of the world has become wise enough to explain this attraction, or lack of it, he is wiser than I. I have never heard any explanation which was in any way satisfactory. But let us see if we can at least approach the subject, though not able to touch its heart.

In the first place, consider it negatively for a moment. Who are not friends? You are walking down the street with a gentleman acquaintance by your side. You meet another person whom you know, but who is not acquainted with the third. You say: “Good-morning. I am glad to see you. This is my friend, Mr. Blank.” Of course, he is not a friend in the deep and true significance of that term. Calling him a friend is a matter of courtesy, as you begin a letter, “My dear Mr. Blank.” Of course, you know he is not dear at all, in the true meaning of the word; but it is a conventional term, well enough for people who understand it. These persons, then, whom you meet in a casual way are not the ones to whom you can apply the name of friend.

In the books that treat of human life the satirists have told us over and over again that the young man who has inherited a fortune, and wants to have what he thinks is a good time, is surrounded by friends as a jar of sweets is surrounded by summer insects. They are after something. He has something to give. In the case of most of them, everybody knows, they do not care anything for *him*. When he runs through his money and falls into another grade of social life, they disappear. A person who comes to you for the sake of getting something out of you, no matter how good it may be,—it may be an intellectual impulse, it may be spiritual help or uplift, no matter what it is,—if he comes to you for what he can get, he is not necessarily a friend, not a friend any more than a pupil is a friend of the teacher. He may be willing to learn; but that is no proof of friendship.

There is another class of people who are not friends. They are those who assume to be. They come to you, for example occupying a little position of superiority, if not superciliousness, presuming to give you advice, to overlook your character, to help you mend your ways. Sydney Smith said—and I am inclined to agree with him—that advice was the worst vice there was. There never was a human being on the face of the earth that you could know well enough so that you could specially undertake the business of guiding him. You had better let him alone—let him make his own mistakes, and do the best he can, rather than to interfere with this delicate mechanism of the human mind and human soul. A man had better make his own mistakes than to make yours. So it is no sign of friendship for a person to come to you with a desire to do you good after that sort of fashion. There is one Biblical illustration of this. You know, when Job fell into trouble, how some people who had been his friends all his life came to him, and sat down *by him*, and, being entirely ignorant of the facts, proceeded

to lecture him and find fault with him, and tell him that he must be a sinner to suffer in this way, and that the best thing he could do was to own up. He knew that he was not a sinner, and that they were entirely mistaken in the diagnosis of the case; and he said, "Miserable comforters are ye all." These, then, are not friends.

I do not expect to make this matter of friendship very clear to you. I cannot get at the heart of it. I do not know where the heart is, or what it is, any more than I know the heart of God. I am inclined to think that the two are identical or, at any rate, very close together. The most I can do, then, is to imagine a friend is standing here, and walk round him, and call your attention to a few superficial characteristics that will help to identify him.

In the first place, a friend is one in whose presence, you may not know how or why, you find comfort and satisfaction. You like to be with him or her. The mere sense of contiguity is a delight. Other people come and other people go, and you do not care; but, when this person comes, sunshine comes, the air is clearer, there is more life in it, the flowers grow more beautifully, the sky is fairer, and the night is deeper. All the earth grows glad; and there is a new note in the song of the birds.

This friend, in the next place, is some one you can depend upon. After you are sure of this friendship, it never occurs to you that you cannot depend on him, no matter what the condition or circumstances are. You know where you will find him when you go to meet him or go away. You are sure of understanding and sympathy when you return. He is a person whom you trust and who trusts you. You do not need to explain things to him. If you needed to explain, you would find out that he was not a friend. A friend is a person who does not need apology, upon whom you can rely without a word.

To carry it further, a friend is one who believes in you when appearances are against you. The case, I suppose, is very rare of a man or woman getting through this world without having suspicion of some kind or another directed against him or her. There are always critics or fault-finders; and nobody can live out his years without being in circumstances that are capable of being construed to his discredit. A minister, for example, a hundred times a year in the round of his duties, has to put himself where, if people choose, they can guess that things are not quite right. A friend is one who resents this imputation on his friend as keenly as though it were against him, and perhaps a little more so. He hates a scandal-monger on general principles; but he hates him particularly when he threatens to smirch some one he believes in, some one that he trusts.

A friend, again, is some one with whom you can enjoy keeping still. Most people, as you meet them, put you under the necessity of keeping up a perpetual rattle of talk. If there falls a silence, it is awkward; you do not know what to do with it. You wonder what the other person is thinking, whether he thinks you are not bright enough to keep up the conversation or whether he thinks you have touched a point on which he is ignorant. Ordinary people must talk; but friends do not need to talk. If you really understand a person and love him, you can enjoy keeping still together.

This is the kind of friend with whom you want to share things, not necessarily your ideas by conversation, but whatever you are doing. Anything that pleases you, you at once wish to share with this friend. You want that friend to know about it. You can look at pictures with a friend, look at natural scenery, look at the world's wonderful architecture. You do not feel that the day is quite complete unless this friend has shared its pleasure with you. There is

one wonderful thing about spiritual wealth. If you share material things, you are just so much poorer: if you share intellectual, spiritual things, you are just so much richer. The more you give away of this kind of wealth, the wealthier you are. So a friend is one that you want to give to in this sort of fashion. If you are reading a book, and come across a passage which strikes you, you are not satisfied until you have turned it over to your friend; and you know that he will understand what you had in mind when you marked its passages. He knows what was going on in your heart and soul.

Real friendship makes you willing to suffer, to put yourself to trouble for another and to take pleasure in doing it. If you really love somebody, it is a delight to prove it, not in the sense that the friend needs to have it proved, but you like to show it by being at some expense of time and thought, even by suffering of some kind. You say, It will be a pleasure for me to do this; and you mean it. Although it is a pain, it is a pleasure to do it if there be genuine friendship.

I would carry it still further than this. A real friend is willing to share disgrace with you. If you break down at last in the stress of some temptation, if you go to pieces morally, a friend does not turn on his heels, and go away. He is willing to go down into the deep, dark places by your side. I will anticipate the case of a friendship between a woman and a man, to illustrate this,—a case which I knew and watched for years. The man was in every way noble, except that every little while he had a periodic fit of drunkenness, and then he went all to pieces; and the shame for what he felt he could not help was such that he would seek out the most out-of-the-way slum or hole in which to hide himself until it was over. He had a friend, a friend of wonderful sympathy, of nearly the same age, a married woman, one of the noblest, sweetest women I ever knew, one of the

truest, whose loving life an angel in heaven might be glad to copy. Did she forsake this friend in those hours of need? No. Did she wait outside in respectable quarters until he reappeared? No, she went down into the hells after him; and, no matter what his condition, he would obey her as Eurydice listened to and followed the music of Orpheus. She would take him to her own home, nurse him, watch over him, even when he was filthy in appearance, until she won him back to manhood. That is friendship,—friendship that is not always touched with sunshine, but is willing to go into the shadow. A real friend, I think, would, if there were such a place as hell, go to hell with another friend rather than go to heaven alone. I would. I want no heaven that I have ever read about, if any friend of mine is in the outer dark.

To touch on another matter, though I cannot go into any detail. This friendship sometimes exists between a man and an animal. The world is full of stories of the marvellous friendships between men and women and dogs; and it makes you wonder whether the dog is not worthy of the destiny that was demanded for him on the part of a friend of that kind. In one of the old epics of India there is a hero whose dog had been the companion in all his battles, in all his failures, in all his triumphs, in all his sorrows, and in all his joys. At last, when he was summoned to Paradise and stood at the gate, he refused to go in unless his companion could share Paradise with him. At first he was refused, but he declined to enter, until by and by the gods relented, and opened the door to them both. Can you but admire and reverence a friendship like that? And will you look with anything but contemptuous scorn in comparison upon the old evangelical pictures of heaven where the saints were supposed to become so reconciled to the horrible so-called justice of God as to take delight

in seeing their aforetime friends in the smoke of the torment?

These, then, are some few slight indications of what it means to be a friend. I wish now to illustrate the matter by referring to some of the distinguished friendships of the world, that you may see between what kinds of people they are possible. You will note, before I am through, that the direction of friendship crosses all lines and attaches every kind of person to one that this mysterious force has selected as the mate.

Of course there are friendships between men. One great literary exponent, a poet, has written of this kind of friendship, although I shall not quote him, Walt Whitman. There are two cases of friendship so distinguished, that have played so large a part, that, though you are all familiar with them, I shall refer to them. The first is the friendship between David and Jonathan. The remarkable characteristic of this friendship lay in the fact that Jonathan paid such a big price for the regard of David. History is full of stories of men who have plotted against husband or wife, father or mother, brother or sister, or friend, who stood between them and a throne. Case after case of those who are regarded as great and some who have been whitewashed and called saintly have been ready to trample down any relationship for the sake of grasping a crown. Here was young Jonathan. David has all the elements of popularity. Saul was king. In the natural order of events, Jonathan would succeed him on the throne. He saw that David, without any intention, was capturing the hearts of the people, and Saul saw it also, and plotted to put him out of the way. Jonathan, the heir to the throne, for the sake of friendship, goes to David, and delivers him from the machinations of his father, and pays a crown for the privilege. We may rightly call that friendship.

The other historic case to which I will refer, perhaps

trite to you, is that of Damon and Pythias. The tyrant of Syracuse had captured them, and was going to put Damon to death for some offence. He said that he wished to go home and make some arrangements before he died. The tyrant said, I will permit it if your friend Pythias will take your place, and, if you do not appear at the proper time, he will pay for his friendship by his death. Pythias trusted him; and Damon went. He was hindered in carrying out his plans, so that, when he at last appeared in all urgency, Pythias was just on his way to execution. He hurried forward, and claimed the right to die; and the tyrant—there was one good spot in him—was so touched by this friendship, in which he had not at all believed, that he gave him free pardon, and asked that he might be admitted as a third. And so the duet of friendship, in a marvellous way, was turned to a trio. There have been thousands on thousands of cases where men have loved each other as truly and faithfully as this; and, looking upon such cases, we may hear the divine echo of those words of Jesus, where he said, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

There have been cases—perhaps not so many: I do not, however, venture to speak decidedly—of such friendship between women; but the difference in social life does not make this so natural and so easy. There is one case, however, worthy of a moment's attention. I shall have time only to refer in the briefest way to these illustrations. Madame de Staël illustrated this remarkable friendship. Indeed, she illustrated two kinds of friendship. In the first place, she was the dearest and truest friend of her father Neckar, the financial minister of France. Then she was the lifelong friend of Madame Récamier. Madame de Staël had offended Napoleon, and was banished to her home on Lake Geneva. Madame Récamier took what she knew might be the

loss of her freedom in her hand, and sought out this home by the Lake to express her sympathy. Napoleon banished her also. This is the price that one woman was willing to pay for the friendship of another; and this friendship, literary, social, personal, in every way sweet and fine, was kept up for many years.

There are friendships between men and women; but these perhaps, again, are not so common. The conditions of social life make it very difficult. If a man and a woman are of nearly one age and single, no matter how much they may try, their friends will be certain to see to it that a friendship with a conscious purposeful leaving out of the element of sex is impossible. It is very difficult, then, to have friendships of this sort; but there have been some, particularly when people have been fairly along in life. You remember Dr. Johnson's friendship with Mrs. Thrale. They were the closest, stanchest kind of friends, and yet not the bitterest enemy of either ever found anything in this to criticise.

There was another friendship, pathetic in its sweetness and beauty,—that of the poet Cowper, the hymn-writer, author of the diverting history of John Gilpin, and of many a noble line with which we are familiar, who during a large part of his life was on the verge of insanity, a nervous wreck. Year after year he was watched over, companioned, attended, cared for, by the gentle, brooding, unselfish love of a Mrs. Unwin, a widow. Perhaps, if he had lived longer,—those who knew them are beginning to say this,—they might have married; but they never did. They were, however, year-long noble friends.

Some of the most interesting friendships with which I am familiar are those of brother and sister. Take, for example, Charles and Mary Lamb. There was one of the divinest friendships in the world. Charles Lamb was a genius. He was in love; but he never married.

Why? From his friendship for his father, but chiefly for his sister. His sister had attacks of insanity. Everybody except Charles wanted her put away. He would not hear of it. He took her home, cared for her year after year, sometimes at the risk of his life, watched over her, defended her. They engaged in literary work together. It was a dear and sympathetic friendship, deeper than kinship of blood.

There was another, that of the elder Herschel and his sister, the great astronomer. For years they studied the stars together. They wandered the heavens side by side, they studied in the observatory, they made notes, they watched and worked, without other care except the success of their common toil.

Then there was the friendship of Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy. Dorothy was quite as much poet as he, except in the power of execution. Some of his finest lines are hers. Some of the most delicate and beautiful suggestions are hers. The delicate quality of her mind is illustrated in her notes and journals. They walked together, they thought together, they planned together, they communed without speech. They were inseparable for many a long year. I will read you a few lines showing Wordsworth's appreciation of her:—

“When every day brought with it some new sense
Of exquisite regard for common things,
And all the earth was budding with these gifts
Of more refined humanity, thy breath,
Dear sister, was a kind of gentler spring,
That went before my steps.]

And then, again:—

Then it was,
Thanks to the bounteous Giver of all good,
That the beloved sister, in whose sight,
Those days were passed, . . .
Maintained for me a saving intercourse
With my true self.”

Another friendship, quite as wonderful, was between Byron and his sister Augusta. It was the one perfect, pure, sublime, permanent love of the poet's life. He is travelling on the Rhine; and he says:—

“Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes, in following mine,
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine.”

Again he sings:—

“My sister, my sweet sister! if a name
Dearer and purer were, it should be thine.
Mountains and seas divide us; but I claim
No tears, but tenderness to answer mine.

“Go where I will, to me thou art the same,—
A loved regret which I would not resign.
There yet are two things in my destiny,—
A world to roam through, and a home with thee.”

As Byron was dying at Missolonghi in Greece, the last intelligible words he uttered were, “Augusta, Ada, my sister, my child.” These are friendships that go down deep to the heart of humanity and reach high up into the heart of heaven.

There are friendships between brothers, between sisters, between mothers and daughters. I know of one where the daughter, born early, has grown so that in later years people frequently wonder which is the mother and which is the daughter, and make all sorts of mistakes in asking questions about them.

There are friendships between fathers and sons. I have one in mind, so rare that I must refer to it. A young boy leaves his father's home at the age of eighteen, in order to enter business for himself. He said to his father, “I hope I shall never have to ask you for a dollar”; and the father replied, “I hope you will not, my son.”

Not because he was not willing to help him, but because he hoped for the better fortune of his not needing it; and he never did. But they were separated for years before the father died. The father was frequently in Europe, and I have been there with him; but to the last day of his being able to hold and use a pen this father and son exchanged letters every day in the year. There was another son; and the three were so intimately related to each other in a business way that either one with a pen stroke could have ruined all of them. They lived in this mutual, loving trust and joy until the father went out into the mists, leaving the boys to worship his memory.

There is one other kind of friendship of which I shall speak. I have to pass by much that I would like to say. This perhaps is the rarest of all, friendship between husband and wife. There are plenty of cases where there is love between husband and wife,—at any rate, in the beginning. But frequently it wears out, and becomes use and wont. People become accustomed to each other, get along comfortably, would miss each other badly; yet anything like their dawning love has faded, and in large numbers of cases there is not that underlying sympathy that we call friendship. A perfect marriage, if it could be found, would be first a perfect companionship, then passionate love superseding; for the two are quite separate. If you who are not married find that you ever get into such relation with a man or woman that you would seek their companionship and find comfort and help and stimulus in it, day by day, week by week, year by year, whether you are married or not, then it is pretty safe to get married. Unfortunately, the conditions of life do not give us the opportunity of getting acquainted with people in this way. But there are two or three cases—I trust there have been a great many—of such companionship. Perhaps, as it is true that the happy

woman has no history; so the happy homes have no history. But now and then there is a case like that of John Stuart Mill. He had been in love with a noble woman before her husband died. Then they married; and out of their companionship and work together they had deep delight. By and by she died; and it is pathetic the way he writes about it. He says that his power to work is gone, and that all the best things he ever did were hers, as undoubtedly they were.

Then there is the classic case of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, two song-birds, flying wing to wing high in the ether, respecting each other, loving each other, caring for each other, proud of each other,—an ideal friendship as well as an ideal marriage.

Now I wish to ask you to think for a moment of the value of friendship such as I have tried to define and in certain cases to illustrate. What is friendship worth? What does it do for us?

We look out over the world, we read the morning papers, we study history,—wars, plots, treasons, murders, hate, slander. We wonder what kind of monster this human being is. I have an acquaintance—I should be proud if I had a right to claim him as friend—who says that a man of fifty must be a pessimist. I do not at all agree with him. This one fact of friendship refutes the charge. This humanity that can blossom into such relationships as those I have been speaking of must have at its heart a quality which is divine. I care nothing for the passion, for the brutality, for the blood, for the dust of the combat. The tree that can flower like this has in it the possibility of producing blossoms fit to adorn and glorify the heavens. Friendship leads us, then, to believe in man.

It leads us also to believe in God. We sometimes wonder at the government of this universe, though perhaps it will be well to know more about it before trying to judge it. At any rate, the power that has wrought in

the universe has wrought for the development of friendship; and this is enough to make us believe that that power cares for the highest and finest things, and perhaps we can afford to wait until more of them are apparent.

It does another thing. It helps us to believe in ourselves; and that is as important as either of the others. If I have a friend who believes in me, I must perforce have an access of trust in myself. No man can do anything worthy unless, in a certain way, he does believe in himself. If my friend loves me, he must see something in me that is lovable; and I take courage, however poor may be my opinion of my own merit.

It does another thing. It gives us moral power. We can be worthier because we have friends. If I have some one who loves and trusts me, and that person is noble, I cannot disappoint him. I cannot disgrace him, no matter what the impulse in me may be. I cannot do a mean thing and go and look him in the eyes; for I should see it reflected there. I should see his gaze bore down into the essential nature of my being.

Again, friendship is an intellectual inspiration. A man can work better because he has a friend. I know that somebody expects me to do my work. I can do it, I will do it, for his sake, for her sake. I will put forth all my energy, I will toil, I will execute to the utmost limit of my ability, lest I shame the person who trusts me.

Friendship makes it easier for us to believe in the spiritual facts and forces of the world. Friendship, what is it? It is not money, not a street, not a house, not a carriage, not a social position. It is none of these material things. It is invisible, it is spiritual, it is divine; and yet it is the mightiest thing in the world. It is more than all these. Spirit, then, is at the top, spirit dominates, spirit shapes the material. Spirit *is*; and spirit is divine.

Friendship makes it easier to believe in immortality.

I cannot think that God would lift this universe through millions of years until man appeared, and then take all the pains to lift man from brute to where he has come to be to-day, until there are these fine and sweet qualities that lead to devotion and sacrifice and service, and then snuff it all out, and let it all go to nothing. It seems to me absurd. I believe that friendship has the power in it to overleap the gulf of death, and start out on eternal pathways; and I believe that over there those who belong to us will find us, and that we shall find them. I believe that on the other side the people who belong together will be together: that is what heaven means. It does not mean going inside certain walls or within boundaries. Its heart is in the companionships of those for whom we care.

Father, we thank Thee for this bond that links together those who are kindred in spirit. We thank Thee that once a man was called the friend of God. So all may be Thy friends as well as friends of those who meet and match their souls. Let us desire friends; let us cultivate in ourselves the qualities that shall make us worthy of having them. Amen.

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IV. THE BLESSEDNESS OF WORK

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THE BLESSEDNESS OF WORK.

IN the third chapter of Genesis, the nineteenth verse, it is written, as a penalty, "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread." A little changed conception appears, I think, when we read, in the Second Epistle to the Thessalonians, the third chapter and the tenth verse, "If any will not work, neither let him eat." Then still another idea may be seen in the Epistle to the Philip-pians, second chapter and twelfth verse: "Work out your own salvation."

The idea of work which was held by people when this old story in Genesis grew up is quite apparent, as we read of the Garden of Eden and the expulsion of man from his original paradise. If he had not sinned, if he had not offended God,—this seems to have been the popular impression,—he would never have been obliged to do any work. He would have lived in a garden surrounded by flowers, in the midst of trees which bore fruit without any laborious cultivation; and he would have led this simple, childlike life forever. If that is true, then we ought to feel very grateful to the serpent, we ought to feel glad that Eve tempted Adam, and that Adam, as usual in such cases, succumbed. We should also feel grateful to the angel who drove them out of the garden into the wilderness, and then planted the flaming sword so that they could never return. In other words, though the idea seems popular, still it is one of the great delusions of the world for us to suppose that people are well off or blessed or prosperous because they are delivered from the necessity of toil.

That we may get an idea as to how this matter has been regarded, let us run rapidly over certain phases of the world's development. If we go back to the beginning and find man just emerging from the animal stage, we notice that the difference between work and play could not have been distinguished. They had the natural products of the earth to eat, nuts and fruits or whatever they could most easily gather, shell fish or whatever they could find on the borders of the sea. But it is not long before a differentiation appears. Certain things in the gathering of those necessities of life are turned over to certain people. There is, first, the hunter; and soon there appears to be a necessity for the warrior. But the work in the sense of drudgery is done by neither of these. It is turned over to the women, to those who cannot hunt or fight, or to such members of the tribe as are physically incapable of the rougher and what are looked upon as the nobler exercises. Before a great while, however, the spirit of invention and improvement appears; and there goes on a further differentiation in these primitive societies. What men needed in those days, as what they need now, was food, clothing, shelter, weapons, tools, implements of labor. There were persons who applied to these a certain amount of taste and skill; and we find the beginning of what we may recognize as the artistic faculty. People could not apply these much in those days to the matter of food; but they could to shelter, to clothing, to weapons and tools. And a certain amount of honor begins to be attached to the people who are able to excel in these directions. The man, for example, who invents the bow and arrow, and who not only invents these in their rough stage, but goes on to decorate them, to make them beautiful, becomes an honored member of his tribe. He does not occupy the supposed high rank accorded to a chief, to a great fighter, to a distinguished hunter; yet he is somewhat above the drudge, the ordinary laborer.

Now we find that these ideas that I have just hinted at find their expression, their development and growth, as society expands and lifts itself higher and higher. Take as an illustration another social phase or condition of things, such as we find in India. There you have the caste system, hard and fast and fixed. The laborer here is the lowest of them all; and the most menial and disagreeable tasks are naturally assigned to the lowest of the laborers. Work, then, in the ordinary sense of that word, has not yet attained to a position of respect or honor. It is the fighter, it is the warrior, it is the man of blue blood, of high birth, it is the *gentleman*, who still outranks those whom we are coming slowly to regard as the more useful members of society.

If we glance at the condition of things in ancient Athens, we find another step has been taken. Of course, the step was taken long before. I only use it as an illustration. In the battles between the different tribes of the world the conquered captives were at first almost invariably put to death. This was a necessity growing out of the existing condition of things. The conquerors did not know what else to do with them, in order to get rid of the danger springing out of the very enmity to which they must put an end. But by and by,—and this is a curious illustration of how certain things that we later regard as evil were, in their inception, steps in advance,—by and by, I say, we find the tribes who conquer strong enough so that they can afford to let their captive enemies live. So they make them slaves. Thus slavery, in its original inception, was a distinct and definite step ahead, morally, on the part of ancient society. In Athens all that we call the hard work of the world, the disagreeable tasks, were performed by the slaves; but there were certain ones who had to share it with them. And they had also to share with the slaves the opprobrium of their social condition, just as free men always in such

conditions; as we found it in the South, when slavery existed there, and in the North, when it existed here. The people who have to work, in the popular sense of that word, who do the work which the slave ordinarily performs, have to bear a touch of the contumely which attaches to the slavish condition. Work, then, you see, in the ordinary sense of the word, up to the present time has not had honor connected with it.

During the Middle Ages there were certain steps taken in advance as the result of what we may call the trades-unionism of that time, although it did not materially resemble what we call by that name now. There were organizations, or guilds, of goldsmiths and the other great classes of workmen whose members were protected. They were lifted into a higher and better condition. They had more honor attached to them. They obtained better wages for their toil; and in all ways they lifted themselves in the scale of life. But even two hundred years ago, in England, one still honored the gentlemanly life, not the life of the workman. In using this word "workman," I refer not simply to those who worked with their hands, but to those who worked with the brain. During the last four or five hundred years, if you have made yourselves familiar at all with the way these things were regarded, you have noticed that the men who had the highest social position were the men who had money, high birth, or money and high birth combined. High birth, however, took rank above money; but it was the "gentleman," the man who did not need to labor, who occupied the highest position. Next to him was the army, the warrior, the man who did the fighting for the protection of his country. The artist, the musician, the literary man, the writer of stories and plays, did not occupy relatively so high a position as the mere gentleman, the man who practically did nothing. You are familiar with the fact (if you have read something of the

Baconian Shakspeare controversy) that, strange as it may seem, one of the reasons assigned for Bacon's having kept secret the fact—on the supposition that it was a fact—that he wrote Shakspeare's plays was to avoid a touch of the disgrace that would have been attached to him as a nobleman and as a member of the court. The player and the writer of plays at that time were looked down upon. Even as late as the time of Jane Austen, she was afraid to let it be known, on account of her friends and family, that she was writing those wonderful books of hers that place her near to the front rank of the literary women of the world. Think of it! Think of a woman to-day in New York hiding the fact that she had written one of those books, a little bit ashamed of it, or, if she was not ashamed of it herself, afraid that her father and mother and friends would be ashamed of the fact that she had done it! I speak of this to illustrate the fact that work, even of the brain, artistic work, literary work, musical work, had not attained the high rank which they are coming to take to-day, and which will belong to them more and more in the future.

But is it not true even still that most of us have dreams of an Eden-like condition? Is it not true that the most of us work because we *have to*? Is it not true that one of our dreams is that by and by we will earn money enough so that we can retire from work? I have no objection to a man's retiring; but retire to what? Retire to idleness or to some other kind of work? What is our dream, what is our ideal, in regard to these matters? The answer to that will reveal what is our estimate of the place which work ought to take in human life. I suppose it is true, as I said a moment ago, that the most of us shrink from work. We work because we are under the necessity of it. We work because of the rewards that are attached to it; and we dream of rest and play.

What is the meaning of work? Who is the worker? He is not of necessity the man who puts forth effort, not the man who in mind or muscle struggles or strives. Those of us who have been boys can remember without much difficulty experiences which show this distinction. We were always perfectly willing to put forth any amount of effort in the way of play. We would expend twice or ten times the force in playing that we considered a hardship to put forth in doing something that we were asked to do in the way of common work. That was a weariness, something that we tried to escape. You will find the same thing true of grown people to-day. The man who is a professional baseball or football player, the yachtsman, the driver of an automobile, no matter what it may be that he engages in, would find it hard work if he *had* to do it. But it is amusement and recreation or sport, as he calls it, because he chooses to do it. What is work then? Perhaps it will be a sufficiently adequate definition if I say it is the putting forth of effort not for the joy or delight of the exercise, not for the honor that is to be achieved, as in the winning of a game or a yacht race at sea, but the putting forth of effort for the sake of a wage, a money reward that is to purchase the necessities of life. I suppose that we shall find this a fairly adequate definition of work.

Now I wish to speak a few minutes of a strange fact growing out of the development of the world's work; and that is that there is to-day all over the world in the most prosperous countries a great labor problem. I wish you to note one thing in connection with it,—that these labor difficulties are growing-pains. They are not things to be discouraged over or much troubled about. You do not find them in societies where there is no growth or progress. You find them in the most prosperous parts of the world; and they are more virulent and bitter where the workmen are the best off. In other words, after

they have made some advance, after they have had a taste of progress, they want more. That is natural, it is well. Here, for instance, in this country there never was a time since the old world swung in the blue when the ordinary working people were anything like so well off as they are here and now. Any ordinary day laborer has more of the opportunities for living a high, fine, sweet life than the kings or the nobles had five hundred years ago,—more books, more music, better homes, better food. Better homes did I say? Why, they used to live in castles then! Yes. Visit Holyrood, and re-create imaginatively the kind of life which Mary Queen of Scots lived there, and you would be glad rather to go into the ordinary home of the modern workman for comfort,—better surroundings of every kind, better food, better books, better music, everything that goes to make up a human life. That is the condition of the working people here in this country to-day, most of them.

But we are threatened with a strike in the coal fields, they tell us. What is the condition of things in the coal fields? Are the miners starving? I do not say that they are as well off as they ought to be. I wish everybody was better off. But these miners who propose to demand more wages, they say, will have, when they enter on the contest, a laid up capital fund, to fight with, of five million dollars. They certainly have not saved that out of starvation. I speak of it not to criticise it at all, but to note it. It is these people who are preparing for a strike. What do they want? They want shorter hours of work. There I sympathize with them, if it be practicable. If, however, they are going to spend the hours that they save from toil in the saloon, then they would better be hard at work at some kind of labor. But suppose one of them should say, Here is your rich man, who does not make any better use of his leisure than I do, what shall I reply? I should have to concede that

it is probably true. The laborer is not going to have a higher and finer culture until he gets leisure for it. He must have time to think, to read, to study, before he can be anything but a machine. So, I say, I sympathize with this desire for shorter hours of work, if it be practicable. And they want more wages. I suppose everybody wants more wages. So I should be obliged to sympathize with them there. I believe he ought to have as high a wage as is practicable. There comes the question. But let me suggest to you—I wish I could suggest to them—that it is not a contest merely between the striking department in any position of labor and the employers, or capitalists. There is a third party that appears to be forgotten on both sides,—the thousands, the millions, of people in the country who want coal, who want all these things concerning which the quarrel is going on, and who have to stand back and suffer, week after week, month after month, and pay all the bills, and meantime have their rights almost entirely disregarded.

There is one other phase of trades-unionism that I wish to speak of; and that is their interference with individual liberty. If the time ever comes, then there will be another war for freedom in this country before individual liberty is given up at the dictation of either capital or labor. The struggle of the world from the beginning has been for the evolution and the liberty of the person; and that sacred right is not going to be sacrificed. It may be curtailed, it may be interfered with for a little while; but freedom is too high and sacred a thing to be surrendered at the dictation of any power in this twentieth century of Christian civilization. We must not surrender the right to work what hours we will and for what wage we will.

There is another thing which trades-unions threaten. They threaten to put a premium on poor work, incompetence, by demanding that the poor workman shall be

paid as much as the good, and by interfering with the freedom of the individual to develop himself to the highest and finest of which he is capable.

I believe that we must place upon labor a higher honor than has attached to it in the past; but it will depend very much on the laborer as to how the honor is to be attained. At present, as a man looks over the condition of things, he finds that the poorest, the most degraded work is the worst paid. It seems to such a worker a radical injustice, that ought to be changed by force. But what is it that determines it? It is human desire that creates all value, that establishes the standard of pay. If there is only one thing in the world specially to be desired, and only one person wants it, it will have no price. If a thousand people want it, it will have a high price; and, if ten thousand or a million want it, the price will necessarily go up. If there are large numbers of it, of course the price goes down. Is there anything unjust in it? Here is Patti, for example. They give her thousands of dollars for two or three songs. Is it unjust? Thousands and thousands of people are glad to pay a dollar each for hearing her. It is purely a matter of human desire. Here is work which is disagreeable; and there is a large amount of it, and there is no very high wage attached to it. It is a matter of which legislation can have practically little control.

I wish to turn once more to the question whether work is an evil or something for which we ought to be grateful. Work is not an arbitrary appointment of Providence, laid upon those who are obliged to endure it for the sake of food and clothing. Work is a condition of all the highest and finest things of which we can dream; and the man who is delivered from the necessity of toil, instead of being fortunate, is sentenced to mediocrity, sentenced to a condition of undeveloped personality and power.

There are two sides to work. Work transforms the

material with which it employs itself; and work transforms the worker at the same time and in the process. Consider the difference between this world, this planet, as it is now and what it was ten thousand years ago. What has made the difference? Mental, moral, spiritual, and physical work. The difference between the world then and the world now corresponds almost precisely to the difference between man then and man now.

Let me illustrate what I mean. They tell us that thinking develops the brain, it creates brain cells, and then these new brain cells make new and higher thoughts possible; and so the two keep step one with the other. In the development of language, for example, men tried to express their ideas, their feelings, in symbols, in sounds; and so language grew. And with this higher and finer instrument of a better language there grew also the power to think more finely, more nobly; and so the mind and the brain, and the ideas and symbols for expressing the ideas, keep pace with each other. This is true in every department of human thought and life. Take it in art. The first attempt at art was the scratching with some sharp instrument a bit of stone, perhaps upon the tusk of an elephant or the bone of some large animal, or it was the marking of rude figures on the walls of a cave. The attempt to express the sense of beauty increased until it became dissatisfied, and demanded something finer and more beautiful. So, step by step, the advance was made, until from these rude beginnings to which I have alluded we have Michel Angelo lying on his back on the scaffold, painting the marvellous designs of the roof of the Sistine Chapel; we have all that the world has produced in the way of beauty,—the world transformed externally and man transformed within by the labor which enabled him to accomplish these results. And, so, in regard to discovery and invention, every step *that man* has taken in the conquest of the world has given

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"Some great cause, God's new Messiah"

MESSIAH PULPIT

NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. X.

FEBRUARY 9, 1906.

No. 20.

SERIES ON

Things Worth Living For

IV. THE BLESSEDNESS OF WORK

GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON
104 E. 20TH STREET, NEW YORK
1906

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AMERICA TO ENGLAND AND OTHER POEMS

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the life, the force, the activity, of this universe in every department. What can you do? Can you interfere with the work? Yes, in perfectly lawful ways. You can find out how things go if you let them alone, what the conditions are; and then you can find out how you can improve those conditions a little, but always in accord with the conditions as God has established them. You cannot contradict him. You can co-operate with him, that is all.

Take the farmer. The farmer cannot change the essential nature of the soil, the rain, the air, the seeds. All those things are established and foreordained, but by co-operating with God and obeying God's laws concerning the soil and the rain and the seed he can produce results fine and beautiful in a thousand directions that would not have been produced otherwise.

Suppose a man wishes to build a factory or mill. He cannot change the forces that God has manifested in falling water or in steam or in electricity; but he can find out how these work, and adapt his inventions and discoveries to them, and let God do the work for him. That is the only way any one ever accomplishes anything. Man wishes to cross the Atlantic in a great ship. He must build his ship in accordance with God's laws. He must launch it in accordance with God's laws. He must use God's power in wind, or steam, or electricity, and, as God's partner, he crosses the Atlantic. So, whatever we accomplish in any department of life, we do it as friends and coworkers with God.

And he who is content to live his whole life through, and not make the world a little more valuable, a little more beautiful, a little easier place for somebody to live in, what shall we say of him? That he is a man utterly without appreciation of the dignity, of the magnificence, of the possibilities, that are open to him as a man. The angels in heaven can ask no finer thing than is given to

any man anywhere on earth, let it be the humblest. If a man understands that he is one of God's children, and that, when he is doing his task, the one that happens to be given him to do, he is serving God and serving his fellows, and making the world a better and finer place, what, I say, can any angel up in heaven do better than that? All an angel can do is in the place where he happens to find himself, cworking with God to accomplish something that needs to be done then and there. Any man who is working anywhere at something which ought to be accomplished is helping God to accomplish something that just then and there ought to be done. He is God's partner. And you men who do not need to work, as you think, who are released from the necessity, and who consider yourselves gentlemen, never do you dare look down superciliously, blasphemously, on any man who is helping God do the humblest task that ever was accomplished.

I wish you to note one thing more,—the joy of work, the joy of accomplishment. I suppose that, if we could read the history of the grandest things that have ever been accomplished, we should find that the men who have engaged in them were thrilled and lifted with delight. I do not think for one moment that it was hard work for Shakspeare to write his plays. It was play to him. It is hard work for anybody to do that which is above the natural ability of his faculties. But, for a man to do anything that is within his power of brain or body, it should be pleasure and it should be easy. So I believe the grandest things,—Michel Angelo's statues, Raphael's paintings, the great songs of the great singers, the poems of the poets, the plays of the play-writers, the things in which the world takes ineffable delight—have always been easy, and have been sources of joy to those who did them. If you have not found out what a delight it is to accomplish something that is within the

range of your ability, then you do not know the meaning of joy.

As I look forward towards the life which we expect to find over yonder, I never think of it as eternal rest. I know it is said it will be a land of rest; but I for one want no rest. I have heard ministers talking about resting for ten thousand years or so. I should get tired in a year, tired in six months. I want no heaven of the traditional kind, where I shall escape the necessity of doing anything. What kind of work may we expect? Think what kind of person you expect to be. Work such as we accomplish with these physical bodies here, I presume, will not be called for; but the work of the artist, the work of the poet, the work of the singer, the work of the inventor, the work of the discoverer, the work of the philosopher, the work of the scientist, the work of the inner, higher, real man, I believe there will be limitless scope for in that other life. Shall I ever get tired? I do not know. It does not trouble me any to suppose I might. I hope, at any rate, that there will be obstacles there, that there will be the sense of pleasure and joy and triumph in achievement. If not, I can hardly imagine a heaven worthy of a man. So I look forward to work and joy in work, in God's world over there, as well as delighting in it here.

Father, we are glad that Thou hast set us tasks that we can take pleasure in accomplishing. We are glad that, since Thou art the eternal and universal Worker, never resting, we may at least co-operate with Thee. We are glad that we can help Thee and help our fellow-men, that we can help the world, and that we may look forward to the time when the evils that afflict us shall be left behind and glory and joy be everywhere. Amen.

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M. J. SAVAGE

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EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

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NO. 21.

THE FOLLY OF SOLOMON

BY

REV. ROBERT COLLYER

GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON
104 E. 20TH STREET, NEW YORK
1906

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"I believe that we must place upon labor a higher honor than has attached to it in the past; but it will depend very much on the laborer as to how the honor is to be attained. At present, as a man looks over the condition of things, he finds that the poorest, the most degraded work is the worst paid. It seems to such a worker a radical injustice, that ought to be changed by force. But what is it that determines it? It is human desire that creates all value, that establishes the standard of pay. If there is only one thing in the world specially to be desired, and only one person wants it, it will have no price. If a thousand people want it, it will have a high price; and, if ten thousand or a million want it, the price will necessarily go up. If there are large numbers of it, of course the price goes down. Is there anything unjust in it? Here is Patti, for example. They give her thousands of dollars for two or three songs. Is it unjust? Thousands and thousands of people are glad to pay a dollar each for hearing her. It is purely a matter of human desire. Here is work which is disagreeable; and there is a large amount of it, and there is no very high wage attached to it. It is a matter of which legislation can have practically little control.

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There are two sides to work. Work transforms the

and landscape gardener. He created a beautiful home, and married a wife more of his free choice than commonly falls to the lot of kings. In a word, one thinks he was about all a man can be, and gathered about all a man can get, in this world, to make him content and happy. And it came to pass that, when he had done, he wrote a sermon, in which he tried to tell what it was all worth. That sermon is the Book of Ecclesiastes; and its burden is the text I have read. In this long sermon "the preacher" begins by declaring that all the things that happen are an endless repetition. The sun rises and sets, the wind veers round and round, the waters are lifted out of the sea and poured in again. Man is a part of this endless round. Race after race sweeps on, all alike, and all alike forgotten: so that which has been shall be, and there is no new thing under the sun.

I have tried it, he cries. I was a king; and what can any man do more than a king? And I tell you it is all vanity; for you cannot make the crooked straight, or number what is wanting. Things are set fast as they are, and so they will stay; and he that increases knowledge increases sorrow.

I tried pleasure. I planted gardens, opened fountains, indulged in wine and mirth and music. I know exactly what these can do for a man; and there is no profit in them. I found them vanity; and so I hated all my labor that I had done under the sun.

Then I dipped into fatalism. And I said, What is to be will be; and there is a time for everything under the sun, a time to be born and a time to die, a time to weep and a time to laugh, a time to love and a time to hate, a time to get and a time to lose, a time to pull down and a time to build up. And, when the time comes, the man must do his work; but, then, this is vanity, for, if a man acts so blindly, what is he more than a beast?

There is no pre-eminence. Fate is master of both.

All spring from the dust, all go to the dust, all is vanity. Then I tried man; but I saw the oppressed, and they had no comforter, and the oppressor, and he had no comfort. And so I praised the dead more than the living, and that which never knew life more than they both.

I saw that every man was for himself; and, though he had neither child nor brother, he never said, Why do I starve my life for gain? All is vanity: what is a wise man more than a fool? Who can tell a man what is good, when all his days are as a shadow? Sorrow is better than laughter: the end is better than the beginning. A just man perishes by his own justice, while a wicked man prolongs his life in his wickedness: nay, there is no just man on this earth, not one man in a thousand upright, and not one woman in the world.

Don't be righteous, overmuch, or wicked, overmuch. The wicked get the reward of the good, and the good the reward of the wicked. Man has no better thing under the sun than to eat and drink and be merry; for there is no certainty. The dead know not anything. There is no wisdom or knowledge or device in the grave, whither we all hasten. The race is not to the swift, or the battle to the strong, or bread to the wise, or fame to the skilful. Servants ride on horses, and princes trudge on foot. You cannot alter the thing, it is so; and so it will be.

If you dig a pit, you will fall into it; if you move a hedge, a serpent will bite you; if you take down a wall, the stones will bruise you; if you listen behind his back, you will hear your servant curse you. Man is naught: money will buy anything. All is vanity. Childhood and youth are vanity: old age is vanity, vanity of vanities, all is vanity. This is the substance of the great man's estimate of life. You read it; and, as you read, you watch the writer trying to fight down the black shadows as they rise. Here and there, too, all through

his sermon, he will say a noble thing on the right side, as if the old power of piety was strong enough yet to burn through, and force its way to the parchment.

But, when the best is said and done, the result is a belief in a God who exacts more than he gives, and punishes more readily than he blesses.

He seems sometimes to think that, if a man will take good care, there may be some small chance of content for him. Still, he is all the while afraid he may say too much on that side, and is ready at every turn to let you see the death's-head within the folds of his vesture.

Here and there a pleasant note is just sounded, and you say, Now we are to have a bit of gospel or a song of thanksgiving; but the gospel is never heard, the song is never sung. The heavy, solemn chord beats on to the last; and the burden is always, All is vanity and vexation of spirit.

And so it is that his woful estimate of life has made this book by far the most difficult to understand in the whole range of the Scriptures; and down to the time of Jerome there were pious Jews, not a few, who held that it had better be destroyed.

It has taxed the ingenuity of the commentators, also, who have differed over it, as only commentators can differ; for the book has that about it which will be heard. The writer was, in such wisdom as it was, the wisest man of his era. He had matchless opportunities of knowing what the life really is he condemns so sternly. He speaks to you with a most evident, sad, painful good faith, that makes you feel sure he means every word he says; and, then, the book is set fast among our Sacred Scriptures. And the statements in it are as positive as any other in the volume. Solomon is as clear when he says, "Man has no pre-eminence over a beast," as John is when he says, "Beloved, now we are the sons of God." And so it comes to pass that, if you take this book as it stands and un-

dertake to believe it, the result is very sad, indeed. It chills all piety, paralyzes all effort, hushes all prayer. If there is grief in wisdom, had I not better be a fool? If all labor is vanity, and a man is no better than a beast, if rewards and punishments are a dire confusion, and childhood and youth and old age are vanity, to die is better than to live, because there is nothing worth living or dying for, then this is indeed, as the poet sings,

"A life of nothings, nothing worth,
From that first nothing, ere our birth,
To the last nothing under earth."

I venture to say that it cannot be denied, again, that the book is but the vocal utterance of many a silent sermon in many a human heart.

It was this, no doubt, that made it the text-book of Voltaire and the bosom friend of Frederick the Great; and its monotonous tones of despair are echoed out of a thousand experiences. When a friend wished a great statesman a happy New Year, "Happy!" he said: "it had need be happier than the last, for in that I never knew one happy day."

When an English lawyer, whose life had seemed to be one long range of success, mounted the last step in his profession, he wrote, "In a few weeks I shall retire to dear Encombe, as a short resting-place between vexation and the grave." When one said to the great Rothschild, "You must be a happy man," he replied, "I sleep with pistols under my pillow."

The most brilliant man of the world in the last century said: "I have enjoyed all the pleasures of life, and I do not regret their loss. I have been behind the scenes, and seen the pulleys and ropes and the tallow candles." While the most brilliant poet of the last generation said, "The lapse of ages changes all but man, who has ever been, and will be, an unlucky rascal."

And a poet of the finest promise, dying in his first prime, left us this estimate of life,—that

“All this passing scene
Is a peevish April day,
A little sun, a little rain,
And then death sweeps along the plain,
And all things fade away.”

Nay, may I not leave these dead, and come to the living, to find a legion of men ready to indorse this as their own estimate of life,—men who feel life is weary, and fear death is but a dead blank wall, and who have come to consider the forces of life and nature things that grind on so immutably as to leave them no heart to pray, who see those whose life is a shame before Heaven rosy and happy to threescore and ten, while others, whose life had begun to be a very fountain of pure inspiration and blessing, are cut off in their prime.

And so they ponder over life, and pare down their faith to their contracting and ever-contracted hope until a living faith in God dies out of their heart; and then they lose a real faith in anything, as Solomon did. For, as the outer life takes its deepest meaning from the soul, the inner life takes its deepest meaning from God; and, when that goes, all goes. When a man ceases to believe in God, he is in instant danger of ceasing to believe in anything worth the name of belief, in open-eyed loyalty and trust, and trustful men and things. All these vanish; and he can see only selfishness and self-seeking wherever he turns.

“Good statesmen, who bring ruin on a State,
Good patriots, who, for a theory, risk a cause,
Good priests, who bring all good to jeopardy,
Good Christians, who sit still in easy-chairs
And damn the general world for standing up.”

Now for all this I have but one answer. *I cannot believe it*, and, in the deepest meaning of the truth and the

life, this assertion that all is vanity is utterly untrue. It is no matter to me that the man who wrote it is called "the wisest man," that he was in dead earnest about it, that it was his own woful experience, and, if you could add to this that an angel had come from heaven to reaffirm it, I say all this is gossamer before the conviction of every wholesome and healthy mind, that in this universe there is an infinitely different meaning, that God never meant life to be vanity, and life is not vanity, but verity.

I care not that Solomon looks at me out of his great sad eyes, and says so, while his heart breaks, and that such men as I have mentioned range with him. I will not, you will not, and millions besides, in the world and out of it, will not testify *that all is vanity*.

And that we are right, and all such men are wrong, can be proven, I think, outside our own experience.

For, first of all, Solomon is not the right man to testify. When he said this of life, he was in no condition to tell the truth about it; and he did *not* tell the truth. Universal testimony makes this sermon the fruit of his old age. And there is a dim tradition that the book was found in fragments after his death, edited, and the last six verses added—the best in the book—by another hand. So, if this book was the work of Solomon's old age, the fact of itself supplies the first reason why we have such a sermon.

For the man who wrote this sermon and the youth who offered that noble prayer at the dedication of the temple are not the same men.

The young king knelt down in the bloom of his youth, when the fountains of life were pure and clean, and when through and through his soul great floods of power and grace rose to spring-tide every day; when the processions of nature and providence, the numbers of the poet, the wisdom of the sage, the labors of the reformer, and the

sacrifices of the patriot, were steeped for him in their rarest beauty, endowed with their loftiest meaning, and filled with their uttermost power.

But that old king in the palace, writing his sad sermon, is weary and worn, and, what is worst of all, the clear fountains of his nature are changed to puddles, the fresh, strong life has been squandered away, and the delicate, divine perception blunted, clogged, and at last smothered to death.

For you know how, in his later life, this man fell from his great estate, and, to gratify his passion and pride, outraged the most sacred ordinances and neglected the most sacred duties that can cluster round any life.

His biographer compresses the whole sad story into one chapter; but, if you will read that, you can see how fearfully he had fallen,—how haggard vices had supplanted fair virtues, and successful rebellion taken the place of "God save the king!"

And it is when he sits in that great, splendid, cheerless home, when the sceptre totters in his palsied hand, and the bloom of purity and grace has gone out of him, when his sin has made him blind to the blessing of books and nature and home and God, and his bad life has magnetized bad men toward him, and driven good men away from him, and when his relation to woman drives him from the presence of such pure and noble women as, thank God, never fall out of the world, and never will,—satirists and Solomon to the contrary, notwithstanding,—it is when he has spent all his substance in this riotous living, and reduced himself to an utter destitution of the heart and soul, that he will write this final estimate of God, nature, life, death, books, and men and women. And so can we wonder that such a man should write, "All is vanity," when he had come to be the vanity he wrote? But, then, was this the time to make the estimate, when the man was all dissonant to the touch of

the divine finger? or was that the time, when every faculty was chorded and attuned, and he stood in harmony with life, and when the experience on which his estimate was founded was the sweet music that came out of the communion of his soul with God? Believe me, we cannot form the true estimate when the life is ruined and undone.

What he said when he was his best self, before his ruin, was true; and the estimate he made when he was a lower man was as much out of true as the man was.

Then there was an error in this man's *method* of testing life that I suspect to be at the root of much of the scepticism that is still felt; and that is, the man does not seem to have tried to be happy in making others happy, in bringing one gleam more of gladness or one pulse more of life into any soul save his own.

In the sad days recorded here nature, books, men, women, were worth *to* him just what they could do for him. So, when he gave up being good, and took to being wise, he nevermore drank at that fountain which is the source of all true blessedness, but made his wisdom a cistern; and, lo! it was cracked and fissured in every direction, and ran dry.

He gave up the present sense of God in the soul, the high uses of worship, the inspiration hidden in great books, the deep blessedness of being father, husband, friend, teacher, and patriot and reformer, buried himself in his harem, turned a deaf ear to all the pleadings of his better angel; and, when he had come to this, who can wonder that all was vanity? But now I must state the reason that to me is greatest of all, why I know all is *not* vanity.

A thousand years after this sad sermon was written there was born of the same great line another child. He had no royal training, no waiting sceptre, no kingly palace, *but the tender nurture of a noble mother, the over-*

sight of a good father, and from the first a wonderful nearness to God; and that was all. He grew up in a country town that had become a proverb of worthlessness. The neighbors, when he is a man, cannot remember that he ever learned his letters.

He stood at the carpenter's bench, working for his bread, until he was, perhaps, thirty years old; and then it was given to him to preach another sermon and make another estimate.

He was endowed with a power to see into the nature of this world and its life such as never had fallen to the lot of another on the earth. The good he knew and the bad he knew as, I suppose, it was never known before.

The human heart was laid bare before him down to its deepest recesses. None ever felt as he did the curse of sin, or had such a perfect loyalty and love for holiness. Nature, providence, heaven, and hell were actual presences, solid certainties, to his deep, true insight. He came out of the carpenter's shop; and, when he had pondered over this solemn question of life in the solitudes beyond Jordan, it was laid upon him, as it had been laid on his fore-elder long before, to preach on the mighty theme. That sermon, also, has come down to us. It was as sure to do that as the sun was, that shone when he was preaching: and, to me, the difference between the two sermons bridges the whole distance between the two great estimates of life, taught on this side by the Saviour, and on that by Solomon, the king.

Now listen while I try the ring of a few sentences from each of them. "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," cries the first preacher.

"Blessed are the poor, blessed are the mourners, blessed are the quiet, blessed are the hungry for the right, blessed are the giving and forgiving, blessed are the pure-hearted, blessed are the peacemakers, and

blessed are the sufferers for the right," cries the second. "Be not righteous overmuch," cries the first. "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect," cries the second.

"That which befalleth a beast befalleth a man," cries the first. "The very hairs of your head are numbered," cries the second. "There is no knowledge nor wisdom nor device in the grave," cries the first. "I go to prepare a place for you, and I will come again and take you to myself, that where I am, there ye may be also," cries the second. This last preacher tested life, also. Whatever can be done to prove all is vanity was done to him,—giving out blessing, getting back cursing. Surely, if ever a man would write, "Vanity of vanities" over life, this was the man to do it. If ever one has made life unspeakably noble and good through a perfect belief in it, this was this man Christ Jesus. The madman crouching down among the tombs, the lost woman on the street, the seaman on the wharf, and the beggar full of sores, they all stood in the first glory of a celestial life as he saw them. The lily on the greensward and the bird on the spray and the child in the gutter claimed in his heart kinship with the cherubim and seraphim up in heaven. God was to him the Father of all. The future life was more of a reality than the present.

He saw *Resurgam* written over every grave, and could see past all this sorrow and pain the perfect end, and say: "Of all that my Father has given me, I have lost nothing. He will raise it up at the last day."

Now I look out at life with you; and we can no more solve some of its problems than could this sad-hearted king, because we have in our own lives some darkness or trouble like that which he felt.

There are moments in our experience when fate seems to block out prayer, when the awful steadfastness of nature comes in like a dead wall against providence of God the vision is clouded, and the heart is faint.

It is because we have the black drop in our veins that we may ponder the great problems of life, sometimes, until our hearts break, and yet be no nearer their solution; for what is either a microscope or a telescope to a blind man? But, as I grieve over these things and come no nearer, I hear this strong voice of a greater than Solomon crying, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

Then, if I cannot see heaven of myself, let me look at it through his eyes and his heart. If earth goes empty and worthless to me, let me believe in what it was to him, and be sure that he is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. So, holding fast by faith in him, I may come at last to a faith in earth and heaven and life, and the Life to come, and all that is most indispensable to the soul. For so it is that he is the Mediator between God and man, helps my unbelief, ever liveth to make intercession for me, that he is still eyes to the blind and feet to the lame, that he preaches deliverance to the captives still, and the opening of prison doors to them that are bound. And if I cannot pray, because I see no reason, then that bended figure on Olivet is my reason. If I cannot distinguish between fate and providence, let me rejoice that he can, and that my blindness can make no difference to his blessing. And so let the mournful cry rise all about me, "Vanity of Vanities, all is vanity," yet, because I believe in God, and in him in my heart shall be the confidence that all things work together for good to them that love God,

"That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroyed
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete."

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